Sept. 27. 1929

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THE NATIO WEEKLY

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Richard Connell's

dramatic short story

King Karney

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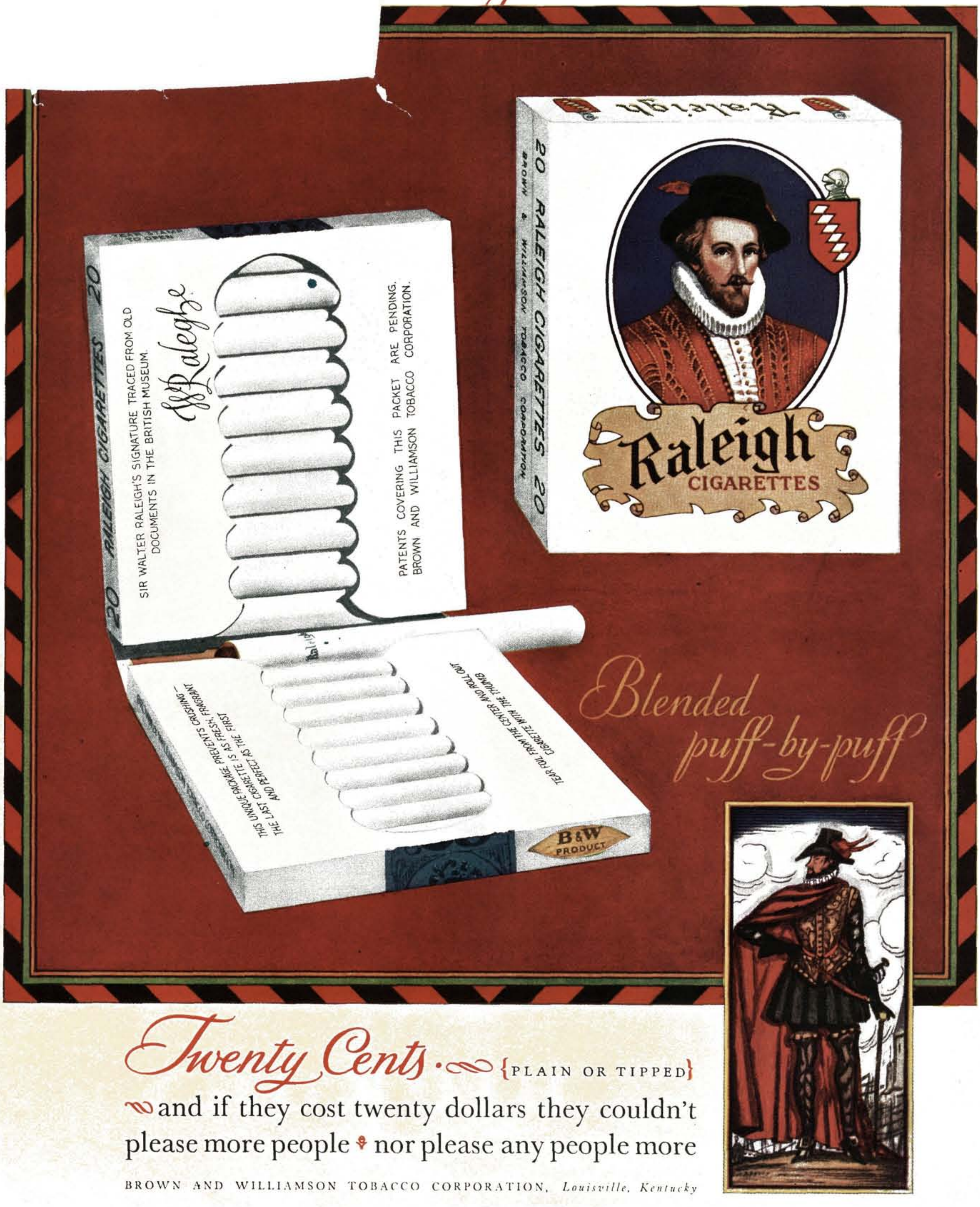
Cigarettes



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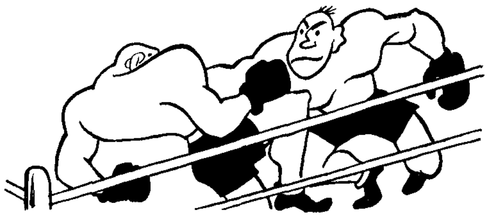
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WE TAKE a melancholy pride in presenting the last completed story H. C. Witwer wrote for Collier's. It is "Punch and Rudy"—the fifth in the series recording the achievements of Alexander the Greater.



Some few weeks hence we shall print the story which was about half finished at the time of Mr. Witwer's death. Mrs. Witwer has sent us the manuscript, ten pages of typewriting with many interlineations in pencil. Mr. Witwer was a conscientious workman highly critical of his own writing, and ill health did not lessen his ardour. The last page is as carefully done as his first must have been.

—

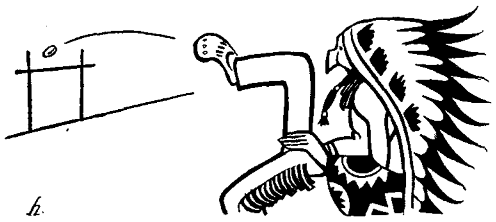
ABOUT carefulness there are two schools of thought. One holds that a man can avoid a lot of trouble by being careful. That was Ephraim Curd's belief, but Eph never had anything but trouble. Tim Tasker's idea was that carefulness never got a man anywhere. But Tim is dead now, and Eph is in a pretty bad way. Their story is one of the strongest tales Collier's has printed this year: "A Prudent Man," by Ben Ames Williams.

—

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE'S latest short story, "She'll Never Know," will pull your heart this way and that if you have any romance in your system at all.

—

A FEW weeks ago this office was a-flutter because of the presence of Mlle. Germaine de Renty. She dropped in to tell us about bootlegging in her own Paris. The bootleggers are dress designers who make up in enterprise what they lack in genius and honesty. The police do what they can to bring the pirates to book, but bootleggery, wherever you find it, has a resilience of its own. "Bootleg Fashions" is an amusing piece, lacking only Mademoiselle's gestures. You can supply your own.



MENTION Jim Thorpe's name to any real football fan and you can sit back and rest your tonsils for hours. Knute Rockne calls him "The greatest player I ever saw," which is decidedly unfaint praise. The story of Jim's great career begins next week. It is written by Charley Paddock, who traded his running pants for a typewriter. Title: "Chief Bright Path"—Thorpe's Indian name.

—

ADD E. Phillips Oppenheim, William G. Shepherd, Zane Grey, Grantland Rice, and that fine old cynic Uncle Henry. Even then you won't have it all.

THIS WEEK

September 28, 1929

Cover—Nell Hott

Page 7—Richard Connell

KING KARNEY: The dramatic story of a self-made king.

Page 9—Francis Wallace

PIG IRON DUGAN: Dugan was a professional amateur in love and sport.

Page 11—Grantland Rice

COACHES TO THE DEPOT: Timetable football.

Page 12—John T. Flynn

CHAIN LIKENING: News from the front in the latest war between the little business man and the gobbling corporation.

Page 14—The Look of the Month

Page 16—Zane Grey

THE YELLOWJACKET FEUD: Exciting romance and adventure from America's most popular novelist.

Page 18—Ring Lardner

ANY ICE TODAY, LADY? America's premier humorist devotes a few solemn thoughts to football.

Page 20—B. L. Jacot

AND COFFEE FOR ONE: The incredible adventure of being young and in love in Paris.

Page 26—George Creel

SCRAPING BEFORE ROYALTY: A great violinist's story of kings and revolutions.

Page 28—F. R. Buckley

FALSE-FACE: A short short story complete on one page.

Page 30—George R. Preedy

THE PRINCE'S DARLING: Glittering romance by a great story teller.

Page 34—Dr. Ruth F. Wadsworth

GET A MOUTHFUL OF THIS: A physician looks at your teeth.

Page 38—Paul Deresco Augsburg

STAR OF MADAGASCAR: Princes preferred but a man wanted.

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 44—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

MYSTERIOUS CLAUDIUS.

Page 47—Colliergraphs

Page 69—Jack Binns

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR.

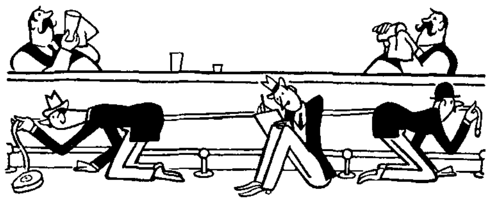
Page 70—Editorial

Any Week

AMONG the numerous things we are too busy to trifle with is the hot argument we hear regarding the length of the world's longest bar. We've always been told that the bar in the American Club in Shanghai is the largest and we know that Consardine's in Chicago broke many a rambling drinker's arches. But we have a letter here from Roark Bradford, whose Negro stories are violently applauded by Negroes as well, telling us that because of our recent article about the persistence with which New Orleans disregards prohibition, that romantic city is running a temperature over which was the longer: the Gem Bar or the Sazarac Bar.

"Even now," writes Mr. Bradford, "the faithful gather and argue as to which was the longer. In the '70's two duels were fought over the issue. No one ever thought of measuring them, to see. It would have spoiled the argument."

All we have to say is, "Have it your own way."



AS a boy, the late Harry C. Witwer, who wrote The Leather Pushers and other slang delights, had absolutely no desire to run away from home and be a pirate. It worried him a great deal, too. Something wrong with a boy who didn't insist upon being a pirate.

Deciding he should want to ship before the mast and pillage the high seas without regard, but thinking he might need a bit of practice first, he made a compromise with himself. He got himself a job on an Erie Canal scow.

Reporting for work, next morning, the brave lad astonished, scandalized and enraged the skipper by appearing in patent-leather boots, gymnasium pants, a black shirt, a bandana tied around his head and a poker, an enormous carving knife and a pearl-handled .22 caliber revolver tucked into a broad red sash.

With a scream of hate, the skipper threw Witwer into the canal without delay and put off to Syracuse without the new buccaneer.

"And maybe," said Mr. Witwer later in life, "it was all for the best. No good would have come of this pirating I was going in for."

—

AS SOON as we finish this column we are going to do what Mark Woollard, 115 Springdale Avenue, Meriden, Conn., asks in the appended letter:

"If possible," he writes, "could you obtain past copies of the doings of the comical Professor Lucifer G. Butts? I would appreciate it if you could obtain as many as possible. I would paste them in a large book and give them to the poor little boys and girls of the State Sanitarium 'Seaside' at Niantic, Conn.

"These boys and girls are victims of the dreaded disease of tuberculosis, either in spine, legs or neck. I was a former patient. I am now 17 years old and am more than thankful for what the 'Seaside' has done for me. Sir, the antics of the Prof. would amuse the children who are there and ones to come there in future days."

—

THIS column's so brief it's a great distinction to get your name in it. But if you've got a sparking idea you might try.

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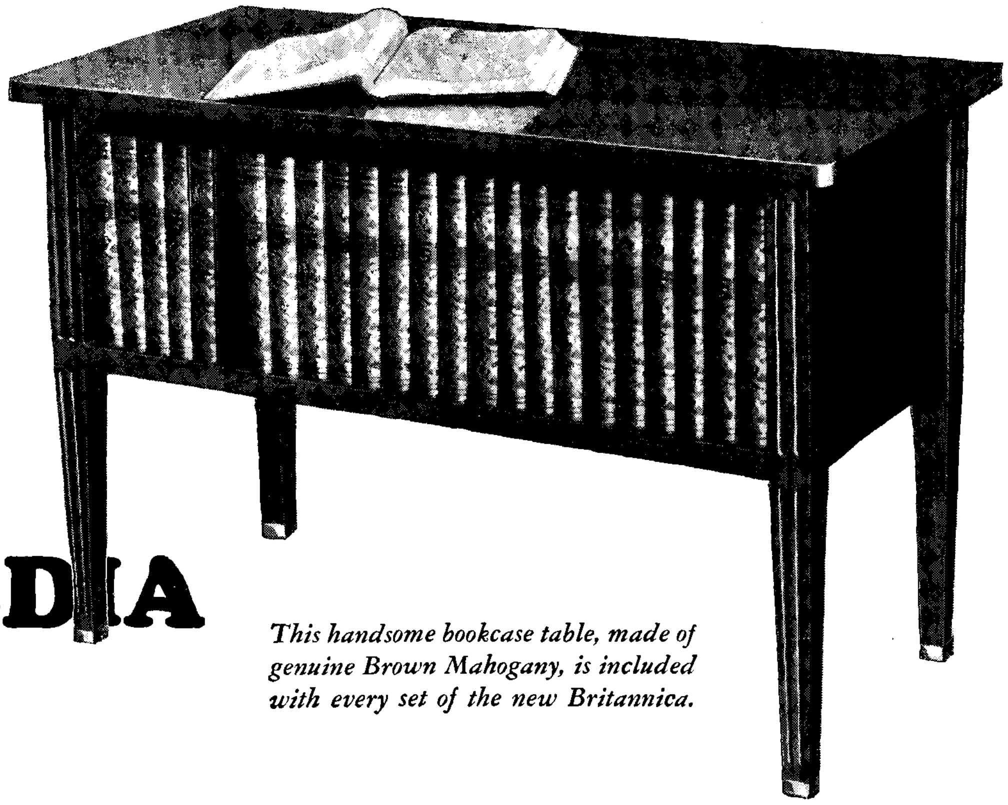

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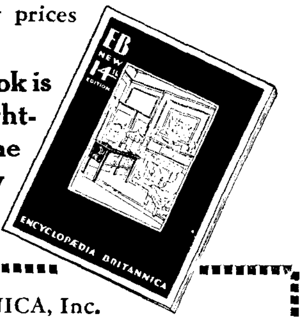

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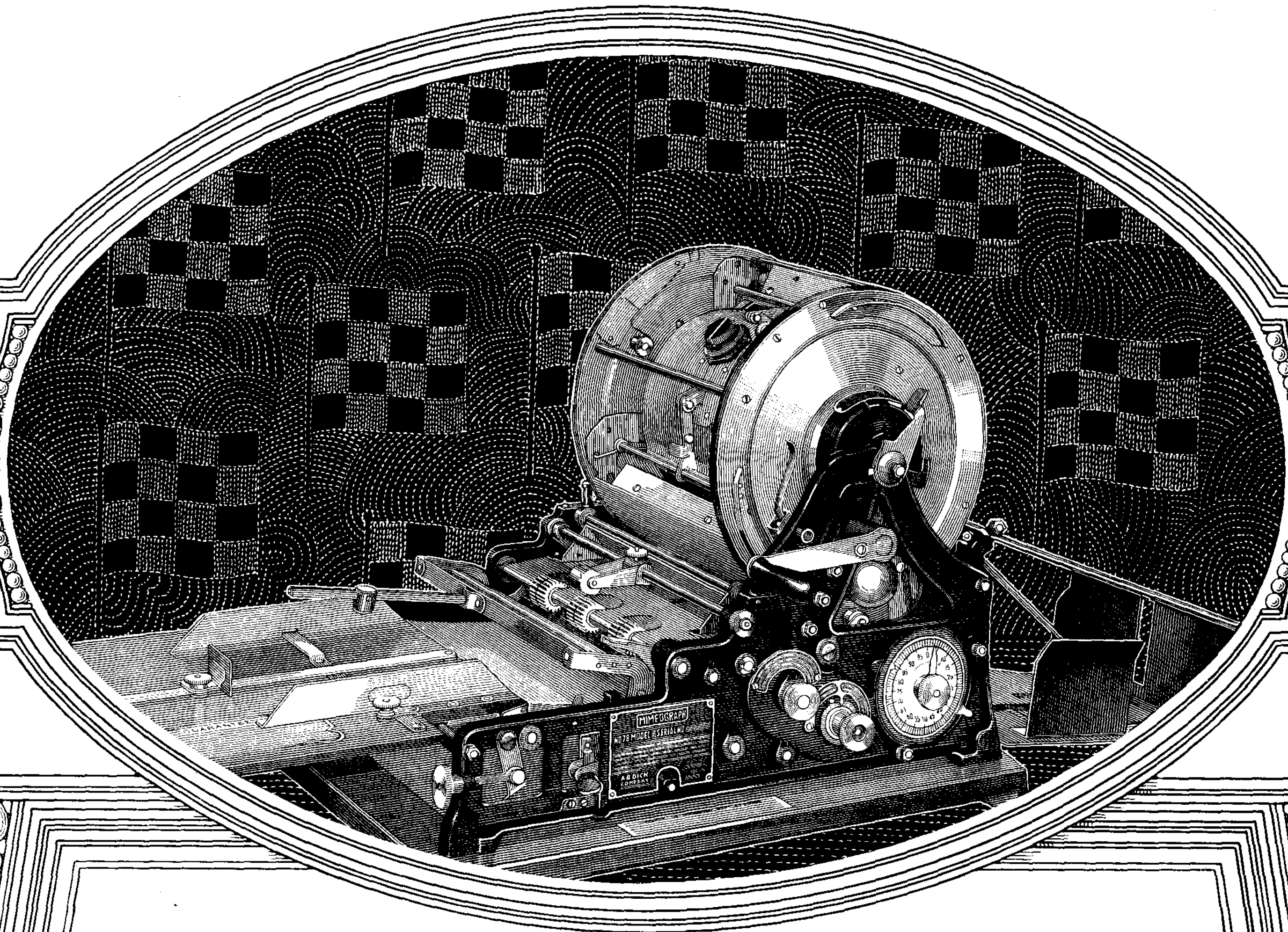

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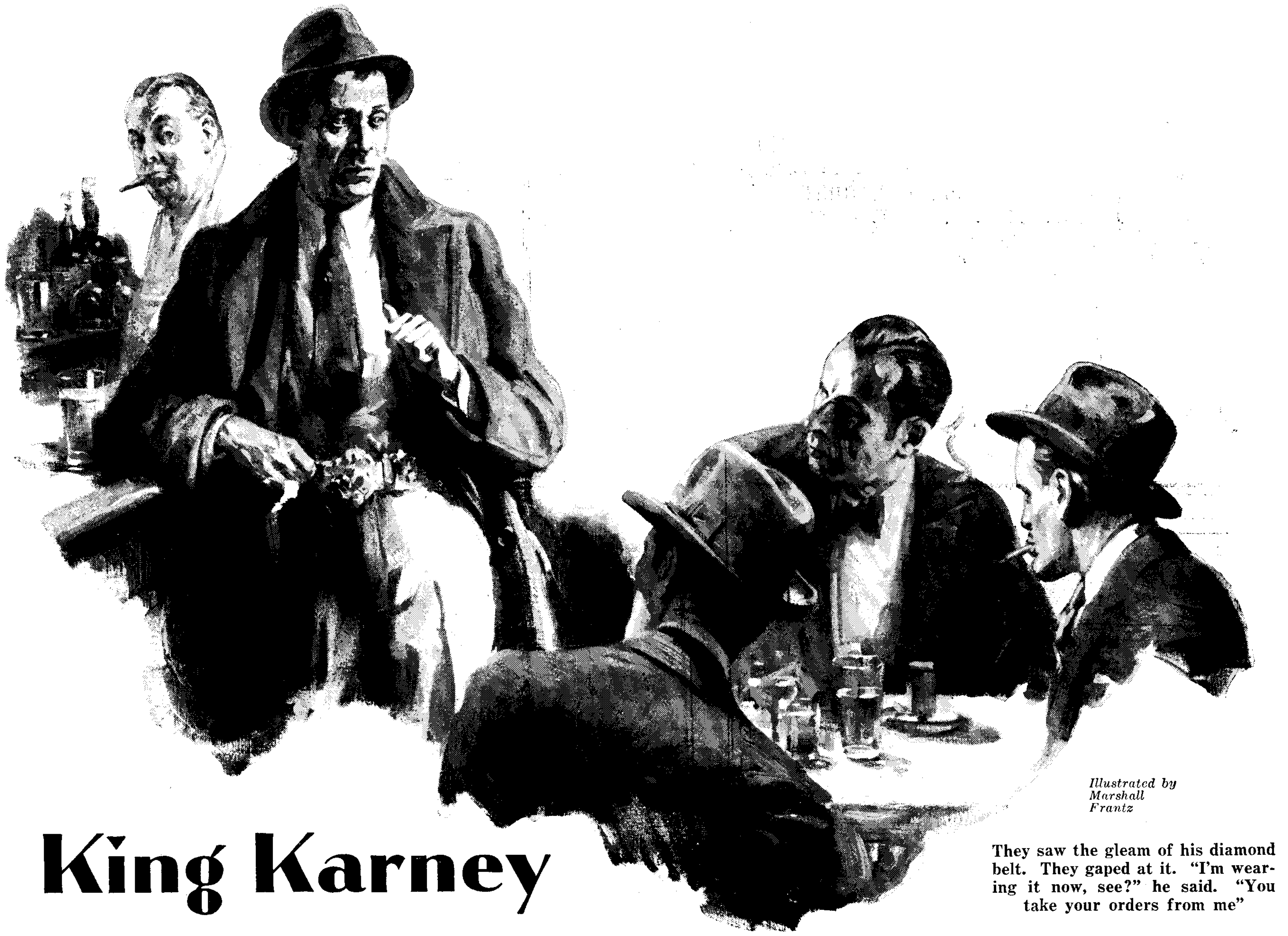


They saw the gleam of his diamond belt. They gaped at it. "I'm wearing it now, see?" he said. "You take your orders from me"

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

King Karney

By Richard Connell

The rise and fall of an overlord who ruled the empire of crime

ON THE evening of October ninth, 1887, Thomas Karney got drunk. That afternoon a son had been born to him. Having children and getting drunk were no novelties to Thomas Karney. He had, now, seven sons. Karney was a longshoreman—when he worked.

The newest child was named Stephen. Stephen grew up around the docks. At seven he was a member of a juvenile gang. They stole fruit from the trucks and pennies from the old man who kept the corner news stand. Stephen's father did not care, and his mother was too tired to mind much what he did. She died when he was eleven. By that time he was able to take care of himself.

Sometimes his mother had talked with Stephen. He was her favorite, the only one of her brood who had her flaming red hair and who promised to be, like her, tall and strongly made. In the shabby, crowded flat she told him of her dream for him: that he would become a great man.

With pride, all the pride she had left, she told him that she was a Cohalan, and that the Cohalans had been kings once, in the old country, and that there was a legend, handed down through many years, that some day a Cohalan would again be a king. Stephen knew little about kings, except that they were more powerful than the policemen, his natural enemies. He did not forget his mother's words. He often dreamed of wearing a golden crown, of having a new suit not previously worn by an older brother, and of having a score of respectful policemen serve him with unlimited ice cream.

The day after his mother's funeral, Stephen sought out Knuckles Pisano, who was older and bigger, and who ruled the Little Gats, and told him, briefly, that his reign was over. They fought. While the others looked on they fought through most of one spring day in a lumberyard on the water front. Stephen was knocked down, bitten, gouged, hurt in many ways; but he would not quit. In the end it was Knuckles who gave up.

"I'm boss from now on, see?" said Stephen, through his puffed lips. "From now on, quit calling me 'Red.' Call me 'King.'"

They did.

HE FELT he was different from them, above them. He made them feel it, too. Like him, in the rough and tumble life of the street, they had ripened rapidly. At fourteen they were mature, as mature as they ever would be; but King Karney stopped growing neither in body nor mind.

He did not talk much. He never blustered. His orders he gave in a quiet voice. He was obeyed. His gang followed his red head into battle as if it were a banner. In one quick, bloody raid, he subdued the Young Panthers in their lair in a railroad yard. Beating them was not enough for him. He added them to his kingdom, and made their leader his lieutenant. And he made them go out and conquer other tribes for him. By the time he was sixteen he was chieftain of all the apprentice gangsters of the west side; and his was an absolute monarchy.

It was he who organized the raids on warehouses, trucks, merchants. He planned skillfully. He left little to chance. Not often did any of his henchmen fall into the clutches of the law. King Karney never did. From his headquarters in the lumberyard, he directed the raids, and divided the spoils.

One night King Karney got drunk. He was seventeen. All of his followers drank. Some of them had girls. King Karney had never drunk, and had no girl.

"Booze and women turn a guy soft," he said.

He wanted to keep himself hard; for he had plans. But on this night he sent Eddie Galvin, his shadow and most devoted adherent, for a pint of whisky. Sitting on a pile of two-by-fours, he emptied the bottle, with only Eddie Galvin there.

"Now watch me close, Eddie," he ordered. "Tell me tomorrow what I did."

"What did I do?" he asked next day.

"Well, King, at first you sort of laughed, and then you sort of sung, and then you begun to cry and talk about your mother, and then you begun to rave about being a king, and you wanted to go out and kill some policemen, but I wouldn't let you, and then you talked foolish, and then you passed out cold."

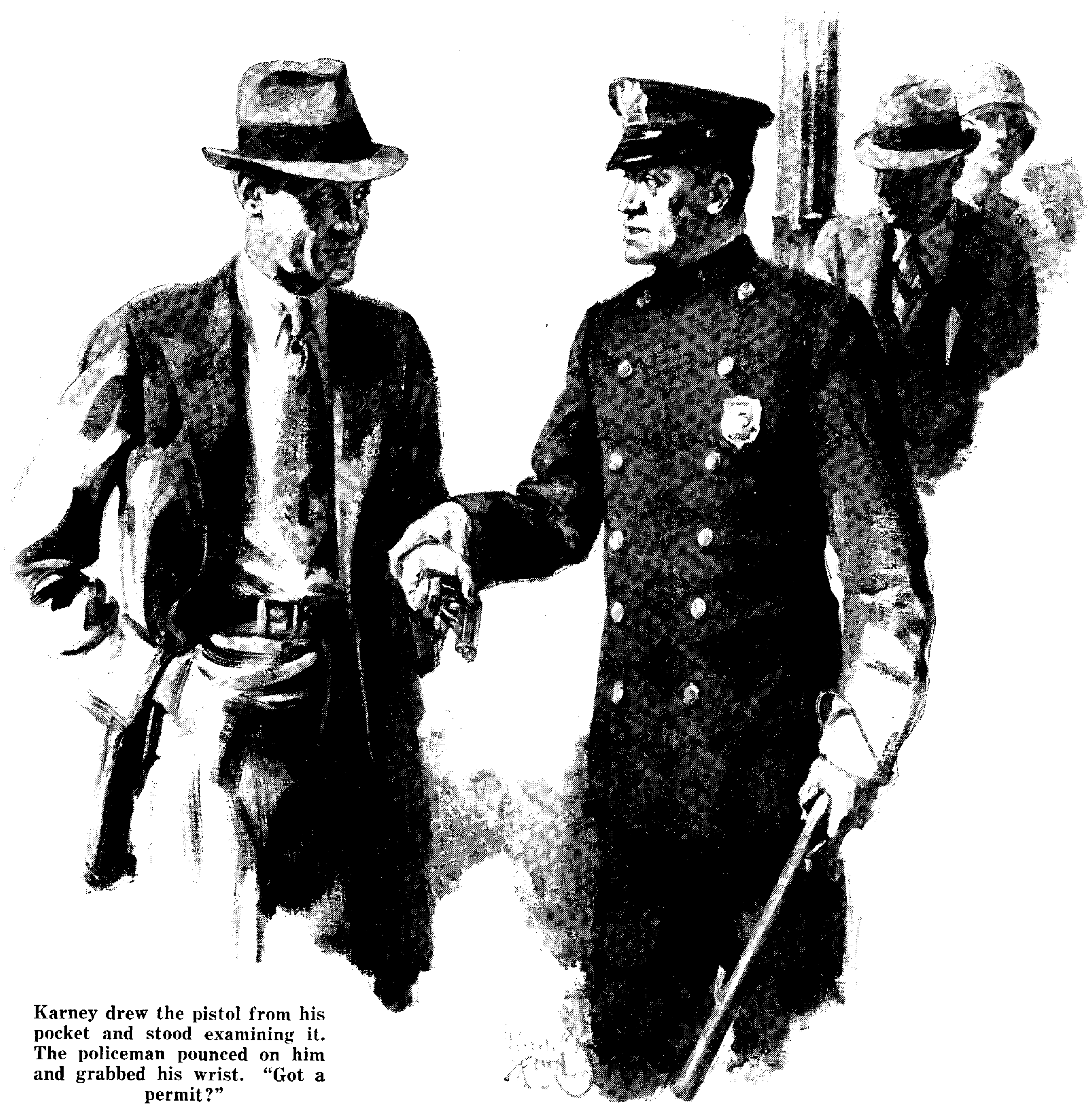
"Talked wild, did I?" said King Karney. "Well, that don't get a man nowheres. Listen, Eddie: I'm off the stuff for life."

He never took another drink as long as he lived.

NEARING twenty-one, older men urged him to join a political club. He refused. He organized a club of his own. It was called The Young Voters' Benefit Association. Of course, he was president. He told the members how to vote, and they told others, who were not members, how they had better vote. Men, high up in politics, began to look upon him with favor. He knew personally all the policemen in his domain. They knew him, and his activities, and his power. They let him alone.

When war was declared he marched most of his men to a recruiting office and enlisted them in the regular army. He came back from France a top-sergeant with a wound stripe. A sniper's bullet had creased his forehead, leaving a livid welt there. He had hated the army with a smoldering hate, because he had had to take orders.

Many who went overseas with him did not come back. Karney came back to find that Knuckles Pisano had set himself up as potentate of the west side. Two weeks later the body of Pisano was found in the river. The authorities, apparently, were never able to find out how it got there. At any



Karney drew the pistol from his pocket and stood examining it. The policeman pounced on him and grabbed his wrist. "Got a permit?"

rate, they never did anything about it. Karney became king again. There was nobody who could give him orders now.

Before the war, King Karney had developed a system of tax-gathering more profitable and less risky than direct looting.

Within his boundaries there was, to cite one case out of many, one Nicholas Pagulpos, proprietor of a thriving wholesale fruit business. As he sits in his office one morning, a card is sent in to him. It bears the words,

EDWARD GALVIN
VICE PRESIDENT
THE YOUNG VOTERS' BENEFIT
ASSOCIATION

Mr. Pagulpos frowns blackly, but he admits Mr. Galvin to his presence. Eddie Galvin, neat, dapper, and businesslike, enters.

"Good morning, Mr. Pagulpos," he remarks. "Fine weather we're having, isn't it?"

"I guess so," returns Mr. Pagulpos, without enthusiasm.

"I've called to tell you," says Mr. Galvin, affably, "that as one of the prominent merchants of this district, you have been elected an honorary member of the Young Voters' Benefit Association."

Mr. Pagulpos exhibits no joy at being thus honored.

"Well?" he grunts.

"The dues," says Mr. Galvin, softly, "are one thousand dollars a year. Of course, if you want to, you can pay them at the rate of eighty dollars a month."

The sharp teeth of Mr. Pagulpos sink sullenly into his cigar. "Not interested," he growls.

"I'm sorry," says Mr. Galvin, in silken tones. "Mr. Karney, our president, will be disappointed. He hoped you'd coöperate with us. Of course, if you won't—"

Mr. Galvin shrugs regretful shoulders.

"Well, good-day, Mr. Pagulpos. It certainly is a fine day."

And Mr. Galvin is gone.

A WEEK passes. Two five-ton trucks belonging to Mr. Pagulpos are standing on a pier. They have just been loaded with olives and lemons. The drivers are in the saloon around the corner being treated to beer by a friendly young man who closely resembles Mr. Edward Galvin. A smart sedan glides up to the pier. From it spring four young men with old faces. They might be successful young haberdashers, or tap-dancers. The other drivers, waiting near the pier, hastily draw aside to let them pass. The old-young men say nothing; but they act quickly. Three minutes later their chauffeur is snaking the sedan through the water-front traffic at a giddy rate of speed.

When Mr. Pagulpos's drivers return from their six-minute vacation, wiping their mouths, their trucks have vanished. If they arrive promptly enough, and are observant, they will see air bubbles in the soiled water by the side of the pier.

Two days later Mr. Galvin again pays a business call on Mr. Pagulpos. The interview is short. Mr. Galvin emerges, tucking yellow bills into his wallet. Mr. Pagulpos goes on trafficking in olives and lemons. There are no more accidents. Mrs. Smith, in her suburban home, notices that the price of lemons has gone up two cents a dozen.

Thus did King Karney levy tribute.

After the war, there was prohibition. That changed things. King Karney, ever alert, was one of the first to see its possibilities. Men, deemed honest, were glad to pay him tribute now. The sums extracted from merchants for "protection" were picayune compared with the golden torrents which gushed from this new source of revenue. Profits were huge, and he was now, comparatively, safe from the law. The men of his world bought bigger diamonds, bigger cars, and walked in the open now. Men of position, who would have crushed them once, were fellow conspirators now.

To be sure, there were complications. His liquor-laden trucks must cross the province of Killer Jack Lesparre on the north, and the region to the east where Fox Vacca held sway.

A convoy of King Karney's richest galleons was boarded and pillaged as it passed through the country of Vacca the Fox, and two of the King's most valued vassals died abruptly in defense of their master's goods. That meant only one thing: war.

King Karney welcomed war. He saw that it must come, and he was ready for it.

The war was short and sanguinary. There were sorties by night, ambushes by day. Vacca the Fox had talent as a general; but King Karney had genius. It ended with a funeral cortège for the Fox a mile long, a costly bronze casket, and numerous wreaths. In a mourning carriage, immediately behind the family, rode King Karney, alone. The police along the way to the cemetery held back other traffic to let the funeral pass.

Afterwards, there was a conference between King Karney and his bodyguard, and the surviving captains of Vacca's clan. King Karney gave the men of the east their choice: They could be ruled by him, or they could be ruined by him. They chose to be ruled.

The prosperity which prohibition brought preserved the peace in his world for a time. Killer Jack Lesparre, lord of the north, never could understand why King Karney suddenly attacked him. Everybody was making money, the King most of all. Yet, out of a clear sky, he marched on Lesparre's stronghold. It was a war of conquest, of pure aggression, and it was waged ruthlessly. The casualties were eleven of Lesparre's men, nine of Karney's, a police sergeant, a luckless bystander and Jack Lesparre. The dead sovereign was given an impressive funeral, with a casket which cost sixteen thousand dollars. Now King Karney ruled the city.

PAST thirty, he married. His wife was not of his world. She had been a school teacher. He had never been much interested in women, but now he wanted to have a home and to found a dynasty. She had not wanted to marry him at first; she knew about him; but he had set out to win her with the same care and determination with which he had set out to dominate the city. A son was born to him. He was christened *Stephen Cohalan Karney.*

King Karney bought a handsome home in an exclusive suburb. There his wife and his son lived. He came out as often as he could.

Most of his time was spent in an old brick building on the water front near where he was born. It had steel doors and barred windows. Day and night an armed man stood guard at the front door and at the back door. Whenever King Karney went out, at his heels stalked Big Jerry Race, who had an automatic pistol in his hip-pocket and another in a holster under his left arm. The King never carried a gun. But wherever he went, Big Jerry went.

He was very proud of his home, his wife and his son. He liked to sit in an easy chair in the evening, clad in a dressing-gown of purple silk, while his wife read to him. He liked to have her read to him about the ancient kings of Ireland, Cuchulinn, Conail, Brian Boru, and their battles and strategies; and of the conquests of Alexander, and the campaigns of Napoleon. His pipe would go out as he listened. His blue eyes would glow.

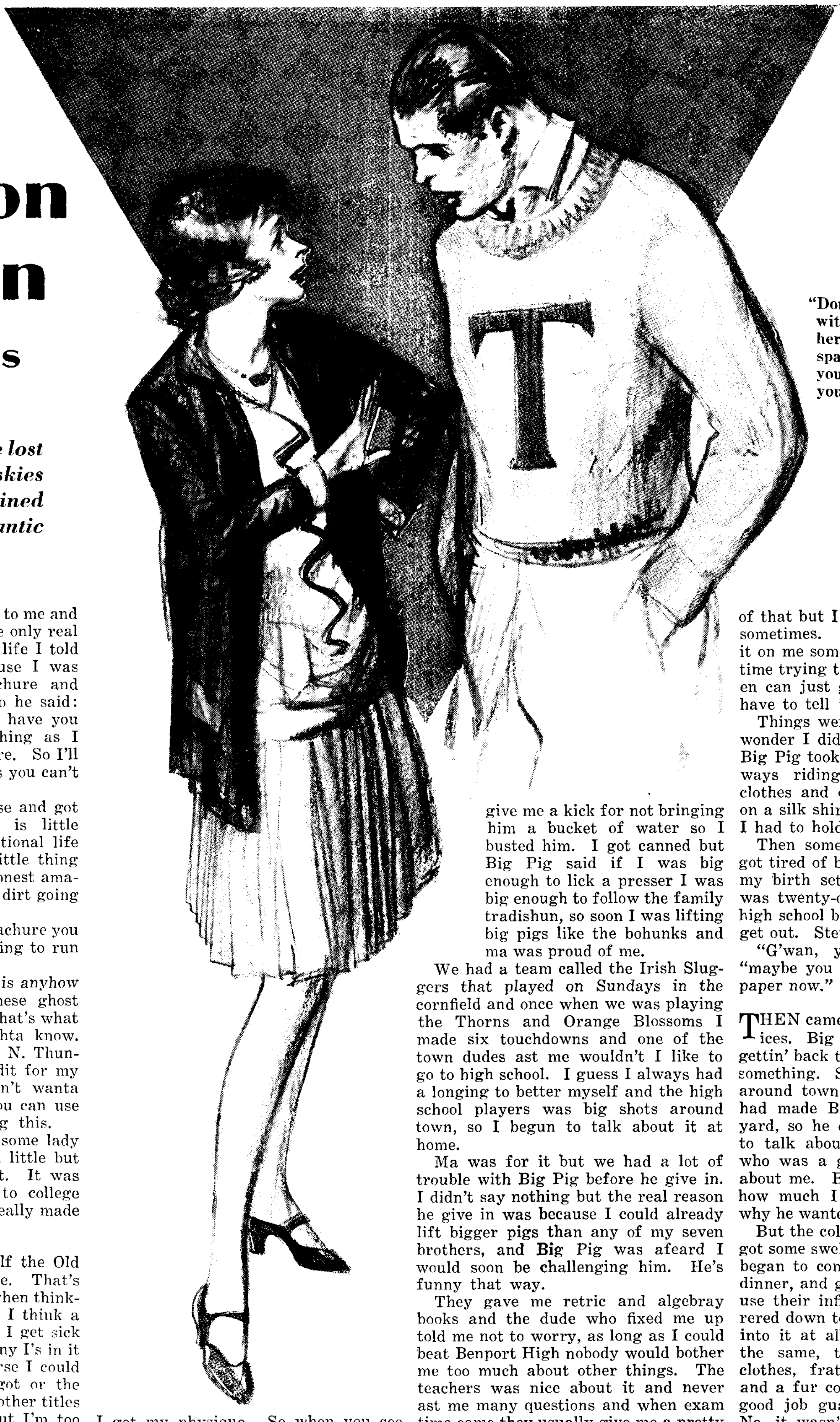
NOW and then, one of his feudal barons, more independent than the rest, sought to rebel. His fate was certain and swift. He died, but dying gave no hint to the police as to the identity of his executioners. Not that he needed to. They knew. The newspapers knew. The man in the street knew. Nothing was done. A detective may look at a king, but he does not arrest him. King Karney's position grew more and more secure; but he had never cared for safety.

In his world, in other cities, were rulers, as powerful in their own realms as he was in his. One of them had extended his control over a whole section of the country. His name was Jacob Camp. (*Continued on page 55*)

Pig Iron Dugan

By Francis Wallace

There was little love lost in that battle of huskies —but plenty was gained by at least one frantic participant



"Don't put on any agony with me!" she said, and her eyes were snapping sparks. "Suppose I tell your lady friend about your father's red underwear?"

WHEN the editor came to me and asked me to write the only real true story about my life I told him I couldn't because I was still in school and a amachure and couldn't write for money. So he said:

"All right, kid. I wouldn't have you incrimate yourself for anything as I know you are a good amachure. So I'll just bet you a thousand bucks you can't jump over a suitcase."

So I jumped over a suitcase and got the thousand bucks which is little enough to pay for my sensational life story. I just mention this little thing in here to prove that I'm a honest amachure as there has been some dirt going round that I wasn't.

"To prove how much an amachure you are," the editor said, "I'm going to run the thing as you write it."

I would have insisted on this anyhow as it is terrible the way these ghost writers mix up your stuff or that's what Old Blood says and he oughta know. Old Blood is my coach, Blood N. Thunder. He took the entire credit for my career at Thorndyke. I don't wanta make a bum outa him but you can use your judgment after reading this.

The editor told me to put some lady interest in it to jazz it up a little but he don't know the half of it. It was lady interest that sent me to college in the first place and which really made me so great.

YOU'LL notice I call myself the Old Kid every once in awhile. That's what I call myself privately when thinking about myself to myself. I think a writer oughta be modest and I get sick of reading a piece with so many I's in it you could trip over. Of course I could call myself the Flaming Ingot or the Man of Steel or some of them other titles the sport writers gave me but I'm too modest for that. Some things they write about you make you self-conshus but you just gotta steel yourself to it.

A good many people ask me where I got the name Pig Iron. I was baptized Joseph Alowishus but Pig Iron goes a way back to my ansestors. When my grampa came to this country he went to work in the metal yard of the steel mill. He could lift bigger pigs than anybody else so they called him Pig Iron. Then it got to be a tradishun for the males of the family to be called pig iron and work in the metal yard. It was from these old ansestors that I got my physique. So when you see pictures of me you'll know where I got them legs and shoulders that made them write about me.

B (I never could work this typewriter good)

Through the purple eventide
The Flashing Ingot roared, etc.

I went to school as far as the six grade when Big Pig, my old man, said it was time I went to work, and as I agreed with him I gotta job carrying, in the glass house. That was all right until one night the presser in our shop give me a kick for not bringing him a bucket of water so I busted him. I got canned but Big Pig said if I was big enough to lick a presser I was big enough to follow the family tradishun, so soon I was lifting big pigs like the bohunks and ma was proud of me.

We had a team called the Irish Sluggers that played on Sundays in the cornfield and once when we was playing the Thorns and Orange Blossoms I made six touchdowns and one of the town dudes ast me wouldn't I like to go to high school. I guess I always had a longing to better myself and the high school players was big shots around town, so I begun to talk about it at home.

Ma was for it but we had a lot of trouble with Big Pig before he give in. I didn't say nothing but the real reason he give in was because I could already lift bigger pigs than any of my seven brothers, and Big Pig was afeard I would soon be challenging him. He's funny that way.

They gave me retric and algebray books and the dude who fixed me up told me not to worry, as long as I could beat Benport High nobody would bother me too much about other things. The teachers was nice about it and never ast me many questions and when exam time came they usually give me a pretty good idea what was coming and I was always pretty smart.

Then Rosie helped me, too. She's the lady interest and how. Rosie's old man had a store and they was pretty well off and she was the prettiest kid in high school, so it was natural that we should be going together.

One of the first things that happened was parties. Steve Crane, another guy on our team who thought he was pretty good, began to make a pitch for Rosie until I finally had to tell him where to head in at—and when I tell 'em they're told. Rosie got a big kick out of that but I had to pipe her down too, sometimes. She was bossy and tried it on me sometimes but she had a swell time trying to boss the Old Kid. Women can just go so far with me when I have to tell 'em.

Things went along that way. It's a wonder I didn't get swell-headed. But Big Pig took care of that. He was always riding me for wearing dude-clothes and once he spit tobacco juice on a silk shirt Rosie give me for Xmas. I had to hold in then.

Then something happened. Benport got tired of bein' licked, so they dug up my birth setificate and proved that I was twenty-one and as you can't play high school ball after that age, I had to get out. Steve Crane give me the razz.

"G'wan, you jelly bean," I said, "maybe you can get your name in the paper now."

THEN came the scramble for my services. Big Pig said it was time I was gettin' back to the metal yard and doin' something. Since I got to be a big shot around town, the big boss of the mill had made Big Pig boss of the metal yard, so he could have plenty of time to talk about me when the big boss, who was a great fan, wanted to talk about me. Big Pig didn't need to care how much I could lift now, so that's why he wanted me to come back.

But the colleges had different ideas. I got some swell offers. Different coaches began to come to town and ask me to dinner, and guys around town began to use their influence. Finally they narrered down to two. Money didn't enter into it at all as the offers was about the same, tuishun, board, car fare, clothes, fraternities, spending money and a fur coat in my soph year and a good job guaranteed when I got out. No, it wasn't a matter of money and I want that made plain. It was a matter of love and duty.

Ben Bartley, the big boss of the mill, was after me to go to Thorndyke; and naturally I wanted to oblige him because I knew Big Pig'd always have a job whether the mill worked or not. Bill Perry, Rosie's dad, wanted me to go to State. I was in a pickle but the thing just figured itself out.

Big Pig came home cockeyed one day and said he had quit his job and told the big boss to go to hell because he was bearin' down on him too hard about where I was goin' to school. The job was boring the old man anyhow because it was too steady, and a boss had too many responsibilities and couldn't lay off when he wanted to and get cockeyed.

It kinda made me sore and I went down to see Rosie and was all set to tell her I was going to State's prep school instead of Thorndyke's. Before she give me a chance to say nothing she opened up on me.

"Lissen, Pig," she said, "if you don't go to State I'm gonna be sore at you."

I thought she was kiddin', so I kidded back.

"Yeh?" I said. "I just signed up for Thorndyke."

Well sir, you shoulda heard her. I thought I knew women but I didn't know nothin'.

"You low-down Shanty Irish," she said, "you just gotta go to State."

"Yeh?" I said. I was beginning to get sore.

"Yeh," she yelled. "Yeh. Yeh. You aint gonna make no fool outa me."

"Lissen, Rosie," I said; "there ain't nobody gonna tell me what I'm gonna do."

"Yeh?" she said. Her eyes was like a storm.

"Yeh," I answered, beginnin' to get real sore. "I'll go where I wanna and I don't want no female wiles mixed up in it either."

Then she blew up.

"LISSEN, you big bum, who'd waste any wiles on you? You don't mean nothin' to me and I'da never looked at you twice if you wasn't the big star of the team; and you wouldn't be a star if you wasn't so much bigger. You're just a bully and you'll show yellow when you get against college guys."

"Steve Crane, I guess, huh?" I said.

"Yeh, Steve Crane," she cried. "He's going to State and he'll make you like it if you ever play."

Then I couldn't stand no more.

"Lissen, Rosie," I told her. "I'll break him in two. I'll make him like it. I'll make you like it, too, and that Shanty Irish stuff, too, you—well I'm more of a gentleman than you are a lady, you big apple-knocker."

"Don't call me names, you big bum!" she yelled at me; but I was already on my way to see Ben Bartley. Believe me, I was sore. The less said of that year, the better. The books was tough and nobody give me much help and I was lonesome and I probably would have quit in disgust if one of the guys didn't have the combination to the safe and could get the exam questions out the night before and pass them around. We would fix up our papers in advance and then change them during exams which was easy to do as we had the honor system.

I don't know how it got started but me and Rosie got to be pretty good pals again during the summer and I decided I might as well give her a break and go to State instead of Thorndyke. Ben was a good sport about it and invited me to a party at his house to show there wasn't no hard feelings. In comes more lady interest now. Her name is Sue and she was at the party and was pretty sweet to me, so I took her to the train. The next night I saw Rosie and she began to ask so many questions about Sue and everything and did I kiss her good-by and all that, I just had to pipe her down again.

"Can't you ever quit tryin' to boss a man?" I ast her. That opened up everything again and it all ended by me giving State the go-by and matikilating at Thorndyke. Rosie wrote me a letter that Steve had gone to State and she was really quite wild about him and never knew what she saw in wasting time on me anyhow. I didn't see much use wasting my time on answering her, so I write her that.

I didn't see much use wasting myself on the freshman team but the coach said I might as well get acquainted with the boys, so I did and won all their games for them. When I went home for Xmas vacation, Rosie was cold to me, so I took her bad friend, Jane, to all the dances and it burned Rosie up.

"She is looking at us all the time," Jane would say over my shoulder, and then we would dance by her and cut a few fandangos which I brought home from the old school as I'm considered a pretty good dancer too and not such a bad-looking guy if I do say it myself.

After I went back to school though I got to feeling sorry for her and thinking of the girl she might have been and all that; and when I came home for summer vacation she looked so sad that my heart got soft. We got to be speakin' friends but whenever she got to feeling cheery to me she would freeze up like a cupola of cold iron. I was thinking of going to State because it was much closer to home, but Ben took me for a long auto trip and dropped me off at Thorndyke in time for the fall session.

"I'll send your clothes over," he said; and he did, with a new fur coat which he told me not to wear home because people might not understand. Ben was always good that way.

Strange to say I didn't go so hot on the varsity that year. Old Blood didn't like me and kept another guy playing regular just because he had been around for three years and was captain. I'd get to thinkin' of how poor Rosie looked that summer and between everything I wasn't such a sensation when I came back for the Xmas vacation. The chill was on between me and the town and coldest of all was Rosamond as she called herself now since she had gone to State too. She was going steady with Steve and he happened to have a pretty fair year which is no trick at a school like State.

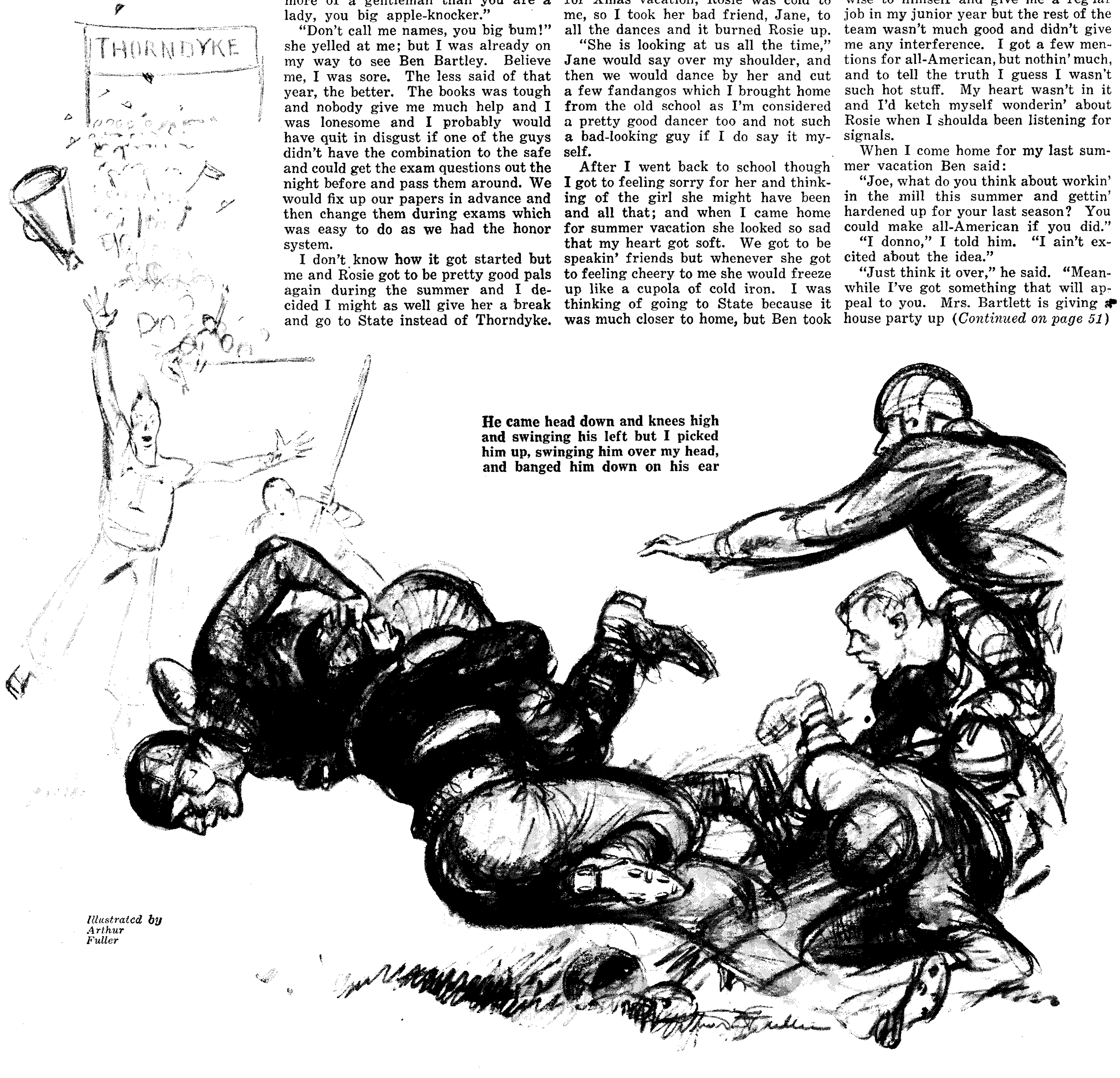
THINGS went along that way for another year. Old Blood finally got wise to himself and give me a reg'lar job in my junior year but the rest of the team wasn't much good and didn't give me any interference. I got a few mentions for all-American, but nothin' much, and to tell the truth I guess I wasn't such hot stuff. My heart wasn't in it and I'd ketch myself wonderin' about Rosie when I shoulda been listening for signals.

When I come home for my last summer vacation Ben said:

"Joe, what do you think about workin' in the mill this summer and gettin' hardened up for your last season? You could make all-American if you did."

"I donno," I told him. "I ain't excited about the idea."

"Just think it over," he said. "Meanwhile I've got something that will appeal to you. Mrs. Bartlett is giving a house party up (*Continued on page 51*)



He came head down and knees high and swinging his left but I picked him up, swinging him over my head, and banged him down on his ear

Illustrated by Arthur Fuller

Coaches to the Depot

By Grantland Rice

To the modern football player Mr. Kipling's prediction that East and West will never get together in a big way seems premature. This season's college schedule looks like a timetable

Illustrated by Herb Roth

YOU don't have to join the Navy to see the world this fall. If you have the roving instinct imbedded in your system you can probably see more of the world, certainly more of the United States, by joining some college football team and taking part in the schedule just getting under way.

Many teams will spend most of their evenings in Mr. Pullman's portable boarding houses, using upper and lower berths. There have been intersectional tests before, but nothing that will compare in this respect with the current season.

Using just a few leading examples you might figure part of the mileage from these contests. On October nineteenth the University of California moves from Berkeley to meet Pennsylvania at Franklin Field. Before this happens Yale leaves New Haven for Athens, Ga. On November second Florida comes up to play Harvard and in December Oregon travels to Miami to meet Florida.

South Dakota plays the Army at West Point and the Army in turn meets Illinois at Urbana on November ninth. Later on Army invades the West Coast for another shot at Stanford after last year's heavy slaughter. Notre Dame plays Indiana, Navy, Wisconsin, Carnegie Tech, Georgia Tech, Drake, Southern California, Northwestern and Army—all away from home.

Chicago comes to Princeton on November second and a week later Harvard travels to Ann Arbor for a Michigan joust. Carnegie Tech goes to Los Angeles in December to face Southern California.

These trips, back and forth, represent about 50,000 miles of traveling and they are only a part of the program. This 1929 football schedule must have been gotten up by the railroads, but at any rate it will give a better line on intersectional football strength than any season has yet shown.

Prospects and Prophecies

From the South, Georgia tackles Yale, Florida grapples with Harvard and Oregon, Georgia Tech meets Notre Dame, and Vanderbilt meets Minnesota. These games should give a good line on southern strength and skill.

The long battle line between the East and the Middle West will be more extended than ever before. Football rivalry between these two sections has always been intense and by December both sides should know about where they stand. The main proof will come in contests that involve Army and Illinois, Harvard and Michigan, Princeton and Chicago, Notre Dame against Army and Navy. These are all representative teams with first-class prospects, as far as anyone can see at this date.

But the feature of the fall will be the way the Pacific Coast has thrown its football strength into the argument. For years the Pacific Coast contingent has claimed that its development has been overlooked by the Middle West and the East. It proved a big part of its claims last fall when Stanford and Oregon State came to the Atlantic Coast. This fall it hopes to prove even more. Three of its best teams are usually to be found at Southern California, California and Stanford.

This season California takes on Pennsylvania, Southern California meets Notre Dame and Carnegie Tech, and Stanford plays the Army. There should be enough meat in these meetings to furnish a good dish for any argument. Pennsylvania, Notre Dame, the Army and Carnegie Tech will be as fair a test as any rival section could ask for when it comes to proving a claim.

Usually, at this early stage, the surf of pessimism reaches the proportions of a tidal wave. Now at least twenty or thirty large universities are willing to admit they will have exceptionally strong teams, even if their coaches would rather wait to see what happens.

Three of the strongest teams in the South should be Georgia Tech, Florida and Tennessee. Georgia Tech and Florida return most of their veterans from last fall with freshman additions that look extremely promising. Florida, with a strong line and her double set of fast backs will give Harvard a snappy afternoon early in November. On the same day Georgia and Notre Dame will meet in one of the decisive battles of the year, so far as intersectional ranking goes.

Football strength in the East is still uncertain. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth, Pennsylvania, Army and Navy seem to be about on even terms so far as starting prospects go. All lose stars who may not be replaced. When a section loses such football players as Mike Miles, Paul Scull, French, Guarnaccia, Sprague, and others, the gaps are not easily filled.

There is no outstanding Eastern team along the northern Atlantic, but Princeton, Pennsylvania, Army, Navy and Dartmouth have good material to start with. The Yale line will get valuable help from Adam Walsh, the old Notre Dame center, and Harvard is expecting a lot from good freshman material of last fall.

In other sections of the East, West Virginia, Pittsburgh and Carnegie Tech all expect to have strong teams with Penn. State not to be overlooked. Cornell's outlook isn't so good. New York University and Brown, however, expect to furnish their opponents enough trouble despite the losses of such stars as Lassman, Hill and Cornsweet.

The Middle West seems to have the edge over the East. In the Western Conference Michigan, Illinois and Minnesota will be among the best with both weight and speed to bank on. Wisconsin and Iowa will not be far behind. Michigan expects to turn back Harvard and Illinois is confident of stopping the Army. Michigan and Minnesota will both average around 190 pounds with a full share of speed thrown in.

Maynard Morrison, Michigan's sophomore fullback, will make Harvard remember Maulbetsch. Morrison is only five feet nine and a half inches in height but he weighs 210 pounds and he can step. Michigan, Minnesota or Illinois should win the conference title, and all three will be hard for any intersectional rival to bring down.

Legions of the West

The Missouri Valley will have its usual strength, but on the West Coast they all look for a big year from Stanford and Southern California. Pop Warner and Howard Jones have all the material they can use and they know how to handle it. It may not happen that way, but these two figure on settling the West Coast championship when Stanford and Southern California hook up on October twenty-sixth. Whatever happens in this game, they carry high hopes of taking Notre Dame, the Army and Carnegie Tech later on.

There is one factor which has to be considered, a factor which nearly every season upsets most of the advance dope. This is the killing pressure of so many hard schedules. For example the Army has to meet Harvard, Yale and Illinois with little rest, and after this Notre Dame and Stanford follow.

Rockne expects to have a strong team but he admits that he will need from thirty to thirty-five football players to get by. Any team that has to scrimmage against the Navy, Wisconsin, Georgia Tech, Southern California and the Army, is bound to get more than its share of heavy battering, not overlooking the mental strain which always leads to staleness. Most of the leading teams have tough schedules to tackle and this means that only a few, if any at all, will survive without a defeat.

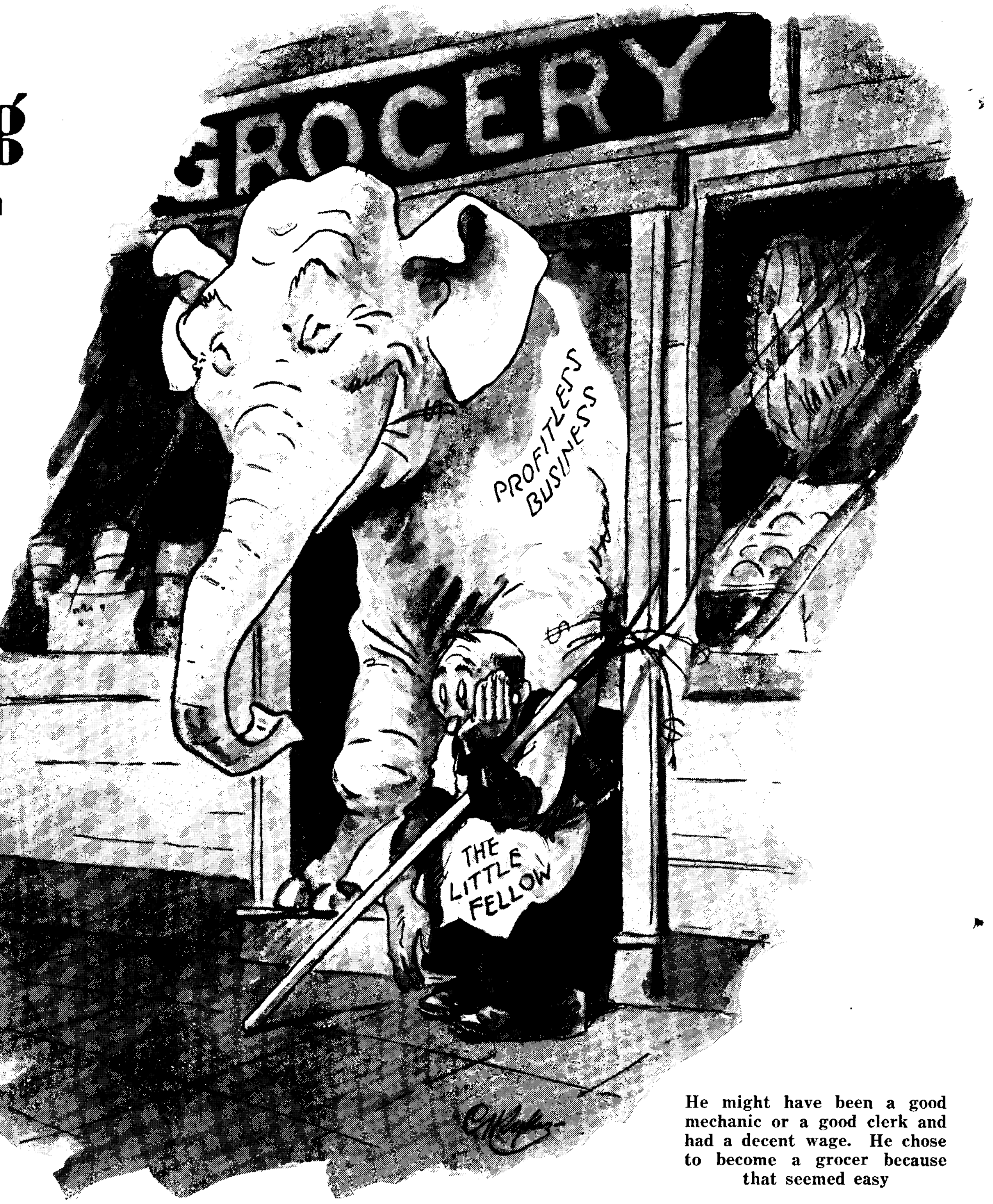
Last fall Georgia Tech, Boston College and Detroit University were the only unbeaten teams that had to go against hard opposition. Any leading team that survives this season, with one of the harder schedules to face, will be something of a wonder. This applies to the Southwest where such strong teams as Texas, Southern Methodist, Texas A. and M. and others have shown increased strength year after year.

There are few easy games left anywhere today. The result is that the usual number of surprises will be sure to take place and by the middle of November the majority of the leading teams will be staggering down the stretch, many of them too badly fagged to show their top strength when any fresh opponent happens to blow in, all steamed up for the fireworks.

Chain Likening

By John T. Flynn

How can your corner grocer meet the competition of the chain stores? Merely reducing his prices won't do it. But some 12,000 independent grocers have discovered profitably how to give their customers more for a dollar. Mr. Flynn tells here about their methods



He might have been a good mechanic or a good clerk and had a decent wage. He chose to become a grocer because that seemed easy

IN THAT comparatively peaceful neighborhood of yours—though you may not know it—there is war. It is the struggle being waged on the corners of our towns and cities between those once amiable burghers who for so many years have been set down with the tailors as keepers of the public peace—our grocery merchants.

As it happens, you are very much interested in the battle. This blessed Saturday night, you—and some twenty million other householders—will drop around on these gentlemen and hand over about 300 million dollars for your week's groceries.

That is what the fight is about. You have perhaps observed the wrinkles in the brow of the perplexed gentleman behind the counter. He is worrying whether he can get his share of that huge total. He may indeed be wondering whether he will be in business at all next Saturday night when you call around to buy.

I have already described in Collier's the rise of the chains of all sorts and the extent to which they have been forcing the independent merchants, in some cases to close their doors, in others to open their eyes. This morning some 450,000 grocers opened their doors for business. Tonight—if some recent surveys are to be credited—some 450 of them will close those doors never to open them again.

That happens every day. This means that some 150,000 of these retail grocery merchants will go out of business this year. Why? And what will be the end of it? And what will be the effect upon us who spend some sixteen billion dollars a year with these worthies? What are they doing with our sixteen billion dollars?

Making a Living

To simplify it, let us imagine a town which has 208 grocery stores. Of these forty-three are chain stores and 165 are independents. Thus the independents outnumber the chains four to one. But let's look a little closer. Those chains did forty-one per cent of the business. In other words, each chain store did as much as three independents.

Now let us look at these 165 independents. How different they are! Here are forty-six whose sales amount to $5,000 a year each. The Department of Commerce says the best an independent can make is two per cent on his sales.

If that is so these forty-six gentlemen made $100 apiece. However, some authorities tell me that a small retailer charging high prices may even make four per cent. If so, they make $200 each—a little less than $4 a week.

There are thirty others whose sales run between $5,000 and $10,000. On the most favorable basis they made not over $400 a year each, or less than $8 a week.

Some forty-six others had gross sales between $10,000 and $25,000. These more important merchants earned all the way up to $1,000 a year or around $20 a week, and much less if the two per cent basis is accepted. In other words 122 of the 165 independents in the town were operating on a basis which paid them under $20 a week.

But this is not all. "The average store with $5,000 gross has little chance of surviving," says the Department of Commerce, "and while the possibility of profitable operation increases with the annual volume, it is not until we reach a volume of $50,000 that more than a mere existence appears possible."

If such a grocer makes four per cent he clears $40 a week. If he makes three per cent he collects $30 a week. Forty dollars a week for a man who pretends to the estate of a merchant can hardly be called an existence. And there are twenty-three stores in this class.

Altogether there are 145 groceries under the $50,000 mark. This means that of all the 165 grocery merchants in this town only twenty have reached the mark which, according to the Department of Commerce, brings them within reach of a mere existence. Eighty-eight per cent of all the groceries in the town fall short of enough business to insure a living; only twelve per cent can by any chance be called commercially justified. And remember that these weak, inadequate grocery stores do twice as much business as their more successful brothers.

The Louisville Blues

The chains get forty-one per cent of the trade. The weak sisters get forty per cent and the twenty higher class independents get only nineteen per cent of the business.

There are independents and independents. They cannot possibly be bracketed together and considered as a class.

The figures I have used are not mine. I have drawn them from a census of distribution made by the United States Department of Commerce under Mr. Hoover as its secretary, working in cooperation with the United States Chamber of Commerce committee, first under Owen D. Young and later under Julius H. Barnes.

They made a survey of eleven cities—large ones like Chicago and Baltimore and smaller ones like Syracuse and Springfield, Ill. Instead of using the complete reports which run into thousands and millions I have reduced them to a smaller and more comprehensible size in our hypothetical town.

It would be difficult to believe that any part of our business organization in this modern age of efficiency could have fallen into such an appalling state if the facts did not thus come to us from an authoritative source.

About four years ago some grocery men in Louisville, Ky., became alarmed at the number of grocers who failed. They decided to find out just how many suffered this doom. And so for three years they kept a careful tabulation of all grocers who closed up shop.

What they found dumbfounded them. Louisville had less than 1,000 grocery stores. Of this number about 800 are independent stores. And though there are but 800 independent stores in the town, in three years 1,082 such merchants went out of business. Others come in, of course, but they are the same kind of merchants as those who go out and are really only the raw material for further failures. This set those Louisville men to some very solemn thinking and led later to an intensive study of the grocery business in that town which has come to be known as the Louisville Survey. Wherever grocerymen meet now the conversation turns almost instantly to two subjects—the chains and the Louisville Survey.

That study is still in progress and the full result of its finding has not yet been published. But it has confirmed all the information found in the census of distribution. It has revealed this important trade in a state of unbelievable chaos. It has made clear to grocery men themselves that all their troubles do not arise from the chains but from fundamental weakness in the grocery trade itself.

Let us return for a moment to this hypothetical town of ours, with its 208 groceries. The forty-three chain stores will undoubtedly continue to function. The twenty grocers in the high-class group may reasonably be looked upon as continuous.

Now what is going to become of the 145 weak sisters under the $50,000 class? I think we may with some reason conclude that ultimately they are going to fade away. But as stores of this class supply forty per cent of the grocery demand of Louisville who is going to take over their business? Will the chains get it? I think that in the end the chains will get a great deal of it, perhaps most of it. The balance will pass into the hands of more intelligent independent merchants operating on more modern lines and under a system of merchandising completely different from that now in use by these little stores.

Lower Main Street

Now what is the stake of the public in this? I said in a recent article in Collier's that when a customer spends a dollar in a chain store he saves from fifteen to twenty cents on it. This statement produced no end of irritation. My figures were challenged in terms ranging all the way from violent abuse to patronizing expostulation. And yet I think that statement can stand.

I live in a small suburban village near New York City. The housewives of this community buy their groceries in some ten chain stores and fifteen independent stores. These independents can be quickly grouped into three classes: First, one high-class service grocer doing a business of from $75,000 to $100,000 a year. Then there are about five others whose grocery business is supplemented by either delicatessen or quality vegetable supplies. They are all on the main street. Then there are the nine others scattered about among the residential neighborhoods and ranging from the $10,000 to the $25,000 a year class.

I collected figures on prices in the chains and in all these stores. It was easy to get the chain prices. They were all displayed on the goods. I had only to copy them down. To get the prices of the independents I had to make outright purchases without disclosing my purpose.

I have had some experience studying sales prices in small stores. The merchant is at liberty to report to you any price he wishes. There is not a very high degree of scrupulosity in this and you are apt to be given whatever prices suit the point which the merchant desires to support. If you tell him that you are comparing prices between his store and his chain rivals, as one professional investigator did in New York recently, you may feel reasonably sure that the prices given you will not be too high. For this reason I made open purchases.

I selected one group of articles—butter, bread, coffee, sugar and eggs. I chose these because in some stores these articles account for almost half the sales of the store. I give below the prices charged by the chain stores and the prices in each of the three groups I have described:

	Chains	High-Class Grocer	Small Grocer	Others
Butter—				
Tub	.49	.59	.58	.55
Print	.51	.61	.68	.59
Bread—				
	.10	.12	.12	.12
Sugar—(*5 lbs.*)				
	.30	.35	.37	.35
Eggs—				
	.53	.61	.60	.61
Coffee—(*Maxwell*)				
	.49			.55

Thus it will be seen that on butter the independents were from 15.7 to 33 per cent higher than the chains. On eggs they were from 13 to 15.09 per cent higher. On bread they were all twenty per cent over their chain rivals. Two independent groups were 16.66 per cent higher on sugar and one was 23.33 per cent higher. On coffee they were 12.25 per cent higher.

I chose another group of six articles, well-known and nationally advertised:

	Chains	High-Class Grocer	Small Grocer	Others
Kellogg's Corn Flakes				
	.08	.10	.10	.10
None Such Mince Meat				
	.20		.30	.30
Borden's Milk				
	.10	.12	.12	.12
Heinz Rice Flakes				
	.13	.15	.15	.15
Del Monte Peaches				
	.21		.28	.27
Royal Baking Powder				
	.45	.50		.50

First let me note that in the high-class grocery store I found a noticeable shortness of nationally advertised goods. As I asked for one article after another the clerk told me they did not keep it and tried to sell me some little-known brand, a private brand, I assumed, being pushed by the wholesaler with whom he did business. In a recent survey in New York Dr. R. S. Alexander of Columbia University encountered the same difficulty—the absence from stock in the independent stores of so many nationally advertised brands.

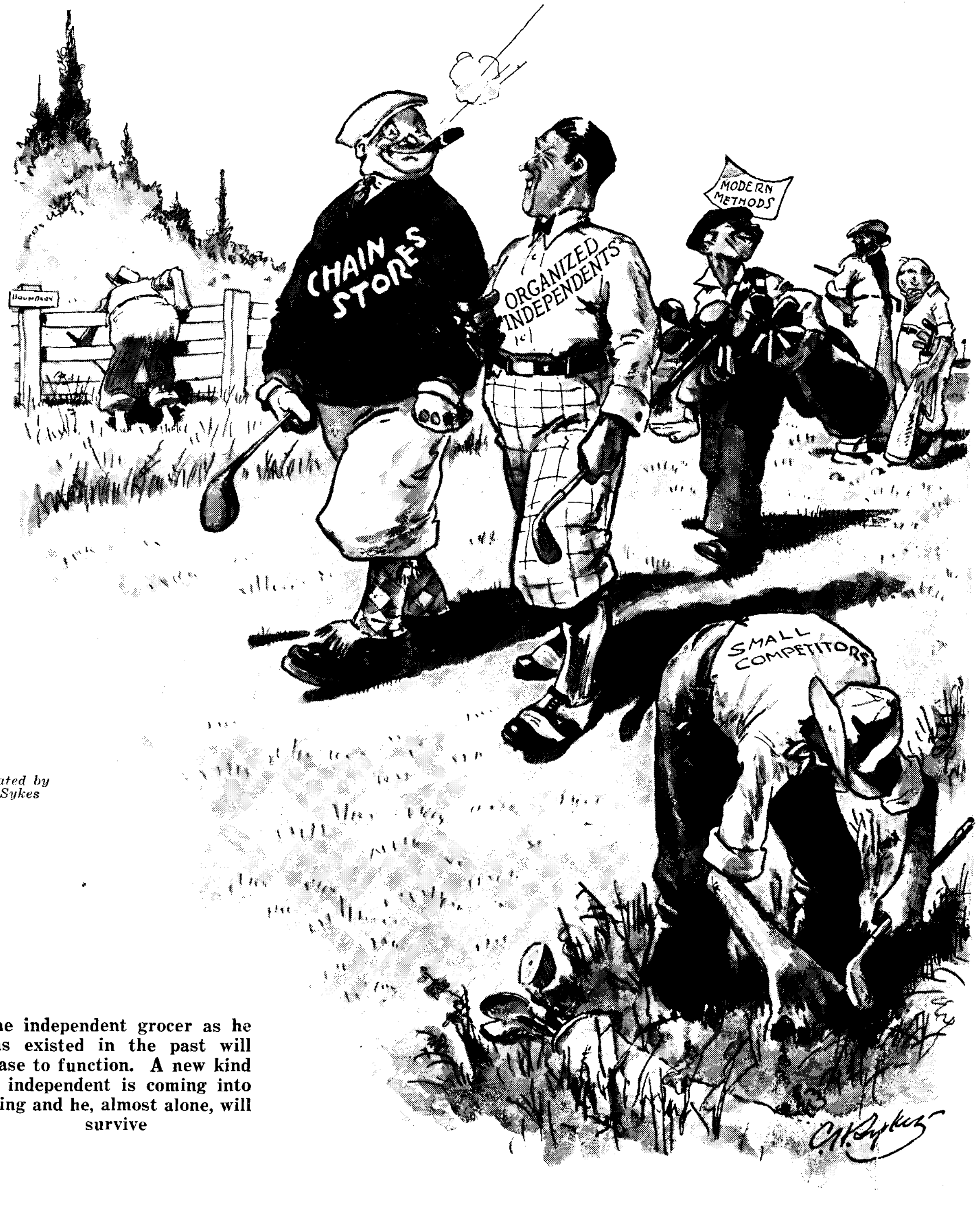
Now for a comparison of the prices. It is plain that the independent stores were twenty-five per cent higher on Kellogg's corn flakes. On Del Monte peaches the independents were from 28.5 to 33.33 per cent higher. They were 11.11 per cent higher on Royal baking powder; fifty per cent higher on None Such mince meat; 14.4 per cent higher on Heinz rice flakes and twenty per cent higher on Borden's milk.

I do not offer these prices on just ten articles as a definite survey establishing the difference between chains and independents in the grocery field. But I do offer them as a fair example of the prices in my town, which is representative of innumerable communities.

Bankruptcy Fodder

There are independent grocers who sell at lower prices than those given here. But what good do they do the people of my town and thousands of other towns where they are not to be found? It is preposterous to make comparisons between chains and independents. The word independent, as we have seen, may mean anything from a modern, well-organized, intelligently managed grocery store, connected with a large co-operative buying group and operating on a cash-and-carry basis to a small, slovenly, ill-stocked store, charging service prices and giving no service but indiscriminate credit.

Here is a large chain grocery company which makes its annual report public. Its figures run into the millions but I reduce them in order to simplify them. The merchandise which this company buys for (*Continued on page 67*)



Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

The independent grocer as he has existed in the past will cease to function. A new kind of independent is coming into being and he, almost alone, will survive

The Look of the Month

What's new under the September sun? These artful answers may convince you that it isn't such a dull season after all

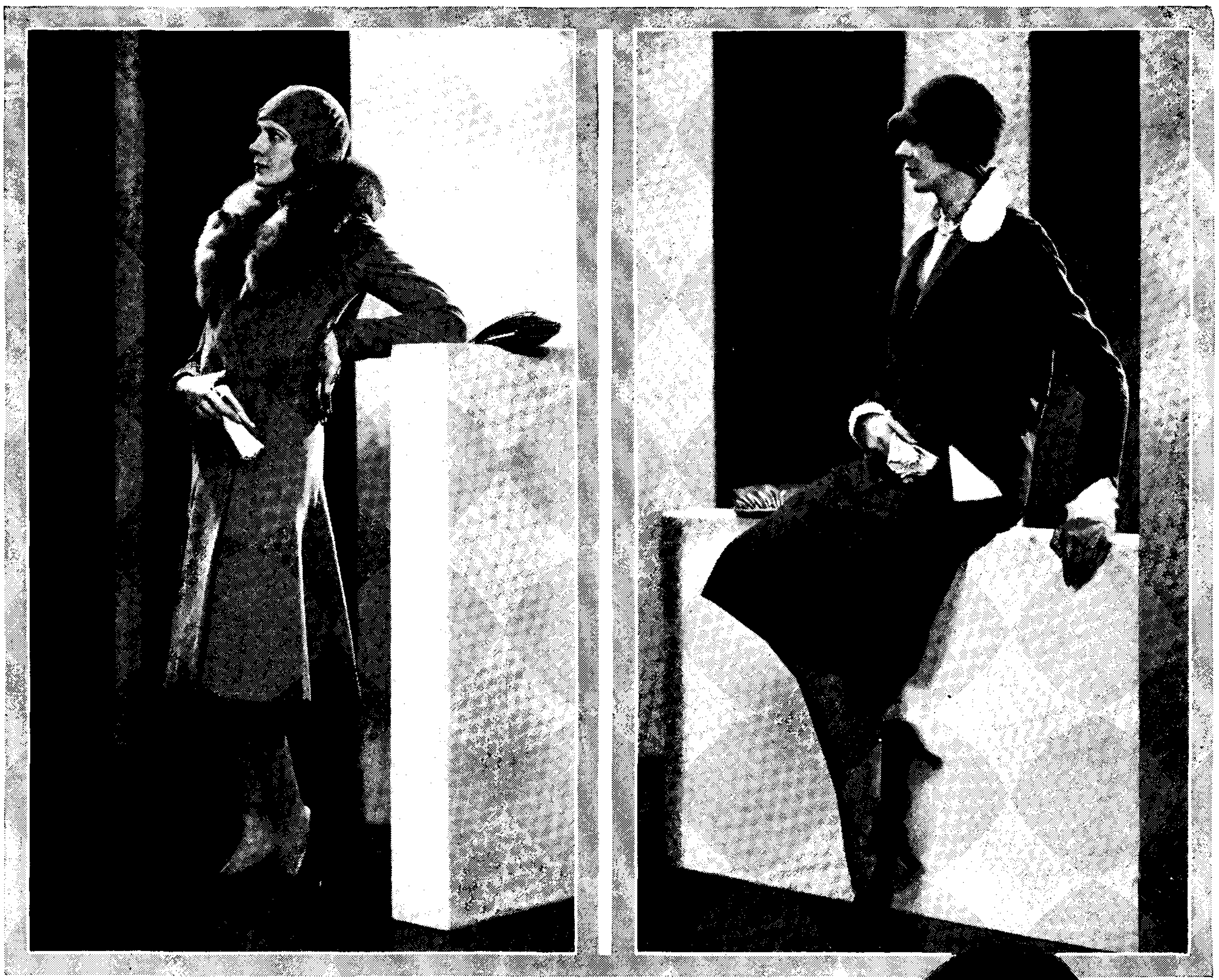
The Author: Courtney Ryley Cooper, a frequent contributor to Collier's, spends most of his recreation hours hunting and fishing. We suppose he'll tell us he shot these birds himself

Fotograms

The Bride: Shown here in sports costume is the former Miss Alexandra Dalziel, prominent in New York society, who was married early this month to Alexander Davenport Kinloch, son of Sir David and Lady Kinloch of Gilmerton, Scotland

White Studio

The Stage: Worldwise youth fools the old codger in David Belasco's new comedy, It's A Wise Child, with Mildred McCoy and a long deceiving line. Helen Lowell and Minor Watson have excellent reason to shake hands when the truth finally trickles out

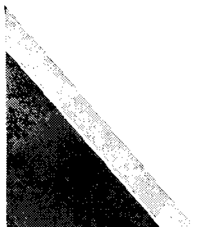


The Fashion: One of the new dressmaker suits of hunter's green crêpe tweed is shown on the extreme right. It has caracul trimmings and the hat to match is banded with belting ribbon. The formal coat in the adjoining view is of marva, a new autumn fabric, and has a princess silhouette with slight flare. A blue fox collar blends well with the green beige tone of the coat and matching beret. Shown by Saks-Fifth Avenue

Bradley

The Sport (Left): Here's real action in a polo match at Cary, Illinois. Bob Bullock, outstanding player of the Middle West and a veteran of twenty-five years in the game, leads Arthur Arentsen a merry chase

Underwood & Underwood



Herbert Photos, Inc.

Society: As the summer season wanes society turns to the fall sports and resorts. These spectators at a Montauk, Long Island, golf tournament are Mrs. Edward F. Crozer and Mrs. John Rutherfurd, both of New York and Philadelphia

The Screen: Davey Lee, cherubic star, is helping Al Jolson pack the talkie temples these days. Their latest offering, Say It with Songs, is a tuneful tale of a radio artist's devotion to his only child

Warner Brothers

The Yellowjacket Feud

By Zane Grey

The stirring romance of an Eastern girl and a Western girl—and a thrilling war of the cattle country

The Story Thus Far: For years the Hash Knife Outfit, a daring gang of cattle rustlers, has been stealing cattle from old Jim Traft's Yellowjacket ranch and disposing of them through one Bambridge, a crooked ranchman. Feeling that to continue operations may be dangerous, Jed Stone, noted outlaw who leads the gang, asks his men to vote on the question of whether to leave the country or stay and face the trouble. The gang votes to stay.

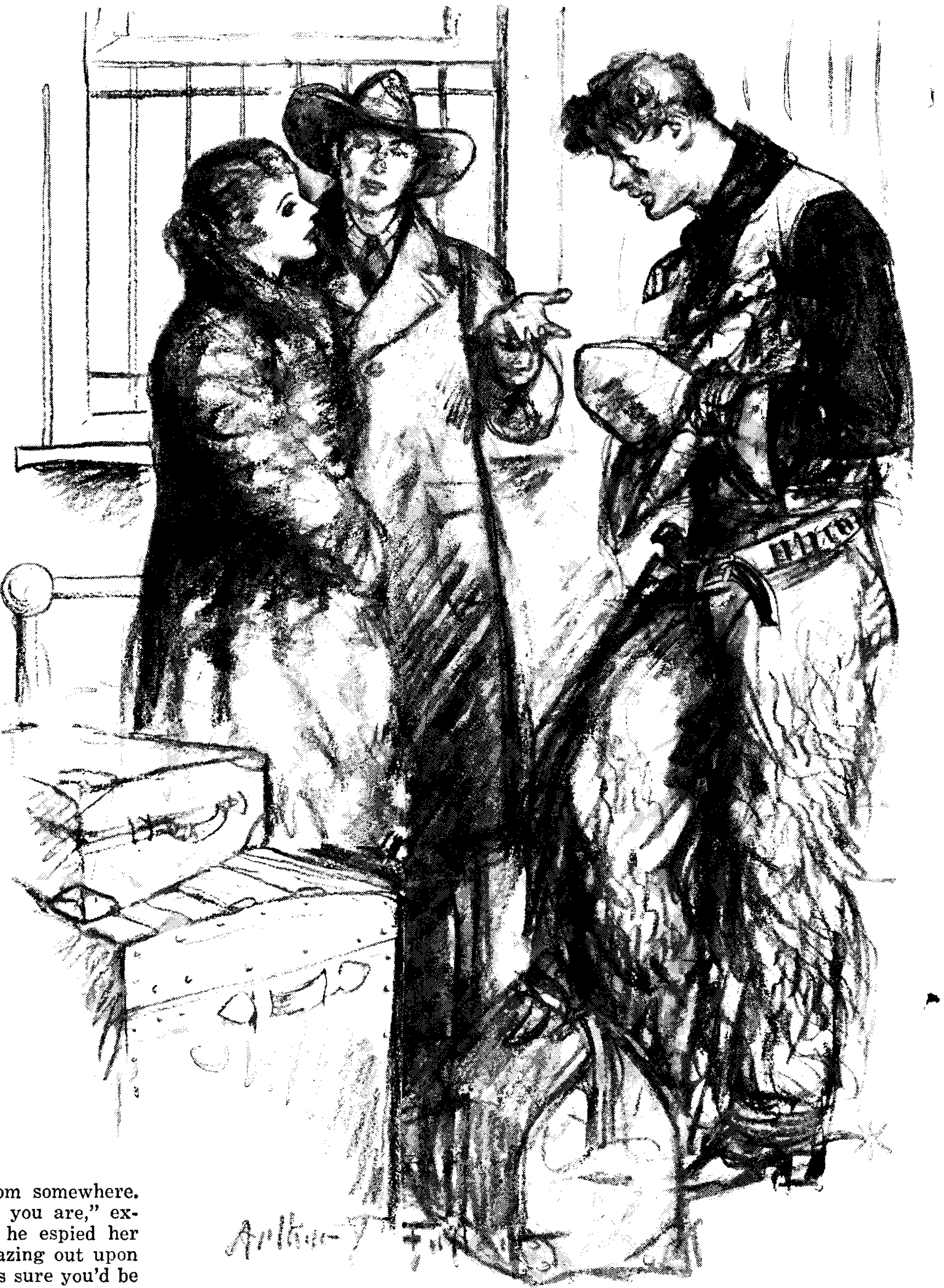
At this juncture, "Young Jim" Traft, old Jim's nephew from the East, who is boss of his men—the Diamond Outfit—has a serious talk with his uncle. He has no proof, but he strongly suspects the truth, feels sure that Bambridge is receiving and selling his uncle's cattle; he proposes to get to the bottom of the matter.

Stone's men are well-armed, fearless dead-shots. Trouble with them is sure to mean bloodshed. But Young Jim, too, has a courageous, straight-shooting crew—Slinger Dunn, a hardy backwoodsman, Curly Prentis, Ring Locke, and a number of others, all of whom can give a good account of themselves in a fight. With their loyal support, he can "clean up" the Yellowjacket. And, once cleared of outlaws, the ranch will be his and Slinger Dunn's—in accordance with a promise made by the wise old owner!

As the war clouds gather, Jim receives an unexpected letter from his eighteen-year-old sister, Gloriana. He reads it with mingled emotions. She has, it appears, developed a weak lung. The doctors have told her she must leave the East and go to a high, dry climate. She is coming West—to her Uncle Jim's!

Wondering, Jim reads the letter over. "Sounds like Glory, yet somehow it doesn't," he says. "I wonder if she *is* really ill. . . . Or in any kind of trouble. . . . It was Glory's affairs with boys that stuck in my craw."

And then he thinks of Molly, Slinger Dunn's thoroughly Western sister! A lovely girl, Molly, but far different from that suave, sophisticated sister of his. He wonders how she'll receive the news. He hopes gladly, for once Molly had saved his life; and he, chivalrous gentleman that he is, can't bear the thought of having her suffer through contrast with a girl like Gloriana.



"Gloriana, this is Curly Prentis, one of my cowboys—and quite a cattleman in

II

THE difficulty, it seemed to Jim, would be serious. Glory was bright and clever. She had graduated from high school at seventeen. She could do most anything well, and had a genius for designing and making modish dresses and bonnets. Molly, on the other hand, was a shy little wood-mouse. She had never had any advantages. Two years at a backwoods school had been all the opportunity for education that had ever come to her. She was exceedingly sensitive about her lack of knowledge and her crudeness. The situation would be a delicate one, for Molly in her way was quite as proud as Gloriana was in hers.

"I'll trust to Molly's generous heart and the Western bigness of her," soliloquized Jim. "In the end Glory will love her. That I'll gamble on."

Jim lay in bed longer than usual next morning and when he finally rolled out, a white glistening world of snow greeted him from his window. The storm had gone and a clear blue sky and bright sun smiled coldly down upon the white-fringed pines and peaks. He did not take more than a glance, however, because his room seemed full of zero weather. He had to break the ice in his bucket to get water to wash, and he was far from lethargic about it. "I don't know about this high, dry altitude," he soliloquized. "It'd freeze the nose off a polar bear."

The halls of the big ranch-house were like a barn. Jim rushed to the living room. A fine fire blazed in the wide fireplace.

"Mawnin', Jim," came in Molly's slow, drawling voice from somewhere.

"Hello. . . . Oh, there you are," exclaimed Jim, gladly, as he espied her at the corner window, gazing out upon the wintry scene. "I was sure you'd be snug in bed. Come here, darling."

Molly had not yet grown used to the impelling power of that word and she seemed irresistibly drawn. She wore a red coat over her blouse, the color of which matched her cheeks. In the few weeks since her arrival at the ranch she had lost some of the brown tan of the backwoods, which only added to her attractiveness. The gold glints in her dark curly hair caught the sunshine, as it streamed through the window. Her eyes had that dark, shy, glad light that always thrilled Jim. And her lips, like red ripe cherries, were infinitely provocative.

"OH—Jim—" she gasped, "someone might come in."

"Kiss me, Molly Dunn," he replied, giving her a little shake. "Don't you love me this morning?"

"Why, Jim—of course."

"Then?"

Molly's kisses were rather few and far between, which made them so much more precious. She was strong and sweet, this little girl of the Cibeque, and she had earned Jim's worship.

"There!" she whispered shyly, and slipped out of his arms. "Gee, your hands are cold. An' your nose like ice."

"Molly, I've news for you," he said, thinking it wise to broach the subject in mind.

"Yes?"

"My sister is coming out West. She'll get here Monday."

"Oh, how lovely! Gloriana May! You told me aboot her—how pretty she is an' what a little devil. . . . Jim, thet'll be nice for you to have her heah. I'm glad."

Jim hugged her quite out of all reason. "Lord, but you're a sweet, fine, square kid! I just love you to death."

"J-Jim—let me go. . . . I see no call for rastlin' me."

"No, I daresay you don't. Please excuse my violence. . . . Molly, my sister is in poor health, so Mother writes. And she's sending Glory out to get well."

"I'm sorry. What ails her, Jim?"

"Weak lung, Mother said."

"Jim, suppose she doesn't like me?"

"Molly! She can't help but adore you."

"I hope so, Jim. But I shore wish I had a little more time to study—to improve myself. I'd hate to have her ashamed of me," replied Molly, plaintively.

Jim could only assure her by tender word and argument that she was making a mountain out of a molehill, with the result that Molly's heart seemed satisfied if her mind was not. They went out to breakfast, and Jim hugged her disgracefully in the dark cold corridor. When Molly escaped into the dining room a less keen eye than that of the old rancher, who stood back to the blazing fire, could have made amusing deductions.

"Mawnin', Uncle Jim. I—I been chased by a bear," laughed Molly.

"Good mornin', lass. Shore I seen thet. . . . Howdy, son. What do you think of Arizona weather?"

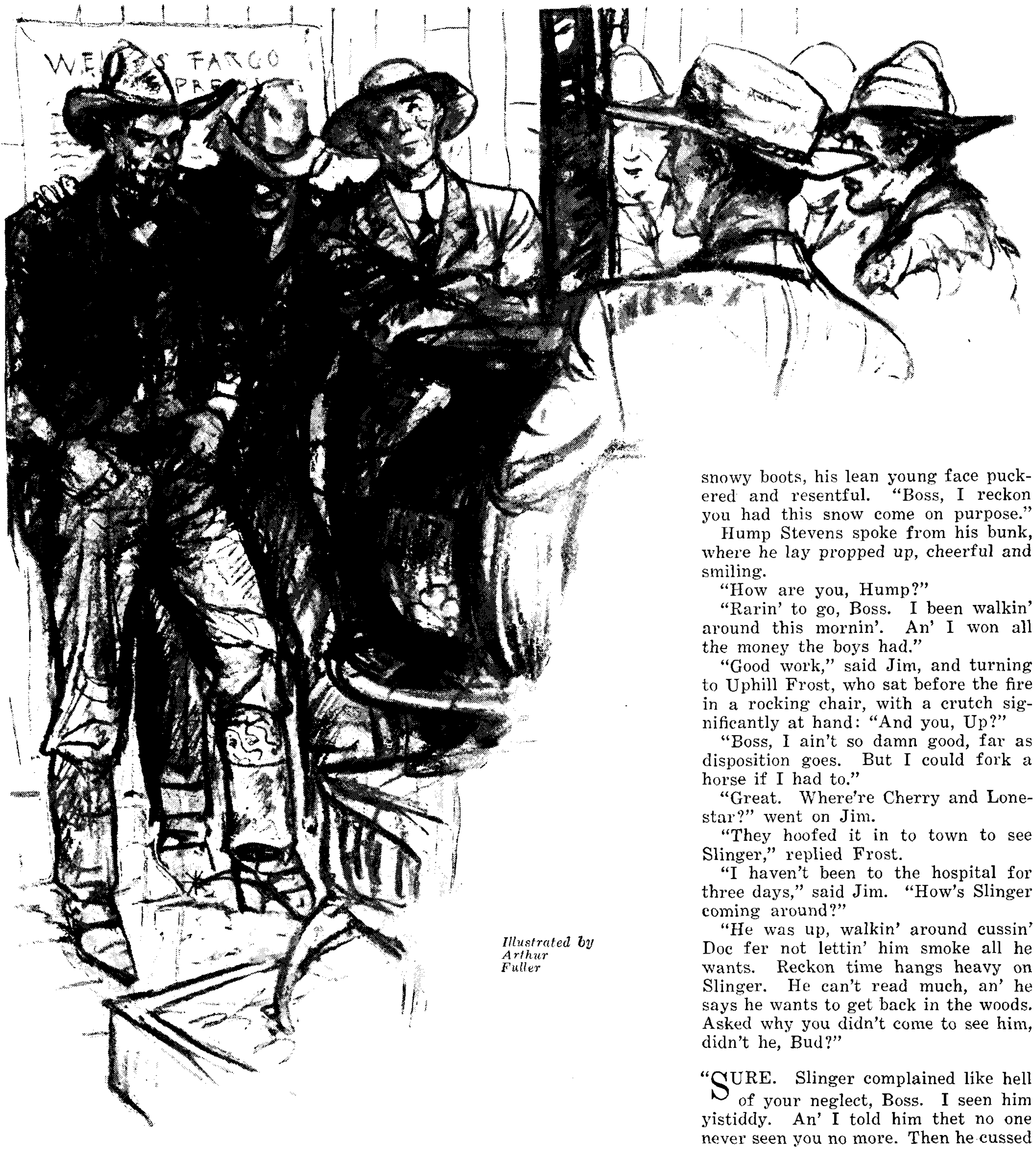
"Terrible. And you're sending me to camp out after Thanksgiving!" protested Jim. It seemed to him there was going to be good reason for him to stay in Flagerstown.

"WAL, Yellowjacket is five or six thousand feet lower, an' if it snows it melts right off. . . . Son, have you told the little lady your news?"

"Yes. And there's further proof she's an angel."

"Oh, Jim, such nonsense!" she protested. "Bein' glad with you don't—doesn't make me no angel. I keep tellin' you thet I'm shore not related to no angel yet."

"Haw! Haw! I'll bet he finds thet



Illustrated by Arthur Fuller

his own right," introduced Jim. "Curly—my sister." Curly doffed his sombrero

out, Molly," put in the rancher, heartily. "Reckon if I'd ever been keen on girls I'd have wanted one thet would scratch an' bite."

Molly blushed. "Uncle, I hope I've not got thet much cat in me," she said, anxiously.

JIM made good his promise, and when he had Molly bundled in the sleigh beside him, her cheeks like roses and her dark curls flying, he was as proud as she was delighted. Much to his satisfaction all the young people of Flagerstown appeared to be out sleigh riding also; and many a girl who had made Jim uncomfortable when he was a tenderfoot saw him now with Molly.

They had lunch at the hotel and drove home in the brilliant sunshine, with the white world so glaring that they could hardly face it. All too soon they arrived at the ranch.

"Thet was glorious," said Molly, breathing deeply. "Jim, I'm shore a lucky girl. I'm so—so happy it hurts. I'm afraid it won't last."

"Sure it'll last," replied Jim, laughing. "Unless you're a fickle little jade."

"Jim Traft, I'm as—as true as steel," she retorted, vehemently. "It's only you may tire of me—or—or your family won't accept me."

"Say, you're not marrying my family."

The word marriage or any allusion to it always silenced Molly. She betrayed that she saw the days fleeting by toward the inevitable, and her joy submerged any doubts.

Jim drove around to the barn. As they went by the big bunk-house Bud Chalfack poked his ruddy cherub face out of the door and yelled: "Hey, Boss, thet ain't fair."

Jim yelled back: "Get yourself a girl, you cowboy."

At the barn he handed the reins to a Mexican stable boy, helped Molly out, and escorted her to the ranch-house.

Then he walked down to the bunk-house, opened the door and went in. The big room was cheerful with its crackling fire, and amazingly clean, considering it harbored the hardest cowboy outfit in Arizona.

"Howdy, boys," he sang out.

"You needn't come an' crow over us," answered Bud. "Sleigh ridin' with Molly Dunn!"

Jackson Way looked askance at Jim's snowy boots, his lean young face puckered and resentful. "Boss, I reckon you had this snow come on purpose."

Hump Stevens spoke from his bunk, where he lay propped up, cheerful and smiling.

"How are you, Hump?"

"Rarin' to go, Boss. I been walkin' around this mornin'. An' I won all the money the boys had."

"Good work," said Jim, and turning to Uphill Frost, who sat before the fire in a rocking chair, with a crutch significantly at hand: "And you, Up?"

"Boss, I ain't so damn good, far as disposition goes. But I could fork a horse if I had to."

"Great. Where're Cherry and Lonestar?" went on Jim.

"They hoofed it in to town to see Slinger," replied Frost.

"I haven't been to the hospital for three days," said Jim. "How's Slinger coming around?"

"He was up, walkin' around cussin' Doc fer not lettin' him smoke all he wants. Reckon time hangs heavy on Slinger. He can't read much, an' he says he wants to get back in the woods. Asked why you didn't come to see him, didn't he, Bud?"

"SURE. Slinger complained like hell of your neglect, Boss. I seen him yistiddy. An' I told him thet no one never seen you no more. Then he cussed Molly fer not fetchin' you."

"I'm sorry. I'll see him tomorrow," replied Jim, contritely.

Curly Prentis, the handsome blond young giant of the Diamond Outfit, sat at a table writing with absorbed violence. He alone had not appeared to note Jim's entrance.

"Curly, I've news for you."

But Curly gave no sign that he heard. Whereupon Jim addressed Bud. "What ails Curly?"

"Same old sickness, Boss. I've seen Curly doubled up with thet fer five years, about every few months. Mebbe it's a little wuss than usual, fer his gurl chucked him an' married Wess Stebbins."

"No!"

"Sure's a fack. They run off to Winslow. You see Curly come the high an' mighty once too often. Caroline bucked. An' they had it hot an' heavy. Curly told her to go where it was hot—so she says—an' he marched off with his haid up. . . . Wal, Carrie took him at his word. Thet is—he'd unhooked her bridle. Wess always was looney over her, an' she married him, which we all reckon was a darned good thing. Now Curly is writin' his funeral letter, after which he aims to get turrible drunk."

"Curly," spoke up Jim, kindly.

"Cain't you leave me alone heah?" appealed the cowboy.

"Yes, in a minute. Sorry to disturb you, old man. But I've news about Yellowjacket, Jed Stone and his Hash Knife Outfit."

"To hell with them! I'm a ruined cowboy. Soon as I get this document written I'm goin' to town an' look at red licker."

"Nope," said Jim, laconically.

"Wal, I jest am. Who says I cain't?"

"I do, Curly."

"BUT you're not my boss. I've quit the Diamond. I'll never fork a hoss again."

"Curly, you wouldn't let us tackle that Hash Knife gang without you?"

"Jim, I cain't care aboot nothin'. My heart's broke. I could see you all shot. I could see Bud Chalfack hung on a tree an' laugh."

"Curly, didn't you and I get to be good friends?"

"Shore. An' I was durn proud of it. But friendship's nuthin' to love. Aw, Boss, I'm ashamed to face you with it. . . . Caroline has turned out to be false. Chucked me fer thet bowlegged Stebbins puncher! Who'd ever thought I'd come to sech disgrace?"

"Curly, it's no disgrace. Wess is a good chap. He'll make Caroline happy. You didn't really love her."

"*What-at!*" roared Curly. And when his hearers all greeted this with a laugh he sank back crestfallen.

"Curly, there're some good reasons why you can't throw down the Diamond at this stage," said Jim, seriously, and placed a kindly hand on the cowboy's shoulder.

"Jest you give me one, Jim Traft," blustered Curly, and he laid down his pencil.

Jim knew perfectly well that this wonderful young Westerner could not be untrue to anyone. "First, then, Curly. You've already got a few head of stock on the range. In a few years you'll be a rancher on your own account."

"No reason at all. I don't want those cattle. I gave 'em to Hump heah."

"Well, Hump can give them back. . . . Another reason is Uncle Jim is throwing us plumb against the Hash Knife Outfit. Listen, all of you. This is a secret and not to be spoken of except among yourselves. Uncle Jim is sure Bambridge is crooked. Making deals with the Hash Knife."

All the cowboys except Curly expressed themselves in different degrees of exclamation.

At length Curly spoke.

"Jim, you haven't given me any argument why I shouldn't go out an' drown my grief in the bottle—an' shoot up the town—an' kill somebody or get put in jail."

"No? All right. Here's another reason," replied Jim, and he drew a photograph out of his pocket and laid it on the table in front of Curly.

"My Gawd, Boss, who is this?" asked Curly.

"My sister, Gloriana May Traft."

"YOUR sister? Jim, I shore ought to have seen the resemblance, though she's ten million times better lookin' than you. . . . But how is she a reason for my not goin' to the bad?"

"Curly, it's as simple as pie," said Jim. "Gloriana is a sick girl. She's coming West for her health. She'll arrive on Monday, on the Western Special. Now, I ask you, have you the heart to bust up the Diamond—to get drunk and worry me to death—when I've this new trouble on my hands?"

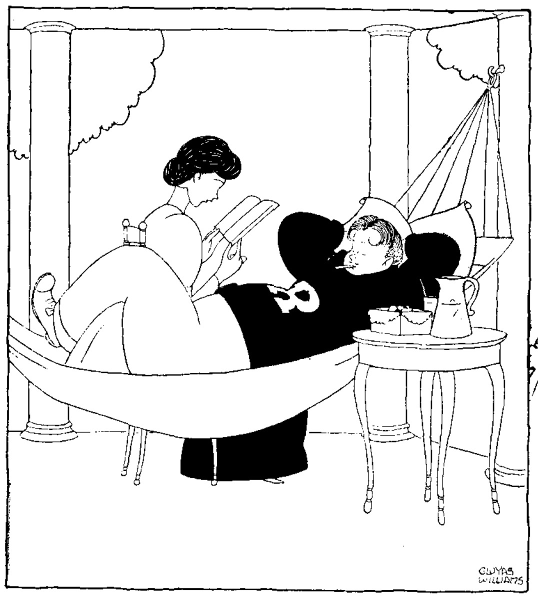
Curly took another long look at the photograph, and then he turned to Jim with all the clouds vanished from eyes and face. To see Curly thus was to love him.

"Boss, I haven't got the heart to throw you (*Continued on page 42*)

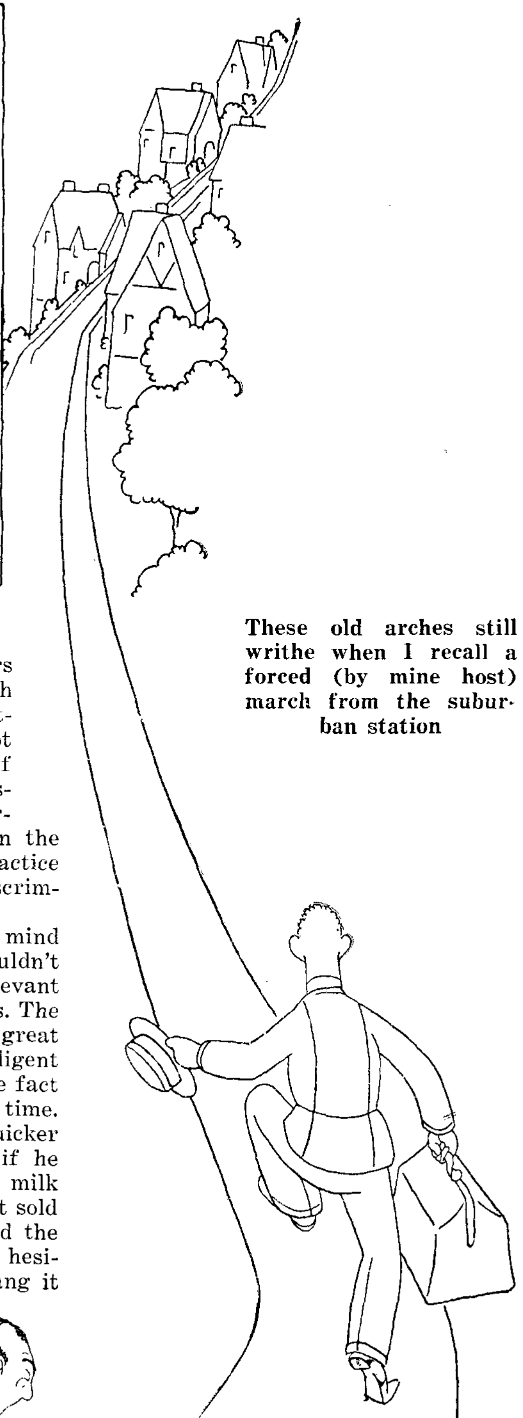
Any Ice Today Lady?

By Ring Lardner

What will all this out-of-season barrow-pushing, car-conducting, baggage-smashing do to score-board statistics this fall? Ask Dr. Lardner. He forgets his inherent modesty long enough to advise our grid heroes on all subjects from tackling to tatting—and back



Candidates spent months lying in a hammock



These old arches still writhe when I recall a forced (by mine host) march from the suburban station

As THE editor of Collier's thinks it is a couple of weeks too soon for me to select the All-America football team for 1929 and prefers anyway, for some childish reason, to leave that amiable task to Grantland ("Carve Dat Possum") Rice, I will have to confine myself in this article to a few items of personal intelligence concerning athletes who seemed destined to make gridiron history from the broken-ribbed coast of Maine to the outboard adenoids of Hollywood.

If Big Bill Edwards, whom I saw the other day in the Pennsylvania Station, were still alive, he would marvel at the football heroes of the present, at the serious way in which they prepare themselves for what, after all, is merely a game. In his time, candidates for the eleven (nine, as they called it) reported to the head coachman in laughable condition, many of them scarcely able to drag bodies weighted down and bulged out with chocolates and bonbons and all the latest magazines, short of breath from cubebs and soft after months of lying in a hammock while fair adorers read them to sleep and drove off venturesome field mice with a shrug of the shoulder.

We've Changed All That

The potential Hinkeys and Hestons of today show up for practice in perfect shape, their "vacations" having been spent in hard manual labor, and their stomachs keyed to the highest point of efficiency by a rigid diet of cooked cereals, wolf eggs and fresh gin.

You probably saw in the papers the story of John Law's summer training. John plays a guard with one of Notre Dame's road companies. He is to be captain of his team, but this is not as much of an honor as at most other schools, for Mr. Rockne uses a new team every chukker with a different captain for each. It is almost impossible not to be elected captain at Notre Dame if you've got a football suit.

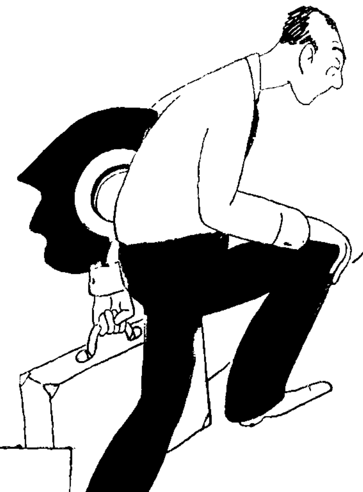
Well, anyway, John lives in Yonkers, and all summer long he has been hardening his arteries by pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with bricks through the perpendicular streets of that fashionable spa. People who have never been in Yonkers cannot appreciate the arduousness of this chore. Just driving a light car around the place has sent many a poor devil to a rest cure, while walking anywhere, even with an empty wheelbarrow or no wheelbarrow at all, is an exercise recommended only to Swiss goats. These old arches still writhe when I recall a forced (by mine host) march from the suburban station next north of the regular Yonkers depot to the home of Mr. John N. ("Steeplejack") Wheeler, a mile and a half from the tracks as the squirrel flies, and yet considered merely a knoll by seasoned Yonkerites.

Two members of the Marquette University squad have been working as motorman and conductor in Milwaukee, where they still have street cars. A star sophomore back at Michigan has put in the "off-season" felling giant trees. A Stanford tackle has prepared himself for the strenuous fall campaign by firing a locomotive. And a University of Georgia end has taken care of all three lawns in his home town, Americus.

The spirit that prompts this sort of voluntary training is heartily encouraged by coaches, who, a few years since, were obliged to go easy with the football men for the first fortnight or so, until the latter had got their wind and rid themselves of superfluous flesh by long cross-country runs and gymnasium exercises. Nowadays the boys are in the pink when they show up for practice and the mentor can start them scrimmaging as soon as he wants to.

But it is a question in my mind whether the young athletes couldn't choose more appropriate, more relevant methods of conditioning themselves. The illustrious Red Grange made a great record at Illinois, and unintelligent critics attributed his success to the fact that he peddled ice in the summer time.

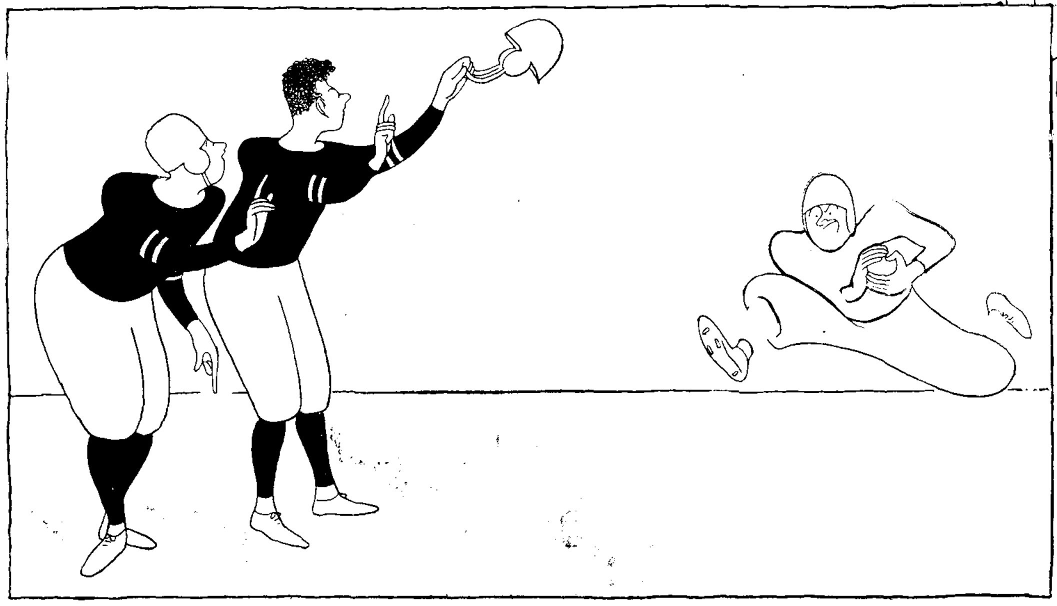
I believe he would have got quicker starts and gained more ground if he had spent his summers delivering milk or some other commodity that isn't sold by the pound. When Red received the ball from the center, he always hesitated a moment; he wanted to hang it on the scales and see how much it weighed. This hesitation, brief though it was, permitted the defensive linemen to break through and stop him before he had advanced eighty yards.



Subsequent Confusion

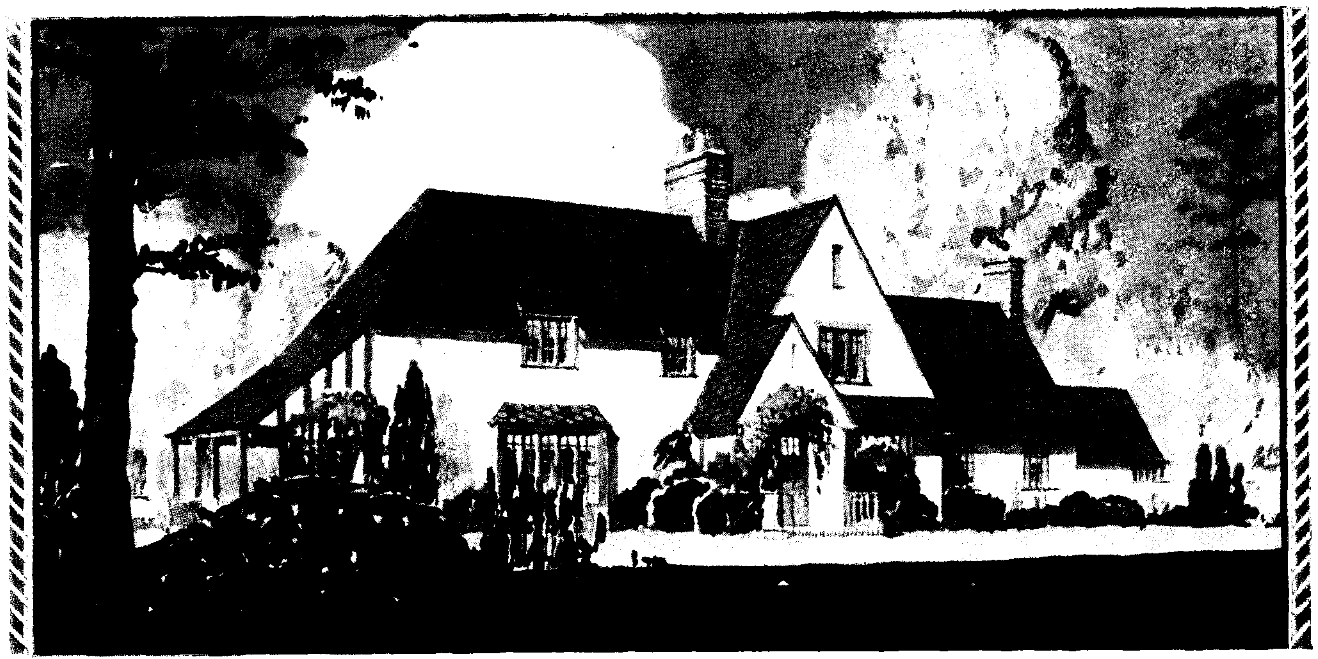
A strong Illinois tackle, Mr. Nowack or something, drove mules in a mine. While it may have toughened his hands and arms, it also had a tendency to slow him up; he was never able to charge his man without first saying, "Come on, Jenny! You lazy old so-and-so!" The famous Four Horsemen of Notre Dame hustled baggage and thereby strengthened their backs and shoulder muscles and their legs, but there were countless times when Layden or Stuhldreher purposely grounded a pass, thinking he was still a baggageman and it was a trunk and would break open and spill hamamelis if you dropped it hard enough.

Unless the rules committee holds an extraordinary session, Mr. John Law will not be allowed to bring his wheelbarrow on the field; even if he were, the opponents might insist on the privilege of unloading the bricks and piling them on Mr. Law's head. Anyway, he wouldn't know (*Continued on page 63*)



The two Milwaukee boys have laughed all summer at the silly look of would-be passengers. The laugh will be on the other foot when they signal an opposing halfback

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

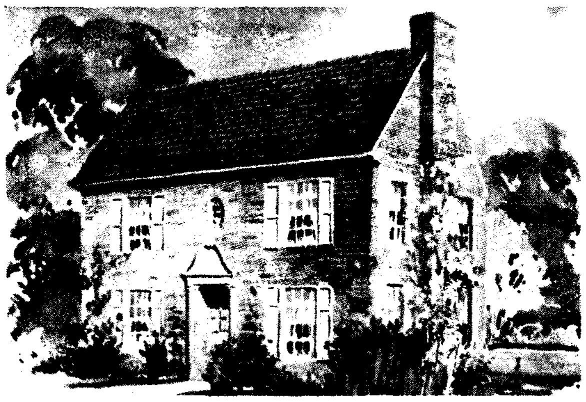


J-M Asphalt Shingles in various shades of red or harmoniously blended, provide colorful variety to choose from.

Use *these* COLORFUL SHINGLES *to* MODERNIZE *your home*

A ROOF is something more than a means of keeping out the weather. It is the crowning touch on the appearance of the house it covers. To a great degree your pride in your home, and the opinion which others have of it is affected by the roof.

So it is of real importance to every home owner that Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles are now to be had in a new wealth of color, in new sizes and shapes — in a variety from which you may select a perfect roof for any house.



STANDARD BLUE-BLACK—*no more popular shingle has ever been laid than this attractive J-M Blue-Black.*

The very fact that these shingles are made by Johns-Manville is proof positive of their quality, their ability to stand up under years of varying weather. For many years Johns-Manville has specialized in the production of roofing materials for every conceivable type of building.

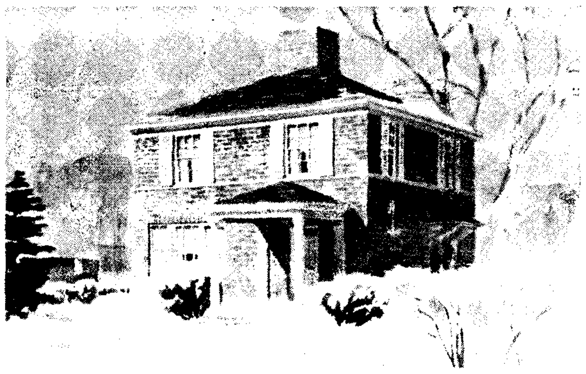
But we have not been satisfied with utility alone.

The cheerful, new colors of Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles add charm and value to a house at little cost.

We knew that you could not buy better asphalt shingles than those of J-M make. We decided to see to it that their appearance was in accord with their quality. So we called in a committee of architects. The new colors are the choice of these men.

A House Must Be Modern To Be Valuable

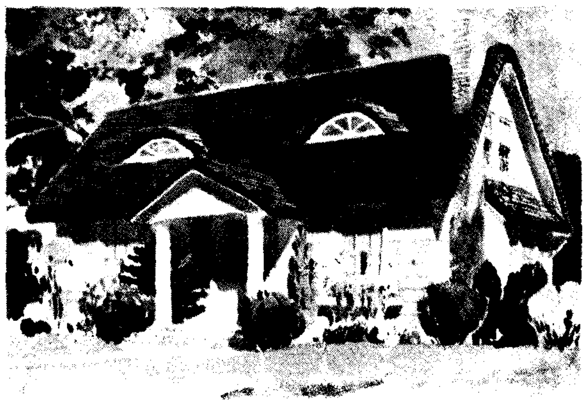
No one wants to buy an old-fashioned house. One of the easiest, simplest, most economical means of modernizing the appearance of a house is to cover it with a bright, attractive roof of these modern J-M Asphalt Shingles. You can have them laid directly over your old roofing.



BRITTANY BLEND—*this combination of four rich shingles has been chosen for the roofs of thousands of attractive American homes.*

Johns-Manville Rigid *Asbestos* Shingles are another famous J-M roofing. They are completely fireproof and will never wear out. J-M Asbestos Shingles never require replacements. You can be certain that the quality of any J-M roofing is the best that expert manufacturing skill can produce.

This is because Johns-Manville Shingles are the product of a great manufacturer who has specialized in roofing for over 50 years. Besides roofing the J-M trade mark is the stamp of authority and quality in many other products—these include insulation for all temperatures and all purposes; refractory cements, packings, industrial flooring, automobile brake lining and scores of other items used by industry.



TILE RED—*for those who like the warmth of a rich red roof—these brightly toned J-M Tile Red Shingles.*

Mail us the convenient coupon or write us for any specific information you may wish about roofing your home.

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Johns-Manville
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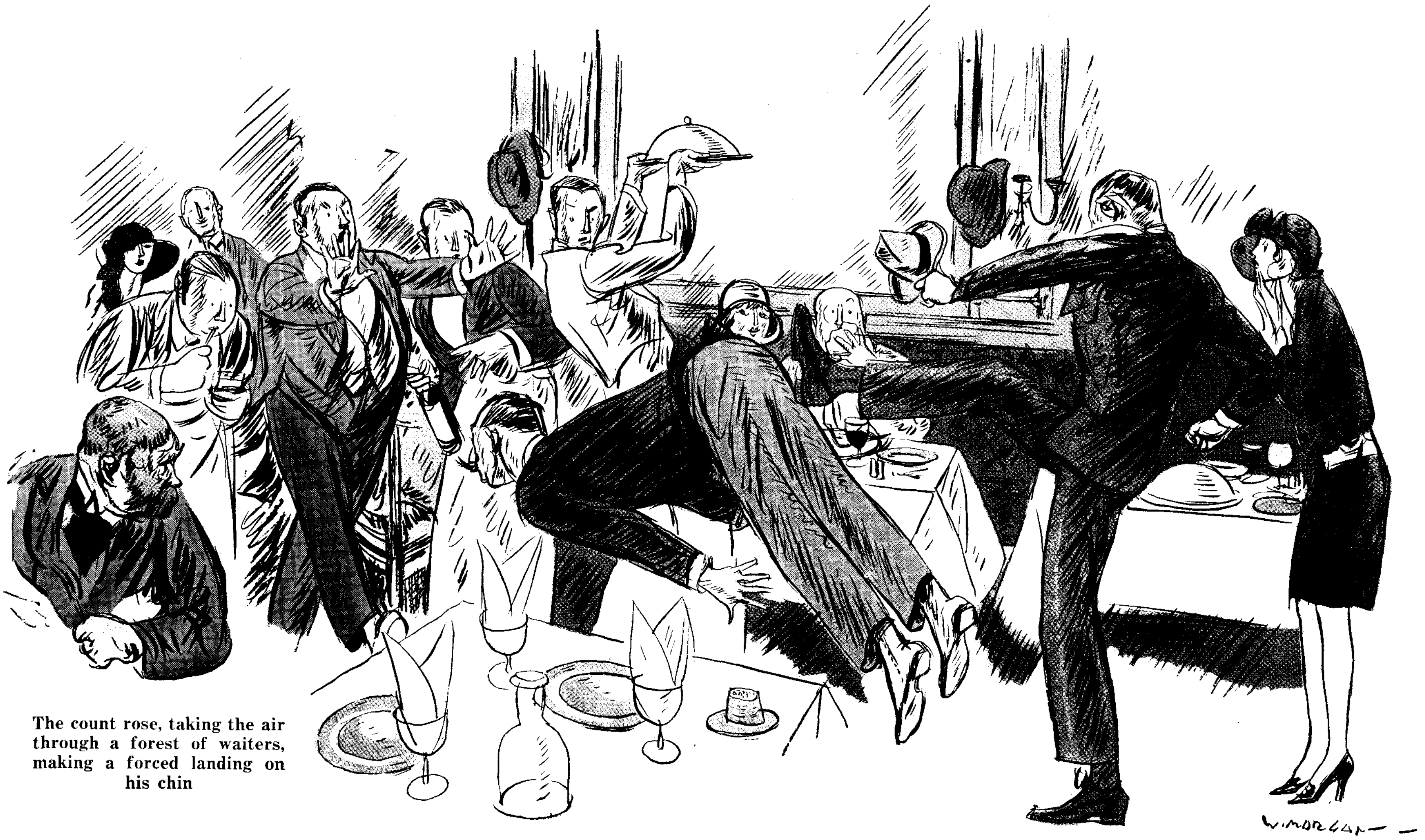


The count rose, taking the air through a forest of waiters, making a forced landing on his chin

And Coffee for One

By B. L. Jacot

How'd you like to fight a duel with shotguns, at five paces? Shake hands with a young man who did it—for a girl

PARIS in the springtime is one of those places where all bets are off and anything may happen. When the first winey touch of it drifts along to turn the trees in the Champs Élysées into a haze of green and the restaurateurs take in the stoves and throw out another three rows of tables, edging the French Republic some six meters nearer the gutter, then is the time to watch your step and confine those thoughts strictly to business. It is something, they say, in the air.

William George Kempe had only been in Paris three weeks. If there was anything in the air, he did not care. It was all the same to Bill Kempe. For twenty-two days and three hours of the next he had been nursing a grievance he had nursed long after it was old enough to look after itself. Bill was a conscientious young man. When he started anything he believed in seeing it through.

This sun-swept, crystal-and-blue morning, Paris had no message for him. His soft hat was pulled well down over the right eyebrow, and all was gloom within.

"It seems, Bill," Cosmo Davidson, that Ambassador of the Foreign Press, had remarked, "we shall be short when we hold the London wire tonight. Better stroll around and scrape up a few paragraphs for the Social Editor. Folks ought to be beginning to arrive anyway." In those three weeks since his transfer from the Fleet Street office he had taken a liking to Bill.

BILL KEMPE was a good newspaper man. He could concentrate when necessary. Now, in spite of fragrant memories of Elizabeth, he concentrated. He went to the Hotel Ritz-Bristol and plowed across the foyer.

At the sight of him the reception clerk reached a long arm back for the register and, opening it, pushed it forward. He had a liking for this tall, blond Englishman, too.

"*Je croix,*" he said, "that you smell them arrive. Yes?"

"Sure," Bill agreed good-naturedly, and ran a finger down the names. He was thinking of Elizabeth.

"With her father in Egypt," he was telling himself, "a fellow couldn't have made the work any swifter. If her gov'nor had been on the spot I could have put it to him . . . and barged ahead. She might have answered my letters, anyway. . . ."

Two names from the bottom of the page he stopped his recording finger with a jerk, and swallowed quickly. It looked like an answer to his prayer.

"This Miss Elizabeth Handing?"

The clerk acknowledged the sensation politely. "*Americaine.* The daughter of Senator Handing. She arrive last night."

"And this Hon. Lady Lavington-Bois?"

"With Miss Handing—Suite 27, *au premier.* A relation perhaps?"

Bill groaned. "Lucien," he said, "you're right. Her aunt. The lady considers me a bad smell. She had me turned out of the house."

"*Pas possible!*"

"A fact. In London I'd known that girl a month—you know how it is, theaters, dinners, dances. She was stopping at her aunt's house there while her father hunted up chariot wheels or spears, or something in Egypt. Traveling in Europe, you see?"

The man at the desk pursed his lips. He understood.

FOR three weeks Bill's grievances had developed pressure behind the cork. And further, his was a warm, confiding nature. He hated discord, injustice, acrimony; all that he asked of civilization was that it should be comfortable, homelike and happy.

He was a gift to predatory taxi-men. "And just because my dog got a mouthful of feathers she had me shot out of the house!"

"Feathers?"

Bill nodded. "From a parrot she had knocking round the place."

"From the parrot, ah! But what did she say?"

"Say! She said a whole heap of things." Bill reflected. Somewhere in this hotel was Elizabeth. Under the spasm that caught him due north of the watch pocket something in his easy-going, good-natured make-up stiffened. "What do you think about barging up to have a stab at it?"

"Stab at it?"

"Seeing Lady Lavington-Bois?"

"*Mais oui!*"

For a moment Bill hesitated nervously, then, setting his teeth, he slid a card over the ledge, and in an incredibly short space of time he was tapping at the door of Suite 27.

"*Entrez!*" commanded a voice, and, as Bill obeyed, the Hon. Lady Lavington-Bois sank him on sight with a lorgnette. Not an auspicious opening.

"I thought," said Bill, as he cleared his throat, "I thought I'd just drop in—"

Elizabeth's custodian smiled—a toothy effort full of foreboding. "Indeed, Mr. Kempe?" She handed him two cold knuckles manacled in platinum and diamonds. "I was not aware that you were in Paris."

He searched the room anxiously. "If I could only get two words with Elizabeth away from this disease!" he thought. Aloud he said: "I was transferred from London, and, as a matter of fact, I saw your names in the register while collecting social items for the paper."

Some thirty years ago Elizabeth's aunt had deserted her country for Europe and a title. Her English accent was now greatly superior to that of those born to it in Mayfair.

"Delightful!" she breathed. Her smile was frank—happy.

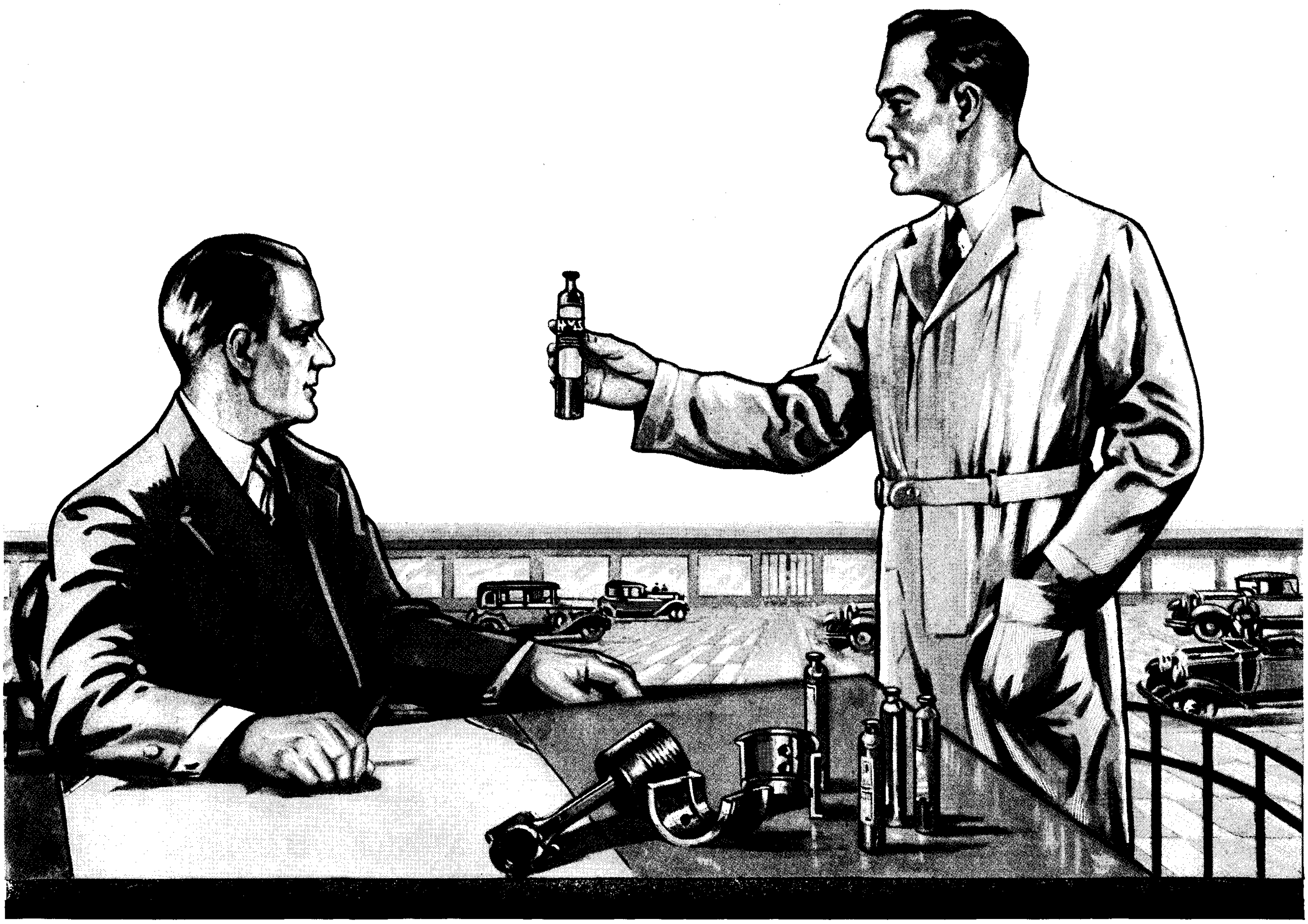
IT SEEMED to Bill then that this old wart was not so bad as he had imagined. "I was wondering about Elizabeth—" he began.

"Ah!" With winning affability she laid a hand on his arm. "Elizabeth! How opportune, Mr. Kempe, is your congratulatory visit."

"Congratulatory?"

"You will be able," explained Lady Lavington-Bois, "to announce Elizabeth's engagement in your paper."

The silence of the stricken fell on Bill. The smile was still there, but he began to doubt its message of good cheer. There seemed little to smile about. "You—



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The care with which car dealers select lubricants attaches a strong significance to the ever-increasing number who are supplying and recommending HYVIS—the completely super-refined Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil. Approved either by name or specification by every leading motor car manufacturer in America, HYVIS is truly the Peer of Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils.

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The Completely Super-Refined Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil you mean Elizabeth is going to marry someone?"

"The Comte de Vouailles. You know him? No? Such a charming young man! Elizabeth's father has cabled from Egypt. We expect him to join us any moment now to arrange matters with Marcel's family. A little formality," added Lady Lavington-Bois, "they follow in France."

"And—Elizabeth?" managed Bill.

"So excited—poor thing! They are out riding together this morning." With that sweet smile lingering she walked over to a wardrobe trunk. "In the circumstances, Mr. Kempe, I am sure you will agree with me that you better have these back."

LIKE a man in a dream Bill took three unopened letters. They were addressed to Elizabeth in his own hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Kempe," said Lady Lavington-Bois. "I am so glad you called."

It seemed to Bill as he wandered down the stairs that he had not had a fair deal. In his inoffensive way he was inclined toward bitterness. But Lucien, the reception clerk, was his friend. As Bill drifted dumbly by he stopped him.

"Well?" he inquired.

As man to man Bill stated the case. . . .

In a quiet corner of the palm lounge that night he met Elizabeth. It was Lucien who had fixed it.

"Well?" this girl began defensively as he sprang to his feet.

One moment Bill allowed himself to take in at a sweep the Radoux gown bought that morning—a hesitant second to dwell on this slim elegant figure with the rock-gray eyes—then, amazingly, he demanded: "What's all this rot, Elizabeth, about a count fellow? I've been hearing some bilge from that old disease—"

"Disease?"

"Your aunt."

"Oh!"

"Bilge," repeated Bill firmly, "about a little cake of a French count who had the crust to—"

She stopped him with a stamp of her foot. "What you have heard is not bilge. Marcel is bigger than you are, and dark, and served in the cavalry, and is awfully nice. He's not a Frenchman."

"If he's not a Frenchman with a name like that," demanded Bill doggedly, "what is he?"

"Marcel is a Bulgarian."

"All right," said Bill, "have it your own way. But I didn't want to see you about that. Back in London you were practically engaged to me. You—"

"I was not!"

"You are not going to marry this Marcel."

"Oh?"

"Decidedly not."

She bit her lip. "And who is it then, who you think I am going to marry?" Her voice was heavy with sarcasm.

"Whom, not 'who,'" he corrected. "And the answer is me."

"Really! I don't seem to have heard anything about it before."

He fingered his tie awkwardly. "If your father—"

"After Aunt Georgiana turned you out of the house you didn't extend yourself, did you?" This was her grievance, but she would not have admitted it. "Aunt Georgiana did not cut off the telephone. She did not bribe the postman."

He fingered the letters in his pocket, but the decision went against that move. "That woman's name," he said, "gives me a pain. Let's leave her out. I know who pushed this count business through! The sound of a title to her must come like a backfire when you're starting up a flivver—"

"I thought you were leaving Aunt Georgiana out?"

"I AM. All I want to talk about is this count. I happened to look him up in the reference books—we have plenty around at the office—and I asked a man who knows him. It's a pity your father wasn't here to do it first." He paused. "I suppose he has explained his late matrimonial difficulties satisfactorily? All the best people have trouble with their wives, I know, but—"

Only that morning had Elizabeth heard of the divorce. It struck her that she should have heard before, but the Hon. Lady Lavington-Bois had waved her misgivings aside. "I do not see," she said, "what this has to do with you."

"It has a whole heap to do with me!"

This new positive attitude came as an irritant—three weeks ago she had looked for it in vain. "Suppose," she suggested dangerously, "suppose you argue it with Marcel—to his face?"

Bill smiled. "With pleasure," he said.

For a moment she watched that grin uncertainly, then:

"From what I know of you," she laughed, "I should have thought you would have been far too—too spineless. . . ."

"Spineless?"

"Much too inoffensive and obliging."

Bill's lips tightened appreciably: "Spineless?" he echoed on a harder note. "Righty-ho! Inoffensive? Good!" He flipped an open palm against his chest. "Listen to me, Elizabeth! If I catch that lady-killer about with you in public—"

"Ye-es?"

"I shall walk over," William Kempe continued, "and dot him one where it won't do him much good. Bear it in mind, Elizabeth. Good night!"

MARCEL, Comte de Vouailles, came into Elizabeth's life at a convenient moment—for him. An odd card in Hon. Lady Lavington-Bois' social pack, he had been shuffled into contact with Elizabeth just when she happened to be looking for something to aim at Bill—a defaulter without trace. Marcel had wasted no time. A bankrupt exhibit, with a greasy yellow skin, and waxed mustachios, he could speak five languages, mostly with his hands. But worse than this, he had a Way with Women. To the average English-speaking male he was at once revealed as a particularly nasty piece of work, but to Elizabeth he arrived as a gift.

The morning following Bill's threat Elizabeth woke and reached for the telephone. After the twenty minutes or so necessary in Paris, the connection was made.

"Marcel."

"*Ah, cherie!* All night I haf dreamt—"

"Keep it," begged Elizabeth, "for luncheon. I want you to be a dear and take me out to lunch. Will you?"

"*Mais, certainement!*"

"Not one of those small restaurants—one of the big ones where everyone meets. You know of any place where newspaper correspondents are likely to be found?"

"*Mais, oui!*"

"That's the place. And take me there to dinner—and tea. Would you?"

His reply was poetic.

"Thank you," breathed Elizabeth. "I'm beginning to think you're rather a dear."

And in spite of the fact that she became increasingly aware that Marcel was a noisy feeder, she was content to spend the day listening to him stowing away the vitamins. But it was not until next day that she chanced on her opportunity to show Bill Kempe that she did not care two hoots.

"SO THIS," sounded a familiar voice at her elbow, "is him?"

Luncheon that second day at the Café-Restaurant des Sports had progressed to the point of orange fritters, and at the moment she became aware of a presence behind her chair, Elizabeth was vaguely deploring the fact that there was no orchestra to compete with Marcel. At the sight of Bill, illogically, she was badly scared. "Yes," she cried. "That is—I mean no. Bill, I—"

He waved it firmly aside, turning to the count, who had not risen from his chair. "Don't stop eating for me," begged Bill.

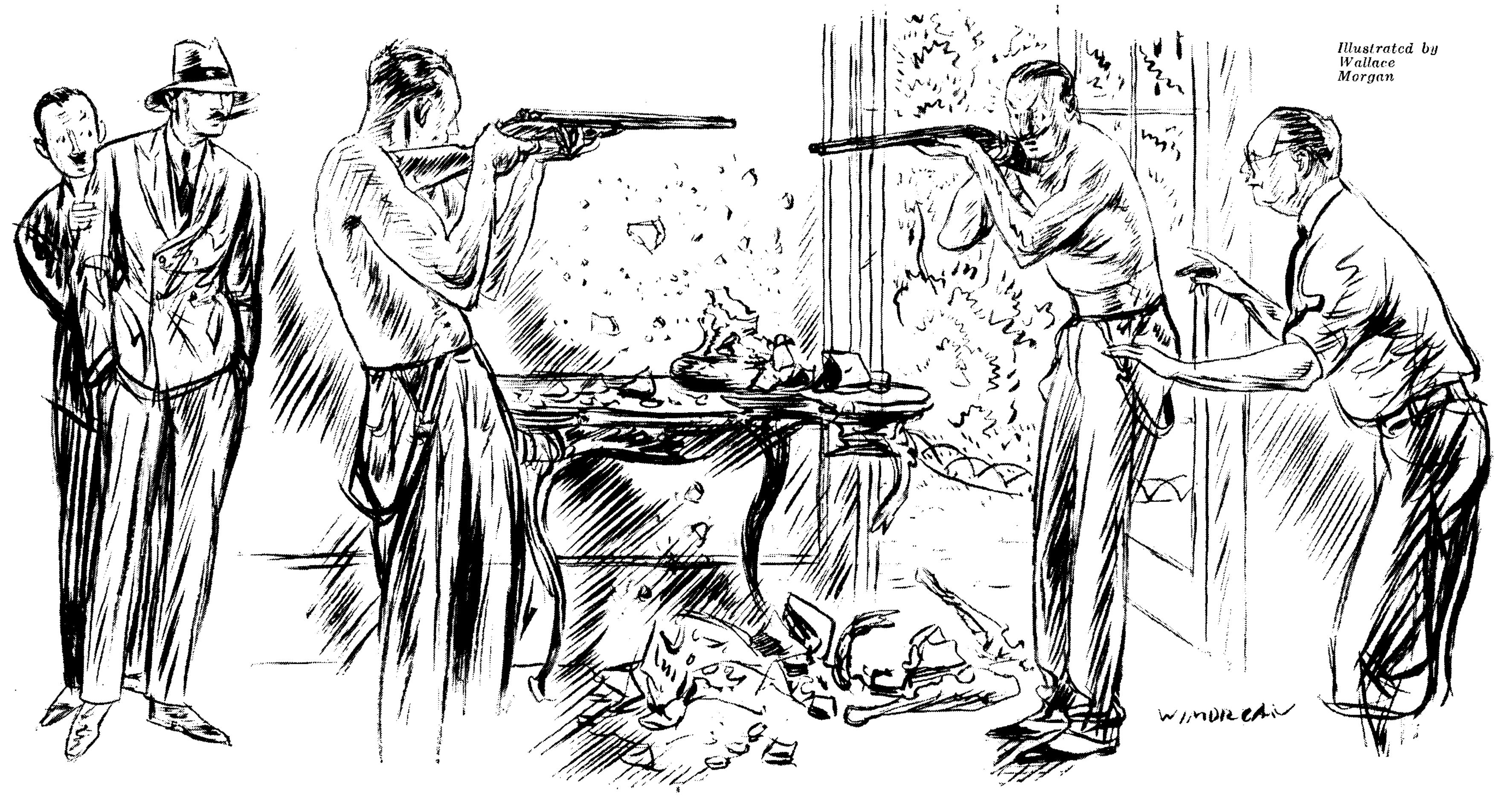
"So?" The count continued his feed.

Elizabeth had risen to her feet to lay a hand on his arm. "Listen to me a minute, Bill!" she pleaded. "I've something—something I want to tell you. Not here. Later. I—"

"Later is right," interrupted Bill. He turned once more to the count. "Hi, you!"

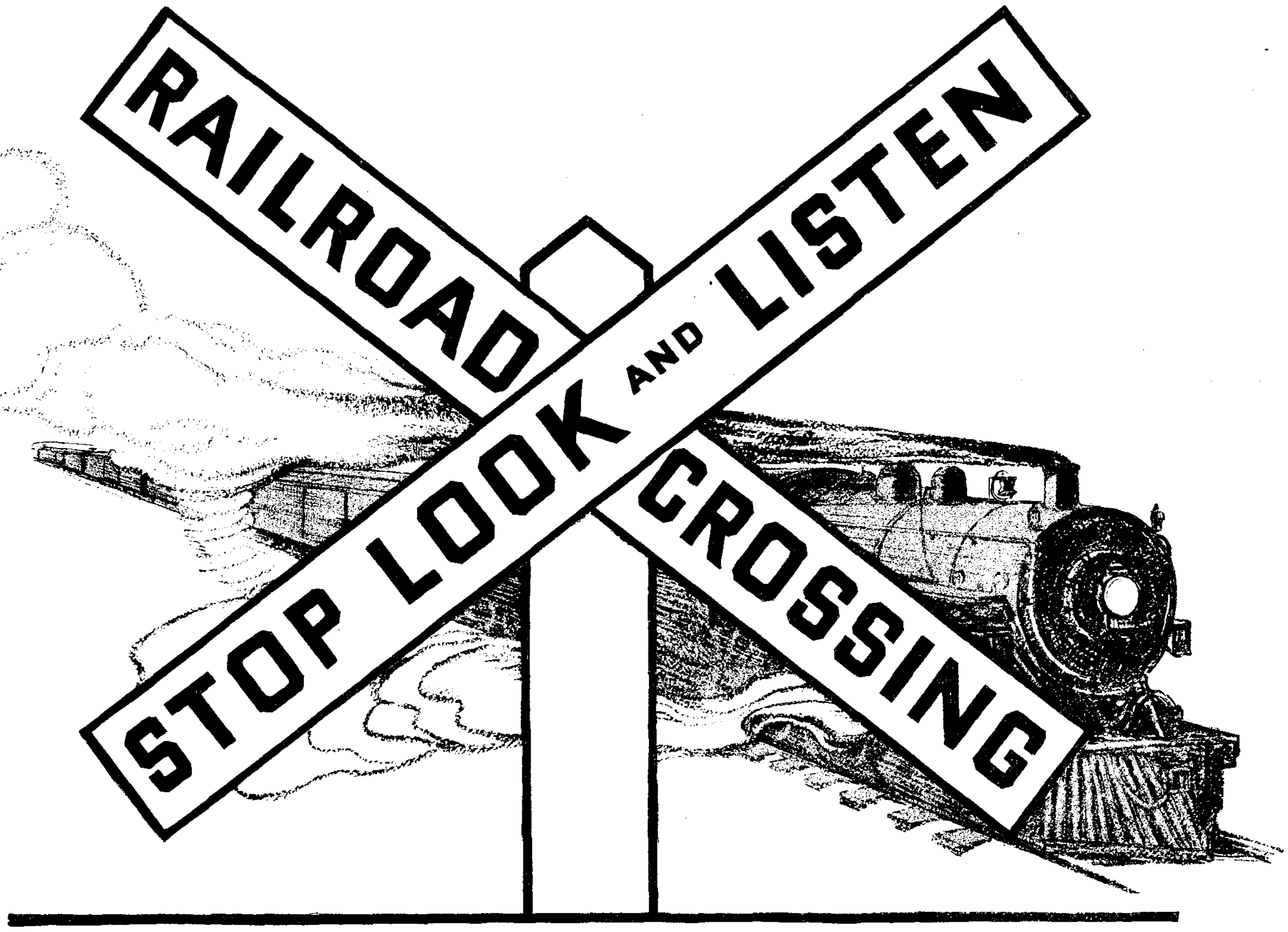
Marcel, Comte de Vouailles, pushed to his feet. "Well?" he inquired.

"In one moment," announced Bill, screwing himself up to it with an effort, "I am going (*Continued on page 24*)



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Bill found himself looking along his barrel into the muzzle of the count's gun, almost touching his own



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THE warning signs, "Stop, Look and Listen", have become merely a part of the roadside landscape to many an automobile driver. Heedlessly he passes ten, twenty—perhaps fifty of them—safely. At the fifty-first comes the crash.

Last year 8,383 persons were killed outright or injured in automobile accidents at grade crossings in the United States. There are about 235,000 grade crossings in the country; more than 93% of them are unprotected.

With millions of new automobiles on the roads each year, accidents at grade crossings are increasing at an alarming rate, for the reason that most of the States have no organized program for protecting motor traffic which must cross railroad tracks.

New York, under wise leadership, has shown how to solve the problem. Before the Empire State adopted her present plan, but 10 crossings a year, on an average, were done away with. This year, the first in which the railroads, the State and communities have cooperated—the railroads paying 50% of the cost, the State 49% and communities 1%—85 death-traps are marked for immediate removal. Next year New York hopes to eliminate 150 more of its worst danger spots.

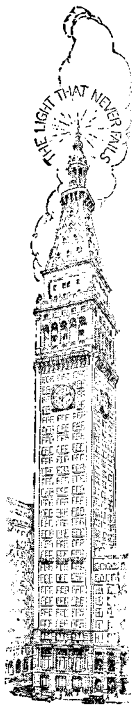
Other States are becoming aroused to this terrible and needless destruction of life and property and are taking steps to prevent it. Canada, too, is taking action.

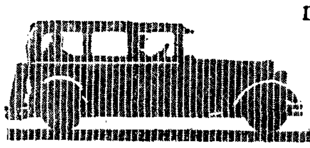
It will require many years to complete the work. It is estimated that it will ultimately cost twelve billions of dollars. But what railroads and States and communities ought to do is to begin at once with those grade crossings which should be abolished first.

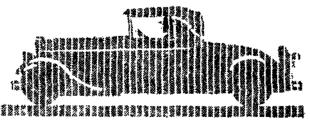
Grade crossings are dangerous not only to automobilists and pedestrians, but to people who are traveling on trains. The first section of a limited train struck an automobile and killed two persons. The train stopped and the second section plunged into it, killing thirty-two passengers in the first section.

Wherever the law provides facilities for eliminating grade crossings, citizens should see that public officials perform their duty and abolish these death traps. Wherever the laws must be amended, people should meet the issue squarely and urge prompt action by legislative bodies.

There is danger at every grade crossing. Get rid of them. Copy of New York's program mailed free on request. Address, Department 109-C.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS





METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

to slosh you. Thought I'd better warn you, that's all."

With one fist Bill jerked up the count's chin. With the other he seized two smoking orange fritters, and as one who lays a wreath on a monument, he hooked them over those spiked mustachios.

With a yell the count leaped to his feet and reached for his hat, parked in the rack against the Louis XV wall. From the interior of his hat he withdrew one glove. Poising it for a moment in the air, he pasted it across Bill's cheek. "Pig!" he cried, and clicking his heels, bowed stiffly.

FOR a moment, lost to these old-world courtesies, Bill was left groping. But a turn for economy in the count gave him a line on etiquette. The glove lay where it had fallen, and as the count stooped to recover it Bill let loose one of those which not so long ago used to add two points to a try for Oxford.

The effect was spectacular. Clearly Bill remembered seeing the count rise by the stern, take the air through a forest of waiters, make a forced landing on his chin, and skate down the parquet on his left ear, balancing his rudder vertically over the fuselage. After that all became a blur. . . .

Inside a taxicab tearing down Grand Boulevard, Bill recovered poise. Elizabeth, strangely, was at his side.

"What happened?" he demanded.

She acknowledged his return to coherence with a start. "I hate you! I loathe you! Do you realize what this affair means?"

"Means?"

"Hasn't it reached you yet that you have to fight a duel?"

"A duel? With that—that Bulgar?"

"Of course!"

"You mean—hacking away at it with swords and things?"

"Oh, don't be such a fool, Bill!" She faced him squarely now, a queer little pinched look drawing at her mouth. "He'll be sending seconds round to call on you—and people often get killed in this country. In Marcel's regiment they were always dueling. He has killed several people. He told me so himself. And now he's going to kill you!"

It sounded probable.

She turned on him fiercely. "Well, what are you going to do? Why don't you say something?"

"I'm thinking. If the poor fish wants to fight, I'll fight him my own way. With fists."

It sounded good to Bill, but she shook her head. "You'll refuse to fight him with pistols and things?"

"Yes. I don't know one end from the other."

"I should hate him to think you are a coward, Bill."

"Oh, all right, then. I don't mind. Make it machine guns with bombs as a side line."

"No, no!"

"Yes, yes!"

The taxi drew up in front of the Hotel Ritz-Bristol, but she made no move to disembark. "Promise me one thing, Bill. Before anything happens you will let me know—"

"You bet your life I will! Cheery-ho!"

Elizabeth stepped out of the taxi. "Cheery-ho," she said.

When Bill arrived back at the office Cosmo Davidson, his chief, flagged him as he made for his desk.

"There's a man been waiting to see you most of the afternoon," he said, and Bill knew that it had arrived. For a moment he hesitated. Then he sketched an outline of the affair into the ear of that ambassadorial correspondent of international fame.

"We must have him in," said Cosmo Davidson, a man of swift decisions. "He's come to fix up the details." He touched a bell-push on his desk, shaking his head sadly.

Bill did not like the shake. "Would this fellow be—"

"His second. Of course. We must pick weapons, and so forth."

"Weapons? Then—what I mean is—this duel affair is—is coming off?"

"Naturally! It's lucky for you I know something about dueling. When I was a young journalist in Vienna—"

HE BROKE off abruptly and jumped to his feet as the door pushed open. Clicking his heels professionally together he bowed from the waist up, and Bill followed his lead.

A silver-haired citizen in horn-rimmed glasses and a golf suit had entered. His reception seemed to impress him. For a moment he stared, then bowed stiffly in return.

"Good afternoon," opened Cosmo Davidson, choosing his words with care. He bowed once more.

"Well—good afternoon to you, gentlemen." The envoy hesitated. "Can either of you—"

"One minute!" commanded Cosmo Davidson. "The choice of terrain and weapons is ours. I take it you are a Bulgarian subject?"

"American," he said. "But I guess—"

"American?"

"Yes, sir. And I don't mind telling you folks I was recommended to call in here to look at the latest social lists. I want an address—"

"*Pardon!*" sounded a voice at the door. "Monsieur Kempe?"

Behind this dignified, middle-aged American citizen an unpleasant bit of news in corsets and basket-work uppers to his boots had pushed in. Bill moistened his lips. This was more like Marcel. "That's me," he acknowledged. He did not care much either way, now. He was resigned.

"Your second?"

"At your service, sir," Cosmo Davidson announced.

BILL found himself waved from the room. It appeared he had nothing at all to do with this affair except to be on time for his cue when the call came for the corpse act. He was surprised to find the American citizen watching him thoughtfully as he stood on the mat.

"Let yourself in for a duel?"

Bill nodded absently.

"That's interesting."

Bill nodded again. He admitted it might be—to others.

"Back in the States," his companion pursued with warming interest, "I reckon I have the finest collection of dueling tools to be found anywhere. Rapiers, pistols, Corsican stilettos and so on."

To Bill it seemed a morbid topic.

"Yes, sir. I have made a hobby of the duel." As he inclined his head, Bill realized that here was another one. "Pistols for two and coffee for one! Ha! Over a woman?"

In spite of himself a tender sigh escaped from Bill. "Yes," he said.

"Too bad!" The American citizen laid a fatherly hand on Bill's shoulder. "And does the girl—"

"It was like this, sir—" Bill found himself getting it off his chest once more.

"And you were practically engaged to this girl in London?"

"I'd be engaged to her now if it weren't for this count outbreak. It's her aunt. . . ."

"Too bad!" For a moment Bill's new friend surveyed him critically. He liked the look of Bill. "Listen to me, boy," he enjoined at last. "You can leave it to me. I'll fix this affair for you with pleasure." Bill believed that.

"You can leave it to me," said the man and pushed through the door.

When the silver-haired citizen reappeared he was leading the envoy of the count—and Cosmo Davidson.

"Don't worry!" he whispered. "I've fixed it! You see, the choice of the ground, and the time, and the weapons, was ours. This fellow raised a bit of a shine, but I fixed it on the spot."

What a stroke of luck, Bill was thinking, to chance on this expert in the hour of dire need. "And how did you fix it?" he inquired, aglow with complacence.

"How? To fight him right now! We're on our way to the fellow's house to get busy!"

"To—to get busy?"

"Pistols for two," grinned this silver-headed citizen, "and coffee for one!"

Bill swallowed. It struck him that it would have been more tactful to have confided his trust elsewhere.

"When I say pistols, of course," added Bill's friend, "I mean shotguns. That's what I chose. Twelve-gauge shotguns at five paces. But let's step along."

In the taxi Bill sat as a man in a dream. Double-barreled shotguns at point-blank range seemed a little unnecessary. Too spectacular. But he set his jaw, and tried to look courageous.

ON THE way to the count's house Bill's second stopped the taxi to buy two shotguns and a box of cartridges. "These," he laughed, as he handed them to Bill, "ought to satisfy the count—a fellow who has killed his men off like he has!"

Bill agreed. He was still agreeing when the procession walked in on the count in his private gymnasium at the back of his house in the Étoile district.

Marcel, Comte de Vouailles, was getting his wrists in with a little revolver practice. He seemed surprised when his second explained. As he cast an eye on the shotguns extended by Bill's second, it was clear that shotguns were a novel idea to him.

With a groan Bill turned to Cosmo Davidson. "Telephone to Elizabeth," he urged. "I promised to let her know."

"And now, gentlemen!"

Bill's second removed his coat and rolled up his sleeves. It was obvious he meant business. "To work, gentlemen!"

In the tense moments that followed, one thing emerged quite clearly to Bill. This dignified and obliging American citizen knew a duel when he met one. With a tape measure he chalked off the five paces, reconsidered the lighting in that gymnasium adjoining the lawns, and chalked off a second and better pitch. Finally

(*Continued on page 66*)

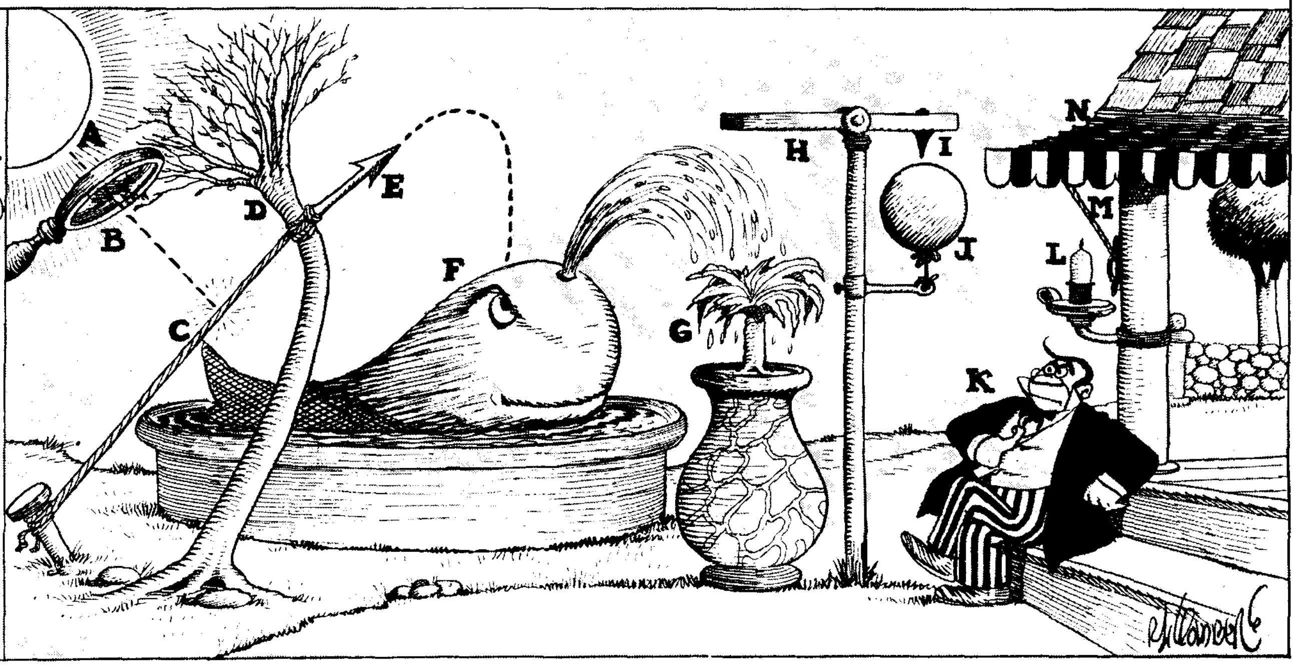
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

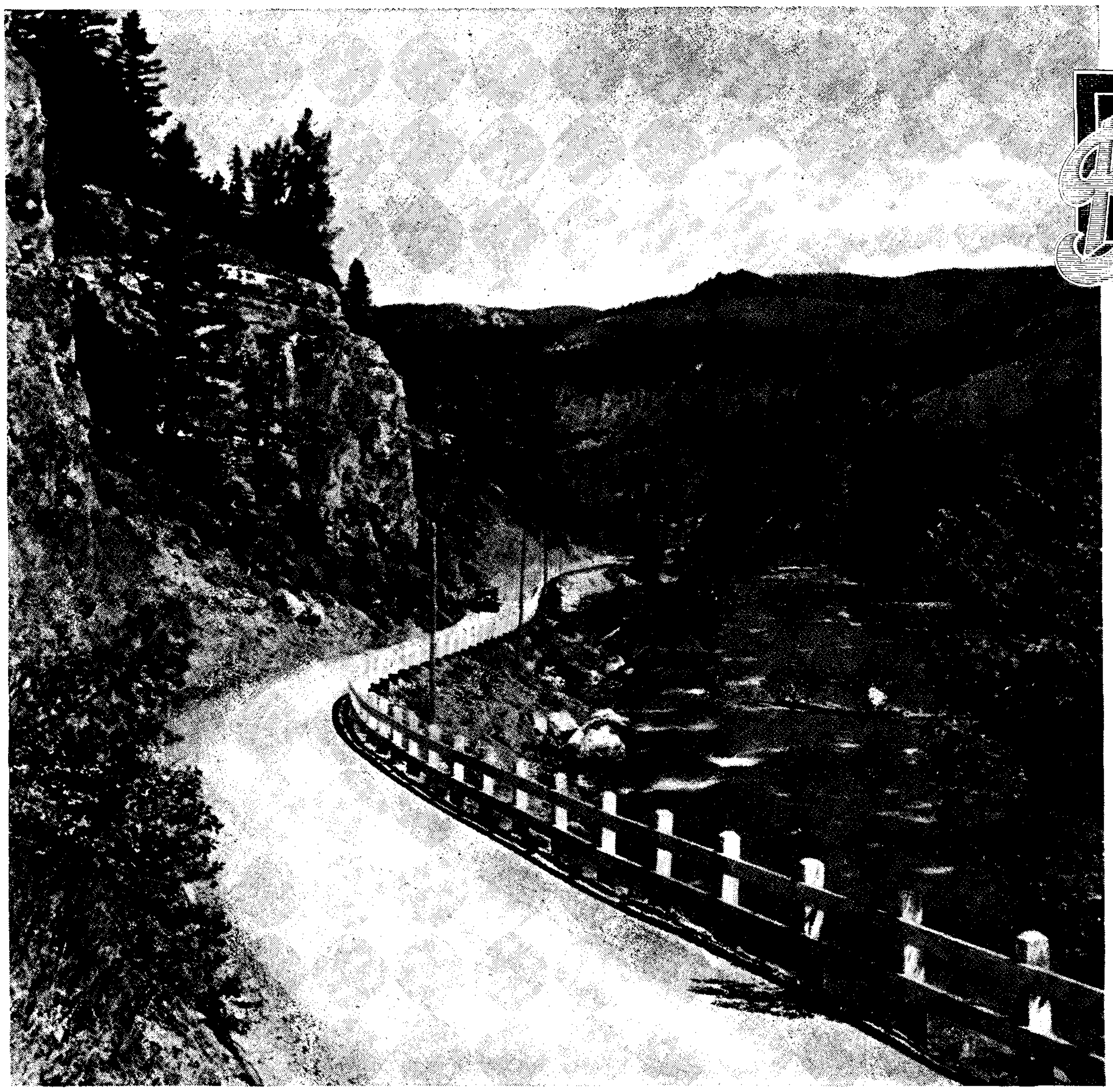
By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS CHOKES ON A FISH BONE AND COUGHS UP AN IDEA FOR AN AWNING THAT LOWERS ITSELF WHEN THE SUN COMES OUT.

SUNLIGHT (A) SHINING THROUGH MAGNIFYING GLASS (B) BURNS ROPE (C) WHICH SEPARATES AND ALLOWS BENT TREE (D) TO SNAP BACK AND CATAPULT HARPOON (E) INTO NECK OF PET WHALE (F). PAIN IN THE NECK CAUSES HIM TO SPOUT WITH ANGUISH, THEREBY SPRINKLING PLANT (G). AS PLANT GROWS IT LIFTS END OF SEE-SAW (H) AND PUSHES SPIKE (I) INTO BALLOON (J) CAUSING IT TO BURST WITH LOUD REPORT. PROFESSIONAL ORATOR (K) THINKS IT IS A FIRECRACKER AND STANDS UP TO MAKE A FOURTH OF JULY SPEECH. HOT AIR LIGHTS CANDLE (L) WHICH BURNS ROPE (M) ALLOWING AWNING (N) TO DROP.

IF AWNING CATCHES FIRE AND THE HOUSE BURNS DOWN IT WILL LET IN EVEN MORE SUNLIGHT.





A BUICK with 20,000 miles behind it is a BUICK 20,000 miles young

Here is a secret of motor car buying which thousands of discriminating men and women know, and which other thousands are learning with each passing year—

You can get far greater value, as well as far greater motoring enjoyment, in a Buick which has given a few thousand miles of service than in any ordinary new car of comparable price.

Buick provides so much more power, speed, stamina, and all the fine qualities which motorists desire that there is literally no comparison. . . . And ten—or twenty—or even fifty thousand miles—are merely the prelude to Buick's career of service, as you can readily prove by noting the number of Buicks with more than 100,000 miles on the speedometer.

A Buick, like a man with a powerful foundation of good health, has the pleasing capacity of *remaining young* long after ordinary cars have begun to falter.

Buick builds years of service into every car—Buick makes every part extra strong, that every car may be extra durable.

And so, when you buy a Buick—one, two, or even five years old—you are really buying thousands upon thousands of glorious, dependable Buick miles . . . miles of the kind that only Buick can give . . . miles that will be more enjoyable, as well as more economical.

Buy your Buick! And make satisfaction doubly sure by buying it from a Buick-Marquette dealer. He has a particularly wide assortment. His establishment is *the* place in your community to buy a used car.

* * *

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Scraping before Royalty

By George Creel

Kings and queens, and prince regents and empress mothers do not pay for music. But they can give presents. And make it possible for a gifted young man to play on the same program with Melba and Caruso. Compensation enough!

But if you happen to be in the home of Rimsky-Korsakoff and stumble upon the newly completed Coq d'Or, what does it matter that you have stood hungry before the Petrograd pastry shops?

Efrem Zimbalist has fiddled his way round the world three times, but plays "Home, Sweet Home" in Connecticut

© *Keystone*

The little boy from a Cossack village, whose genius was recognized by the great teacher Leopold Auer

THE lives of kings and queens are far from being the free and joyous affairs that romantic commoners imagine, but here and there one encounters a royal prerogative that has its good points. When, for instance, crowned heads experience a desire to hear some virtuoso, they are not called upon to battle with ticket speculators, or run the risk of plush-poisoning in an opera house.

All required of them is to issue a royal command, whereupon the singer, violinist or pianist, as the case may be, drops everything else and rushes at top speed to the palace. There, lolling in an easy chair, either alone or surrounded by a few congenial friends, the fortunate inheritor of a Divine Right, can have his music without the annoyance of crowds and coughs.

"What do they pay you?" I asked the question of Efrem Zimbalist one lazy afternoon while we were in a boat off the Connecticut coast, vainly trying to fathom the moods of sea bass. I knew that he had fiddled in every civilized country, circling the globe three or four times, and that royalty had frequently been among his customers. But whether cash or deadhead had never been mentioned.

"Pay?" it was as though the thought had never occurred to him. "Why, nothing, of course. A present, perhaps—some little memento—but never money."

"Then why do you do it? You never hear of an author taking his typewriter to a palace and turning out a free book."

"Oh, well," he answered somewhat vaguely, "I suppose the custom originated when musicians were a poor, struggling lot, entirely dependent upon court favor for fame and fortune. It doesn't matter so much now—royal concerts possess very little commercial or artistic value—but we keep it up as a matter of habit.

"My own first appearance at court, however, was not a matter of choice." His face lighted up with some memory that must have been amusing, for his smile ended in laughter. "At the time I was in most terrible disgrace, for I had taken part in a popular uprising against the throne, and when the empress mother sent word that she wanted to hear me play—why, it was like a voice straight from heaven.

"You see, I was a student at the Royal Conservatory in Petrograd. That was one of the few nice things about the old Czarist régime. Any Russian boy, no matter what his creed, had only to prove a musical gift and the State took charge of him and his education. That is, of course, if he had the money to get to Petrograd."

Swiftly, graphically, with now and then a Russian word as memories excited him, he painted a picture of his little village in the far Don Cossack country—a brutal soldiery herding the people like sheep—the money that had to be raised for bribes before the governor would grant permission for him and his mother to leave the town—the arrival in Petrograd at an hour too late for lodgings—a night in the streets, walking, walking, walking that they might not freeze—the test next morning and the little mama's happy tears when the great Leopold Auer finally decided that the boy played well enough to be admitted.

"I had only been enrolled a few months when the revolution of 1905 shook all Russia, and every student, both in the university and the conservatory, quit in sympathy with the rebels. What you call a walk-out, yes? I was a picket, although we didn't call it that, and every day, from morning until evening, I marched my legs up and down before the conservatory, fully convinced that the whole weight of the revolution was on my shoulders.

"When it was all over—that wonderful, glorious protest against tyranny—most of the boys were taken back into the conservatory but the authorities decided to make an example of certain ringleaders, and I was honored by being on the list. Ah-h, but I was mos' scared! But I had the good friend in Rimsky-Korsakoff, for I went to his home every week to play in a quartet with his sons."

A burst of words about Rimsky-Korsakoff. Greatest of men and greatest of composers! A sailor in his youth—tall and dark, with the look of genius in his eyes. An excited relation of an afternoon when the little violinist, hunting for the bathroom, stumbled into the maestro's study, and saw on the table the manuscript of Le Coq d'Or, just finished and not yet announced to the world.

"Rimsky-Korsakoff made himself my champion so strong that I was restored to membership in the conservatory without punishment. It was during this time, when I had awful dreams of Siberia, that the empress mother sent for me to come to her palace and play for her. She was the real head of the reactionary party in Russia, a hard, cruel woman who believed in autocracy as a divine institution. Her son, the Czar Nicholas, was never anything but so much soft stuff in her hands. Can you imagine me sending back a message that I did not choose to come to the palace? I was at the gate an hour before the appointed time, violin under my arm. My bowing must have been atrocious, for my hands shook every time I looked at the cold, mean old face, but she seemed pleased with my performance and had me come back many, oh, so many times.

"She always invited in some of the people of the court, and as a usual thing the czarina and her children were present. That is, the girls. Pretty little things and quite sweet and simple. Now and then the czar himself came in. A nervous little man, picking at everything near him. Dull looking but a mos' delightful speaking voice.

"Once the czarina said how much she liked my music, and the czar answered, 'The balalaika is the best instrument.' Think of that! A balalaika! You know what it is, don't you? A sort of banjo!

"The empress mother never gave me any present, except tea and cakes, but she did me the greatest favor that could possibly have been shown a Russian. She went personally to her son, and had the czar issue an order freeing me from military service, something that had never been done

(*Continued on page 49*)

INTERNATIONAL

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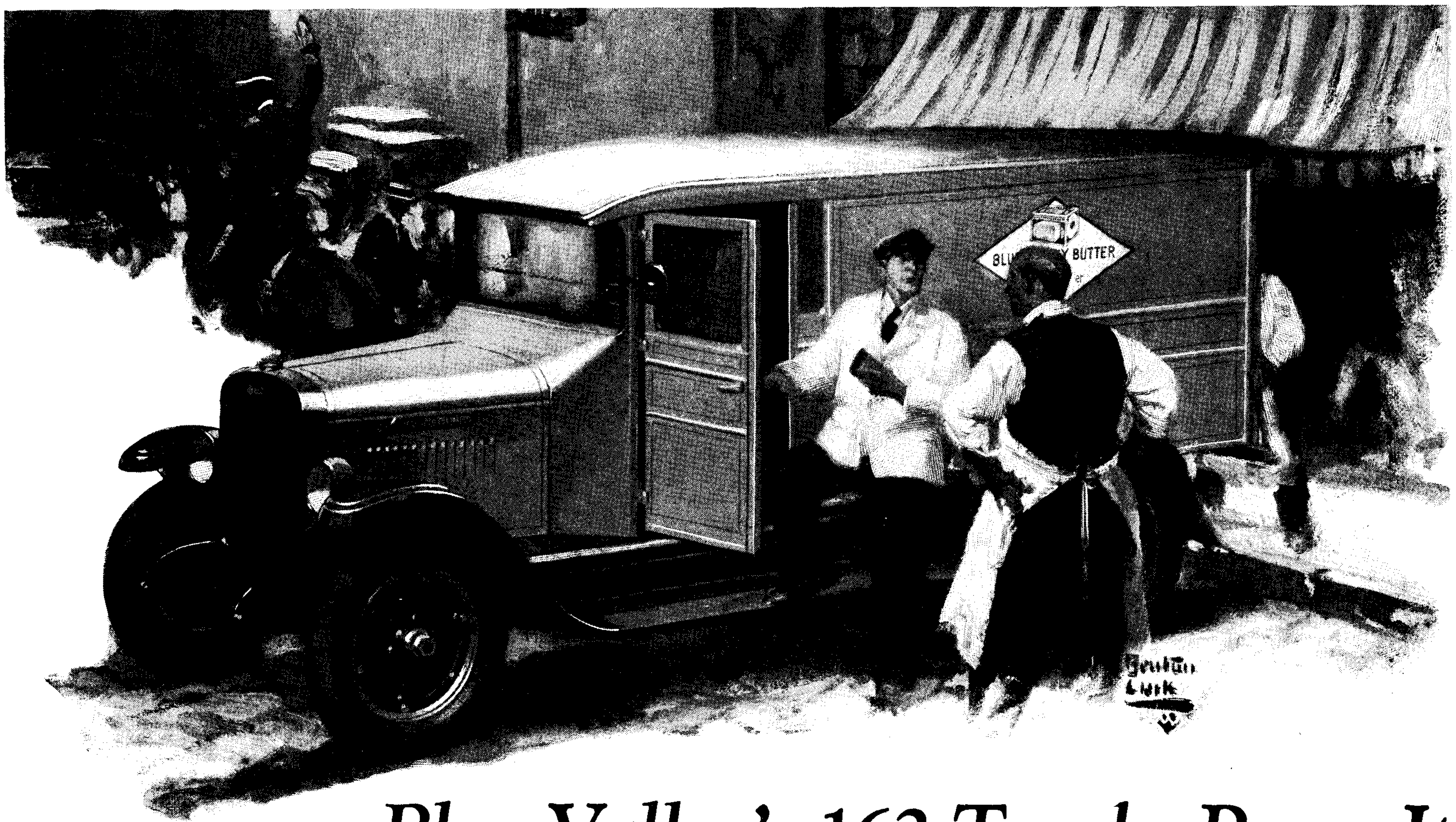

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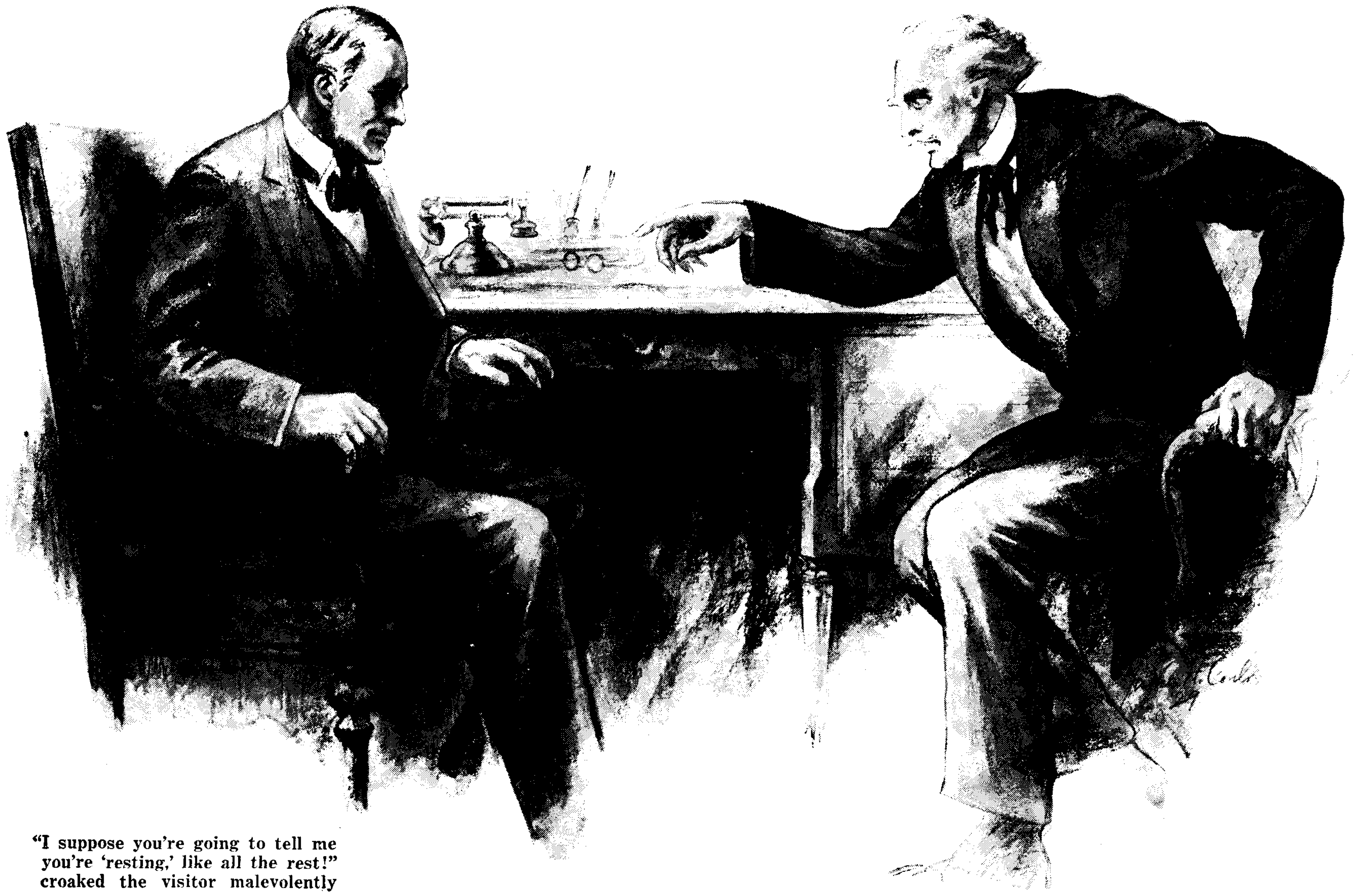

"I suppose you're going to tell me you're 'resting,' like all the rest!" croaked the visitor malevolently

False-Face

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By F. R. Buckley

FARISH was casting again—Farish the eccentric; Farish who made stars in one engagement and refused to tie them to himself by contract; Farish who, when Jane May had deserted him for Friedenheim & Blum, had closed his greatest success and stayed out of the producing field for four years. Now Farish was back. The short-cut to Broadway stardom, the movies, the talkies, and the profitable endorsement of beauty-creams, was open once more. Farish was casting!

At least, he was supposed to be; but in fact, while fifty handsome aspirants fidgeted and hated one another in his anteroom, he was conversing with a man whose appearance clashed violently with the décor of Farish's studio. A once-black coat of bottle-green emerged, stretched on thin shoulders, from a chair of Florentine brocade; a disgraceful soft hat, removed from a head of tousled gray, was hung on the arm of a Mercury from Lesbos; and ever since the visitor's entrance, the air, faintly redolent of incense, had been additionally perfumed by clouds from an abominable pipe. Either pipe, hat or habits (the old gentleman had one foot on Farish's Louis XIV desk) would have sufficed to identify Doc Sullivan to the candidates waiting outside. Scarcely one of them but had undergone his ministrations—generally when money was lacking, as well as health. They had marked his entry; and, at this moment, half a dozen of them were demanding of the office boy whether Farish was sick.

Inside:

"Well, I'll tell you—" the producer began.

A clawlike hand flapped at him.

"I don't want you to tell me anything, Farish. No patient knows enough to describe his own symptoms. That's a job for a doctor—and a better doctor than most. You tell me you've got a pain in your leg, and what do you know about it? Like as not the trouble's in your teeth or somewhere. No such thing as pain in the leg, anyhow—it's all in the brain. If you'd leave medical matters to me, and if you must do something, try to collect a little money off the dead-beats that owe it to me, everybody'd be better off. It might interest you to know just how much I *am* owed along Broadway, if I've got the book with me—"

His search for a bulging wallet, quite visible in a breast pocket, was interrupted by Farish's laugh.

"Some other time. Now—"

"I SUPPOSE you're going to tell me you're 'resting,' like all the rest!" croaked the visitor malevolently. " 'Resting'! I tell you, if I had all the money and time that word's cost me, I wouldn't speak to the likes of you. A lot of girls and young fellows going around without soles to their shoes or a bite in their bellies so they can spend their last nickel on something that'll catch a manager's eye, and then *I* have to pull 'em through pneumonia. It's not fair, I tell you, and it's a good job you called me in when you did, because next week I'm going to cut loose from the whole business and scrape together any money I can and I'm going up to a farm and—*are* you going to get on that table like I told you to, or are you—"

Now Farish laughed outright. So, after a moment's hesitation, did the man in the brocade chair. His voice, when he spoke, proved to have changed surprisingly from its former croaking harshness.

"Well?" he asked pleasantly. "There was a lot more—about cursing the patient all the way to the door, and then slipping him a—"

"That about the farm was enough," said Farish. "You'll do. The job's yours. Now I tell you. We shan't be starting rehearsal for two or three weeks, and in the meantime you better develop chronic whatzis and go hang around Sullivan some more. There's a lot of things you don't see in one visit. The way he blows his nose, for instance—"

"But—Mr. Farish—you're not actually putting the doctor in a play?"

"Why not? Why do you think I tried you out doing him? He's the funniest character in town—good for a laugh every move he makes, and nobody's thought of him because he's right under their noses."

The actor rose. Under the drooping false gray mustache a young mouth was drawn tight.

"I can't do it, Mr. Farish."

"Can't do what?"

"Can't go kidding Doc Sullivan. I thought this was just a test to see how I could—"

"What the hell—? You mean you're refusing an engagement with *me?*"

"N-n—oh, listen, Mr. Farish. I went to the doctor letting on I was out of work and sick, like you told me—and I didn't much care about doing that, only I was going to send him a fee soon's I got a job. Honest, I was. And then he tore off that line about actors not having enough to eat, and when I was going out of the office, he slipped me a two-dollar bill."

"Can't you send that back, too?"

Farish stared coldly at the young man before him.

"Yes, but—Mr. Farish, I can't—do that. Kid Doc Sullivan, I mean. He was kind to me, and—"

"You mean it?"

Apparently the mouth under the mustache did not trust itself to speak. It quivered slightly at the corners, because this was a bad season; but it set more firmly thereafter.

"Last chance. Yes, or no?"

"I—can't."

"VERY well," said Farish, and picked up the telephone. "Bryant 75640. Hello. Doc Sullivan? Hello, Doc. Well, he came through. You do have an idea once in a great while."

The receiver bubbled audibly. Farish's eye, roving, fell on the counterpart of the distant speaker. He smiled.

"Yeah. If he'll be loyal to a poor mutt like you, I guess I can take another chance. Wish this test had been known to science before Jane May threw me down. Well, come up to the house tonight and I'll trim you at pinochle. And thanks, Doc. By-by."

Farish put down the instrument and folded his hands on his chest.

"The actual part," he said gravely, "is that of Leo, Prince of Saxe-Hoofenstein. It's the lead. Tell Carthew to put you down for it. Five hundred a week."

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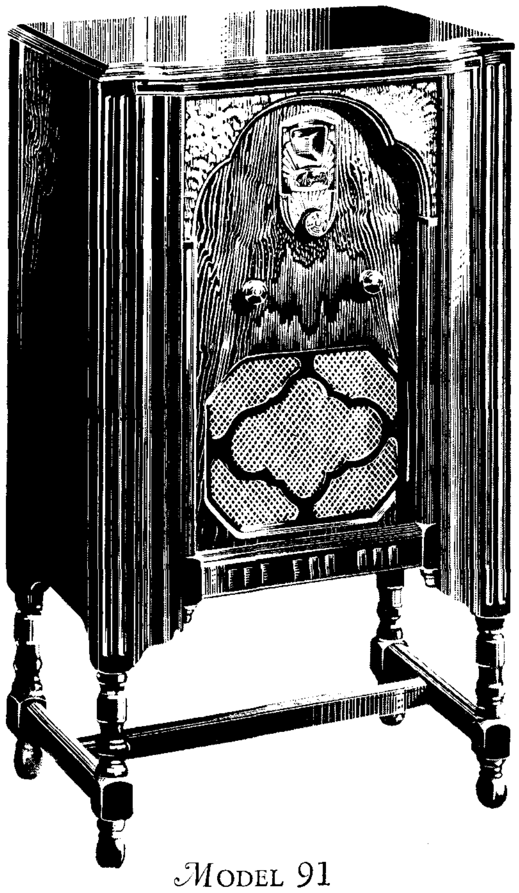

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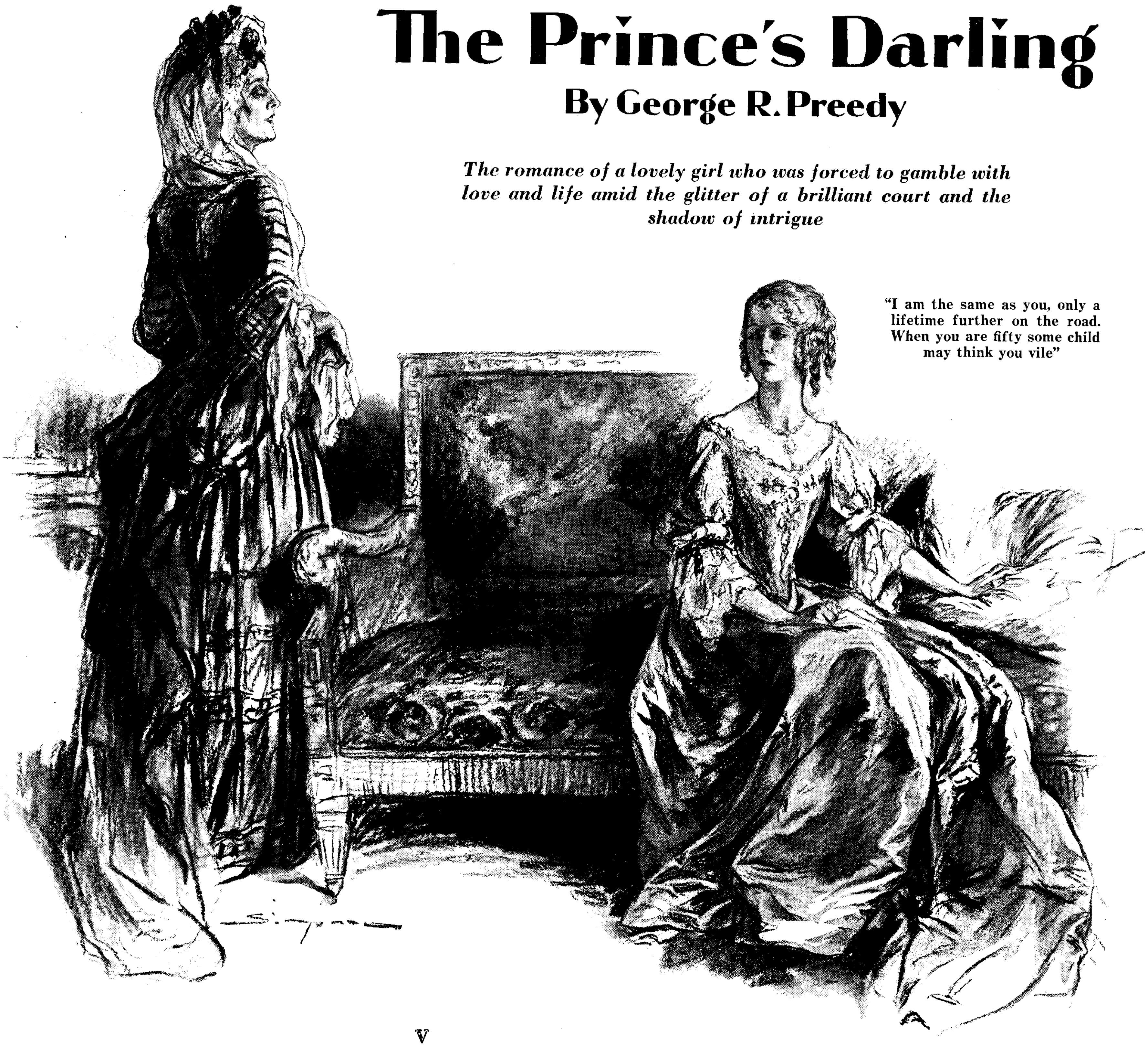
The Prince's Darling

By George R. Preedy

The romance of a lovely girl who was forced to gamble with love and life amid the glitter of a brilliant court and the shadow of intrigue



"I am the same as you, only a lifetime further on the road. When you are fifty some child may think you vile"

The Story Thus Far:

MADELON VON NEITSCHÜTZ, the beautiful daughter of Major-General Rudolph von Neitschütz, is in love with Delphicus de Haverbeck, a dashing young officer in the army of Saxony. But, because her family is poor and she wishes to rehabilitate its fortunes, she accepts the attentions of De Haverbeck's powerful rival, the spoiled young Elector of Saxony, and agrees to marry him.

Shortly before the wedding, however, Count Stürm, Minister of State of Saxony and von Neitschütz' bitter enemy, secures (from one Fani von Ilten, the proprietress of a disreputable gambling house, with whom Madelon's two brothers are hopelessly involved financially) two letters, written by Madelon, which prove conclusively that the Elector's bride-to-be looks down on him and is merely using him to save her family. These letters he promptly shows to the Elector.

Shocked and angered almost to the point of apoplexy, the young ruler orders Stürm to complete all arrangements for his marriage, by proxy, to another woman; after which, vowing revenge, he sets forth for the Château Arnsdorf, the von Neitschütz' ancestral home near Dresden.

Shortly before he arrives, De Haverbeck appears, entreats Madelon to become his bride, is rudely repulsed, and takes his departure. Then the Elector comes and announces his intention of making Madelon his mistress. The old General and his two sons, weaklings both, make a feeble show of resistance. But Madelon silences them and accepts the relationship.

V

THE three men sat beneath the blotted escutcheon, which they no longer noticed.

Clement rose frequently to snuff the candles or to extinguish those which had burnt to the sockets. The rain made a heavy sound on the hard stone terrace without. Casimir was very drunk.

Clement was more sober. He could, at a crisis, command himself.

Von Neitschütz stirred and spoke:

"Last time I was in church, the sermon . . . I recall . . . he said . . . the thirty pieces of silver valueless . . . the body of the innocent . . . beyond all price."

Clement thought he raved, and answered with dismal scorn:

"We can call it a marriage—a contract before witnesses, we might even upset that other. Who knows? I believe that she has such an empire over him that everything is possible. It can be brazened out. No one will be more surprised than Count Stürm—that's almost worth it, eh, sir? Think of his cursed face!"

He and Casimir shuddered as they spoke, and looked at each other furtively, and now and again gave their father a livid glance. Casimir drank continuously, but even he could not bemuse his brains from that one thing which they beheld with such vivid clarity.

Once the old man turned in his chair, and muttered:

"A woman of her breeding!"

Casimir drank himself into a stupor, drowsed, and fell from his chair to the floor with a crash that did not rouse the others, and lay stretched out, groaning, half-hidden by the dragged tablecloth. His neat gray uniform, his tumbled red sash, his bright braid and tangled hair were vivid in the tawny light of the guttering candles, which Clement now and then still carefully snuffed. For he remained coldly sober, and tapped with cool finger tips the long bleeding scar that the wine had caused to burn like flame across his face.

FATHER and son sat at the table without speaking until the dawn showed through the chinks of the shutters. Then Clement opened the window wide on to a rain-washed sky of pearly rose that shamed the frightful disorder of the room.

"Go up," said von Neitschütz, livid in this tender light; "we might even yet kill him." He roused himself with painful trembling from his bitter vigil.

Clement wiped his lips.

"Too late, eh? This has played havoc with you, sir."

General von Neitschütz did not reply.

"We'll make him pay," said Clement. He left the room and went steadily upstairs.

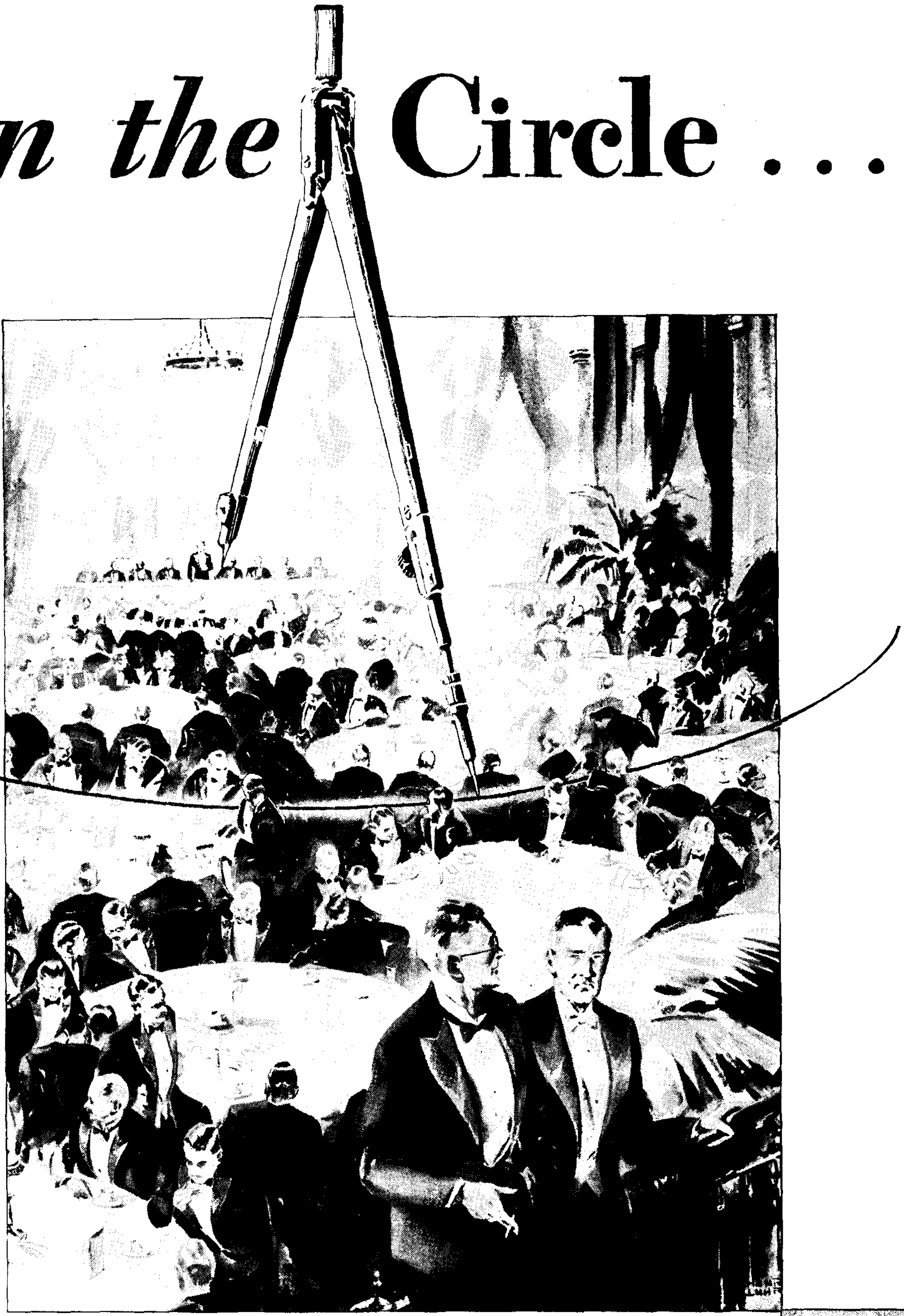
At his sister's door he steadied himself; he was giddy, he supposed, from lack of sleep.

There was no sound from within the chamber. Clement's plump, white hand traveled slowly over the door. He tapped, softly, but with no hesitation; he waited; he tapped again. The bolt was slipped, the door opened, almost immediately.

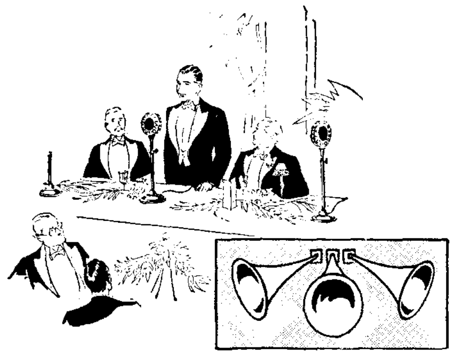
Madelon stood in front of him, and he avoided her eyes, and looked away, down the shadowed corridor.

But, as she did not speak but stood motionless before him, he sought to turn and peep, not at her, but beyond her into the room. He saw the Elector's ribbons and crosses and ornaments scattered across a chair and fallen on the floor, and between the embroidered bed curtains pulled (*Continued on page 32*)

Widen the Circle . . .



Let the people in the *rear* seats HEAR



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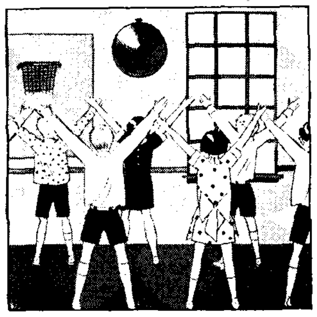

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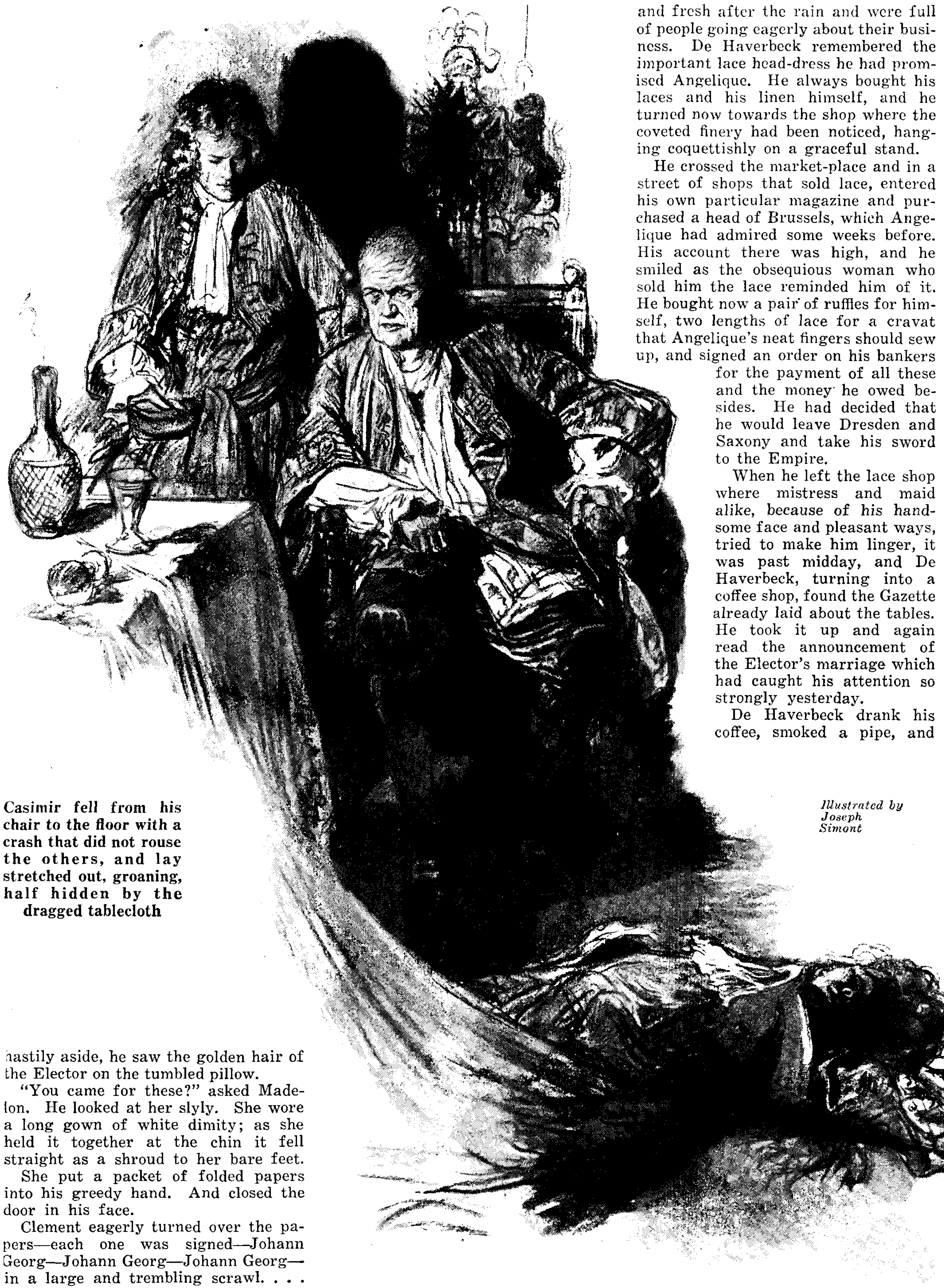


Casimir fell from his chair to the floor with a crash that did not rouse the others, and lay stretched out, groaning, half hidden by the dragged tablecloth

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

hastily aside, he saw the golden hair of the Elector on the tumbled pillow.

"You came for these?" asked Madelon. He looked at her slyly. She wore a long gown of white dimity; as she held it together at the chin it fell straight as a shroud to her bare feet.

She put a packet of folded papers into his greedy hand. And closed the door in his face.

Clement eagerly turned over the papers—each one was signed—Johann Georg—Johann Georg—Johann Georg—in a large and trembling scrawl. . . . Even in this half light he could see that.

Security — wealth — honor — and authority . . . Clement von Neitschütz took the guarantees of these downstairs and laid them before his father, who, rigid and haggard, faced the purple dawn.

At Casimir, still hideously asleep, at Major-General von Neitschütz clutching the papers, Clement von Neitschütz smiled.

WHEN Delphicus de Haverbeck returned to the depot of the Life Guards he heard that Steffani, the old maestro, had been inquiring for him.

"I'll see him tomorrow," said the soldier; and he gave orders that if the old man came again that evening he was to be denied his presence. "I'll have this night to myself."

He spent it alone in his room, disturbed by the thunderstorm. He took out his book and set himself mathematical problems, and drew the designs of a fort with bastions, ramparts, counterscarps and demilunes, and set himself to take this citadel. He drew and measured precisely. . . .

In the morning he learned that the old Italian had come again, and had gone away sorrowful on being denied. He had forgotten Steffani, and heard without concern that he had been sent away. It was so easy to make amends to the old man.

De Haverbeck went through his duties carefully and thought that he had his heart quiet and his nerves steady. By mid-morning he was in the streets of Dresden; they seemed clear and fresh after the rain and were full of people going eagerly about their business. De Haverbeck remembered the important lace head-dress he had promised Angelique. He always bought his laces and his linen himself, and he turned now towards the shop where the coveted finery had been noticed, hanging coquettishly on a graceful stand.

He crossed the market-place and in a street of shops that sold lace, entered his own particular magazine and purchased a head of Brussels, which Angelique had admired some weeks before. His account there was high, and he smiled as the obsequious woman who sold him the lace reminded him of it. He bought now a pair of ruffles for himself, two lengths of lace for a cravat that Angelique's neat fingers should sew up, and signed an order on his bankers for the payment of all these and the money he owed besides. He had decided that he would leave Dresden and Saxony and take his sword to the Empire.

When he left the lace shop where mistress and maid alike, because of his handsome face and pleasant ways, tried to make him linger, it was past midday, and De Haverbeck, turning into a coffee shop, found the Gazette already laid about the tables. He took it up and again read the announcement of the Elector's marriage which had caught his attention so strongly yesterday.

De Haverbeck drank his coffee, smoked a pipe, and went directly to the Residenzschloss. Count Stürm had not been so friendly with him since he had presented that memorial about the army. However, he saw the soldier immediately, for he could not afford to flout him.

DE HAVERBECK asked pardon for his peremptory demand for an interview.

"Sir, I do not believe I shall trouble you much longer in any matter whatever. The truth is, I am confoundedly discontented, and I wish to offer my resignation from the Elector's army."

Count Stürm attempted no subterfuge with the young man.

"The Elector," said the minister, with a touch of insolence, "if he is of a warlike disposition, must spend his ardor, as you propose to spend yours, my dear General, in fighting the heathen on the Danube, or maybe the Bosphorus. Saxony will not put an army in the field to help the Allies, and certainly cannot put an army against them, so, for a gentleman of martial temperament, I think you have decided well."

De Haverbeck rose. There was nothing more for him to say, and there was a certain relief that this was off his mind, and that his decision had been made and accepted. He walked to the window where he had put his hat, with the cockade and the buckle of the Life Guard on the leaf, and his long fringed gloves on a chair in this recess. Count Stürm, huddled in his cushioned chair, watched him keenly, considered his exceptional good looks, the indolent grace of his person, which yet could be easily commanding and formidable; he knew something, too, of the young man's ability and resolution, decision of character and unbendable courage, and he thought: "It is stupid of me to allow him to go to Vienna with any ill will toward myself. Who knows, if, within a few years, he may not be of great influence at the Imperial court?"

AND Stürm cast about in his alert and subtle mind how he might please or oblige the young soldier.

De Haverbeck, glancing from the window, said:

"Here come the Elector's outriders!"

And Stürm could hear the clatter of the horses in the narrow street.

"He is returning from Arnsdorf," murmured the minister, smiling behind his handkerchief.

"Did you know that he was at Arnsdorf?" asked De Haverbeck quickly, over his shoulder.

"Certainly I did," nodded Stürm, and rose—he knew not on what impulse of curiosity—and came to the window also.

The Electoral coach swept past. De Haverbeck could see it clearly; a shaft of sunlight gleamed on the arms of Saxony on the side, the Electoral barret across the black and gold. He could see, too, in an instantaneous flash, the Elector inside, his orders and jewels, his bright gold hair, his light summer cloak falling back from his shoulders, and a woman seated beside him—Magdalena Sibylla—in a dark green riding hood, which she was holding at the throat, and across her knee a large bouquet of white and yellow roses. De Haverbeck looked at her without bitterness. He thought: "May she be happy and fortunate in all her undertakings."

He could not, for a moment, speak; and he felt more shaken than when he had passed through fire, and heard the guns in his ears, the bullets whizz past his hair, seen his friends fall about him, and known all the undecided horror of a bloody battle.

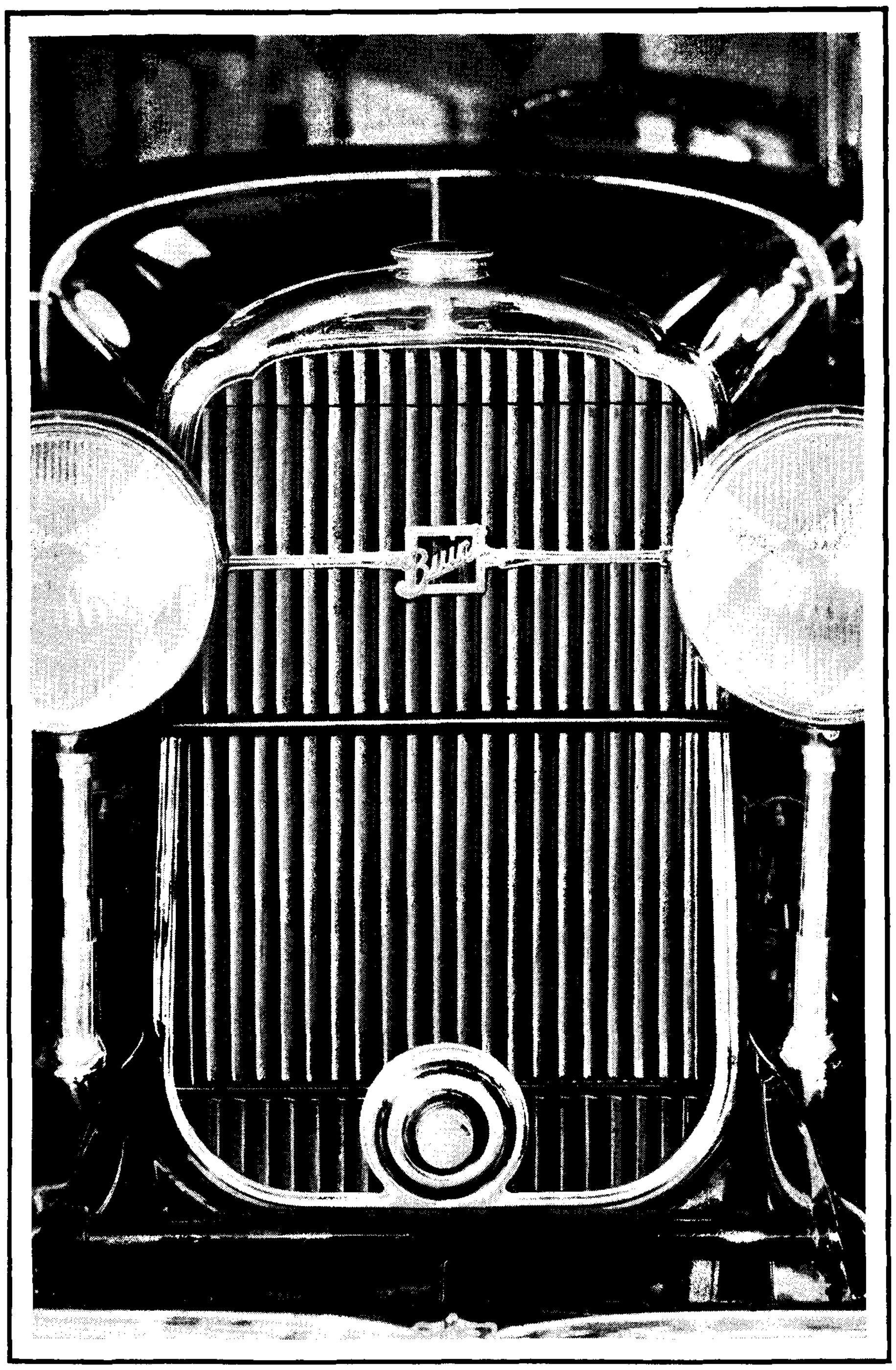
He took up his hat and his gloves and was turning away when he noticed Count Stürm leaning against the window place and staring in front of him, as if he were looking at some disastrous event, miles away, instead of the mere walls of the house opposite.

"Why, sir, is Your Excellency taken with some trouble?" he exclaimed, knowing the minister's ill-health, and fearing that some fit was upon him.

Count Stürm did, indeed, seem scarcely able to stand, and caught the young officer's arm, (*Continued on page 57*)

In the judgment of a majority of the leading automobile manufacturers

there is no substitute for PINES *automatic* WINTERFRONT



THERE is a new and vital development in automobile engineering. As a purchaser of a new car—or an owner of an old one—you are entitled to know all the facts.

More than 20 of the finest automobiles science has yet produced are now factory-equipped with built-in Pines Automatic Winterfronts.

That fact, in itself, is one of sensational interest. For these cars are the product of the world's best engineering brains. They are the product of the manufacturers who do the bulk of the world's business in fine automobiles.

The word of the engineers who build these cars is accepted as final throughout the world. The advancements upon which their approval falls are accepted by industry and public alike.

Thus it is doubly significant to you that more than 20 of them have adopted Pines Automatic Winterfront as standard equipment.

It means that the car manufacturer has taken motor protection into his own hands. It means that research, tests and experience have proved to the satisfaction of the men who *build* cars—that motor protection *cannot* be left to the memory of the driver. It must be automatic. And it must *be there* when temperature changes require —*not* just when the motorist happens to think of it.

Are you buying a new car?

If you are—look for the Pines Automatic Winterfront over the radiator. It is unmistakable evidence of engineering progress.

True — Pines Automatic Winterfront has brought a degree of beauty to the front end of the motor car, impossible to attain with the radiator exposed—as well as warmth and freedom from front end drafts inside the car.

But its vital function is one of absolute protection to the motor and all its parts. It has won its enviable place in the automobile industry because it definitely prevents the damage that results from operating an underheated motor. Damage—experts agree—which is responsible for 50 to 75% of all repair costs.

Do you own a car?

If you do—watch the thermometer —and equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront at temperatures ranging 60° Fahrenheit and below.

No car is immune. No more tangible evidence of the necessity for this vital protection could be offered you than the fact that these leading manufacturers take this vital precaution into their own hands—and make Pines Automatic Winterfront an integral part of their cars.

Bring *your* car up-to-date. And remember—there is only one automatic radiator shutter on the market. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Pines Winterfront Company, 1133 N. Cicero Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

IF the new car you are considering is not already equipped with an Automatic Winterfront, assure yourself that there are no obstructions on the radiator which would interfere with having one installed. You may then purchase a detachable type shutter which gives you the same advantages as the built-in type.

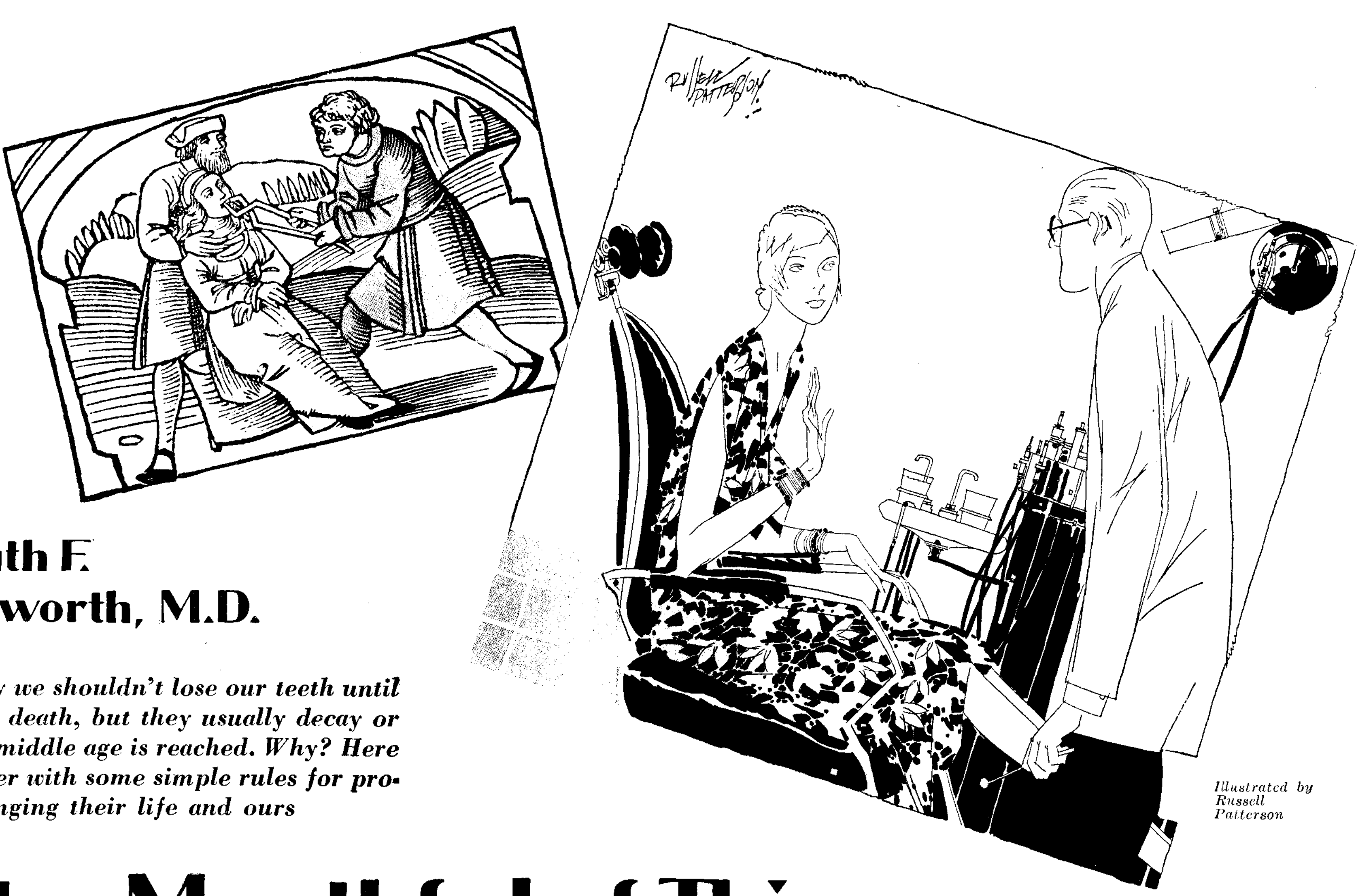
These fine cars are equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfronts

BUICK 40-50-60
PIERCE-ARROW 133-143
WILLYS-KNIGHT 66B
STUTZ
ROLLS ROYCE
STEARNS-KNIGHT DeLuxe 8-90
PEERLESS 125
JORDAN 8
HUPMOBILE 8
GRAHAM-PAIGE 621, 827, 837
GARDNER 130
DODGE SR. SIX
CHRYSLER 75
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL
DURANT 60 and 70
BRADFIELD CAB (Kissel)
CHECKER CAB
BLACKHAWK

and others—names on request

Authorized Winterfront Service is available through the National Pines Automatic Winterfront Distributing Organization

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*



Illustrated by Russell Patterson

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

Dentists say we shouldn't lose our teeth until just before death, but they usually decay or die before middle age is reached. Why? Here is the answer with some simple rules for prolonging their life and ours

Get a Mouthful of This

Instruments and methods have improved with the centuries but a toothache is just as bad

YOUNG Bill—ordinarily a cheerful child, sat upon his doorstep and gazed disconsolately at a small object in his hand.

"What's the matter with Bill?" I asked his mother, who was glancing at him now and then with sympathetic amusement.

"Ask him," she suggested.

"Anything wrong, Bill?" I inquired.

He looked up at me and held out for my inspection a somewhat battered incisor tooth, but recently lost from his upper jaw.

"It doesn't belong to me," he said tearfully. "It never really did belong to me."

"Oh, well," I suggested, "you'll soon get another one that *does* belong to you."

"No; only lent," he said sadly. "Grandfather's lost even those."

"Did you ever hear of such a point of view?" asked his mother. "I don't know whether to be proud of him or to spank him."

"Thoughtful, anyway," I said. "Partly medieval, and partly modern. He's probably going to grow up into a great dentist."

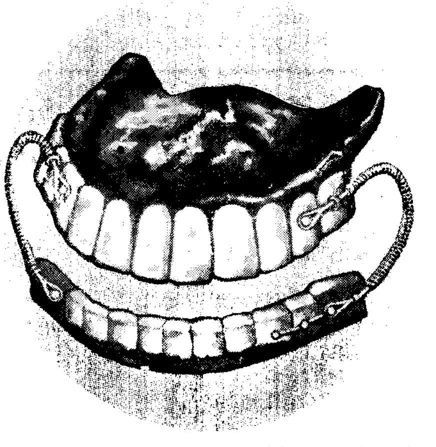
For centuries, probably eons, we have looked upon the teeth as excrescences, akin to the nails and hair; outgrowths of our bodies which are useful but can hardly belong to us, they are so unlike the rest of our bodies and so transitory.

The ancients believed that if a tooth annoyed you you should pull it out, and there are still a great many adherents of that point of view. Gradually we acquired the belief that the teeth were valuable, not only for purposes of mastication but for beauty, and we began to make frantic efforts to preserve them.

It is appalling to realize that what we believe is *the true relationship of the* teeth to the rest of the body is just beginning to dawn on us. We are prone to believe that having conquered, in a measure, the air with airplanes, the sea with steamships and motorships, and *the elements with chemistry,* we have also mastered the fundamentals of anatomy and physiology, and we hate to admit that a very important branch of medicine is only beginning to be recognized as a part of medical science.

Tooth Education

Less than a hundred and fifty years ago our most famous citizen, George Washington, had a set of false teeth made by a man who was first a cabinetmaker, then a dentist. They are shown on this page. We think we have advanced a long way since then, and we have, of course, but we still have a long way to go before the treatment and care of the teeth are put on a sound physiological basis, *everywhere* and for all people. Until dentistry has become a regular specialty of medicine, dental conditions for the enlightened will be difficult.



George Washington seldom enjoyed his meals and who could with a mechanism like this in his mouth? The teeth, now in the museum of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, were of carved ivory and held in place with gold springs

There will always be practitioners of dentistry as there will always be practitioners of the other departments of healing who satisfy a demand of the people while they do not satisfy the demands of the ethical practitioners. Much as licensed physicians may struggle against the practitioner outside the law, I believe that there are and always will be enough people in the world who want faith-healing and healing by the laying on of hands, to insure a constant supply of such healers.

So there will always be workers on the teeth who will do a workmanlike mechanical job on the teeth for those who demand it, leaving the physical and physiological aspects of the teeth out of consideration. We know now what happens to bodies in which the teeth are treated thus—as mechanical, disconnected outgrowths of the body. But we cannot protect people from those consequences until they have been educated about their teeth. We can try as hard as we like to raise the standards of dental education, but there will still be inferior dental work done until the people themselves demand good dentistry.

The facts that we need to keep in mind if we are to do the right thing by our teeth, and if we are to supervise intelligently the care of our teeth by the dentist, are not so difficult to remember. We have all learned in the last two decades that we must not wait until a tooth aches before we go to a dentist for treatment.

We learned earlier than that the teeth should be kept clean, and we are beginning to believe that the teeth must be energetically *used* if they are to be kept healthy. In addition we should know something about safe methods of dentistry, and in order to understand something about them it is helpful to know something of the anatomy of the teeth.

The tooth is, of course, not an excrescence, nor a dead outgrowth of the body: it is a living bony structure, supplied with blood vessels and nerves and specialized bony tissues. Unlike most other parts of our bodies, the teeth do, eventually, die before the rest of us dies. We are born toothless, and if we live long enough we die toothless.

The temporary, or milk teeth, are shed from the jaw soon after they die; pushed out, generally, by the new tooth growing behind. It is unfortunate that the so-called permanent teeth do not necessarily drop out when they have ceased to function. Theoretically they should not die, so nature makes no provision for their shedding.

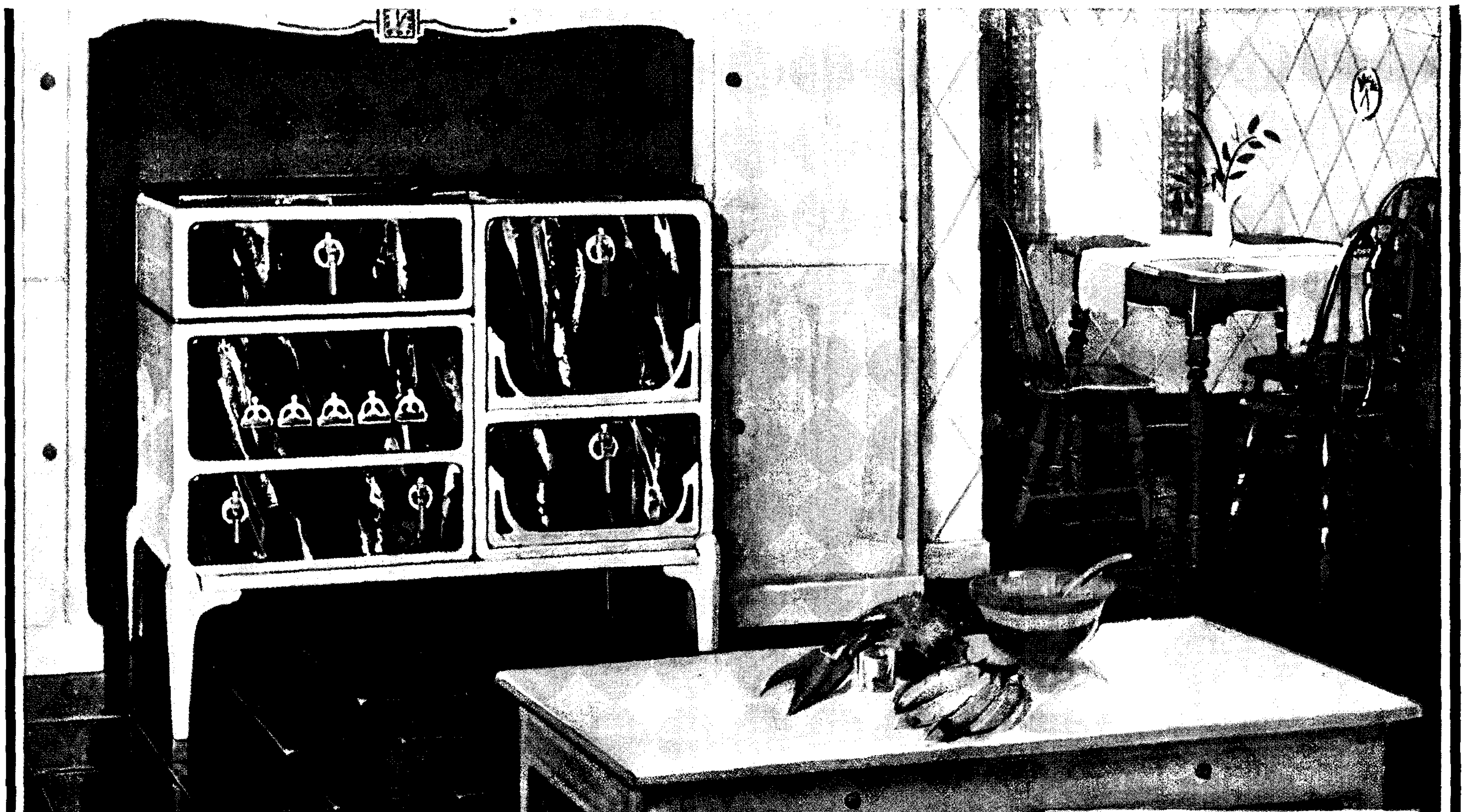
If the outer surface of a tooth can be kept healthy and vigorous it will not decay, and will not die until the body itself begins to deteriorate before death. We all know of octogenarians who have most of their teeth in a good state of repair, but we also know that the average man loses some of his teeth by decay and death long before he reaches middle age.

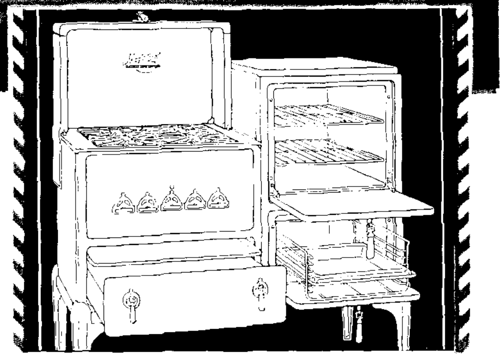
Overworking the Brush

We often hear people complaining about the imperfection in nature's work as far as the teeth are concerned. Of late we have begun to wonder whether these complaints are justified. Is nature at fault, or are we at fault, in our way of living and eating?

It would be pleasant to believe, for adults, at least, that all we needed to do in order to give nature a fair deal in regard to our teeth is to keep them clean. As in the case of general body cleanliness, it is, unfortunately, impossible to make a direct connection between perfect cleanliness and perfect health of the

(*Continued on page 64*)





Patents Pending

The new Vogue in Gas Ranges

UPSETTING all traditions, ignoring all precedent, American Stove Company has created a new, exquisite and totally different type of gas range—*Magic Chef*—to satisfy the demand for a stove to conform with the art trends of the times.

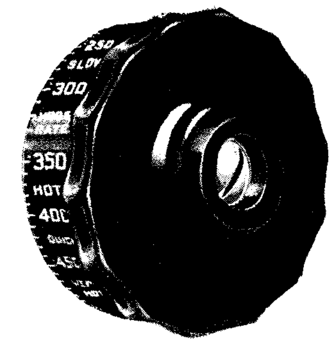
Magic Chef sounds a new note of beauty for the kitchen. Possessing the aristocratic elegance of a piece of fine drawing-room furniture, *Magic Chef* will give your kitchen a refreshing atmosphere of individuality and modernity.

Authorities on interior decoration have pronounced *Magic Chef* the most notable style-creation in the house furnishings field in a decade. For this immediate acceptance by experts a large measure of credit is due Frank Alvah Parsons, B.S., President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art, whose expert advice contributed materially to the artistic perfection of *Magic Chef.*

But, *Magic Chef* has *more* than pleasing proportions, symmetrical lines, beautiful finish and radiant coloring. *Magic Chef* possesses, in addition to the famous Red Wheel, many exclusive service features that make it an unusually durable, efficient, labor-saving cooking appliance.

Dealers in all gas-served communities now have *Magic Chef* on exhibition for public inspection. Watch your local newspapers for Dealers' announcements. Plan to be among the first to see and examine this new departure in gas range design—merely to see *Magic Chef* is to want it for your own.

If gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.



1. "*Patrician*" Model shown above in Italian Grand Antique Marble Finish with Old Ivory Trim. Handles of Onyx Green Bakelite. Also, "*Jonquil*" Model in Old Ivory with Peacock Green Trim. All enamel.
2. The "Magic Chef" Oven is equipped with the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator.
3. Cooking-top cover spring-balanced, easy to operate. Unsightly utensils quickly covered.
4. "Magic Chef" Oven is heavily insulated. Keeps kitchen cooler when baking.
5. Pipes, gas valves and all bolts entirely concealed. All valves convertible by the turn of a screw into "safety" valves.
6. Unique Broiling-feature includes an extension carriage that brings broiling pan into full view for the easy turning of meat. Reversible broiling pan requires no rack.
7. Top-burners of new, vertical-injection type have removable, non-corrosive heads. Each burner can be used as a simmering or a giant burner.
8. Roomy service-drawer on rollers.

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Arrangements can be made to pay out of income.

Send for free booklet.

UNLESS *the Gas Range has a* RED WHEEL *it is NOT a* LORAIN

Magic Chef

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY · *Dept. A, 129 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.* · LARGEST MAKERS OF GAS RANGES IN THE WORLD

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 4

CAUSE

Goodyear has always believed that the appeal of Value knows no boundary, and that Quality speaks a universal tongue.

But Goodyear has believed also that in the efficient distribution of a commodity such as tires, there has appeared no adequate substitute for local initiative, local capital, local service.

On that conviction Goodyear has enlisted for the sale of its products the interest and co-operation of the largest and most successful body of independent tire merchants in the industry.

That these Goodyear Service Station Dealers perform everywhere an essential public and commercial service is seen in the fact that with their assistance Goodyear has become the largest rubber company in the world.

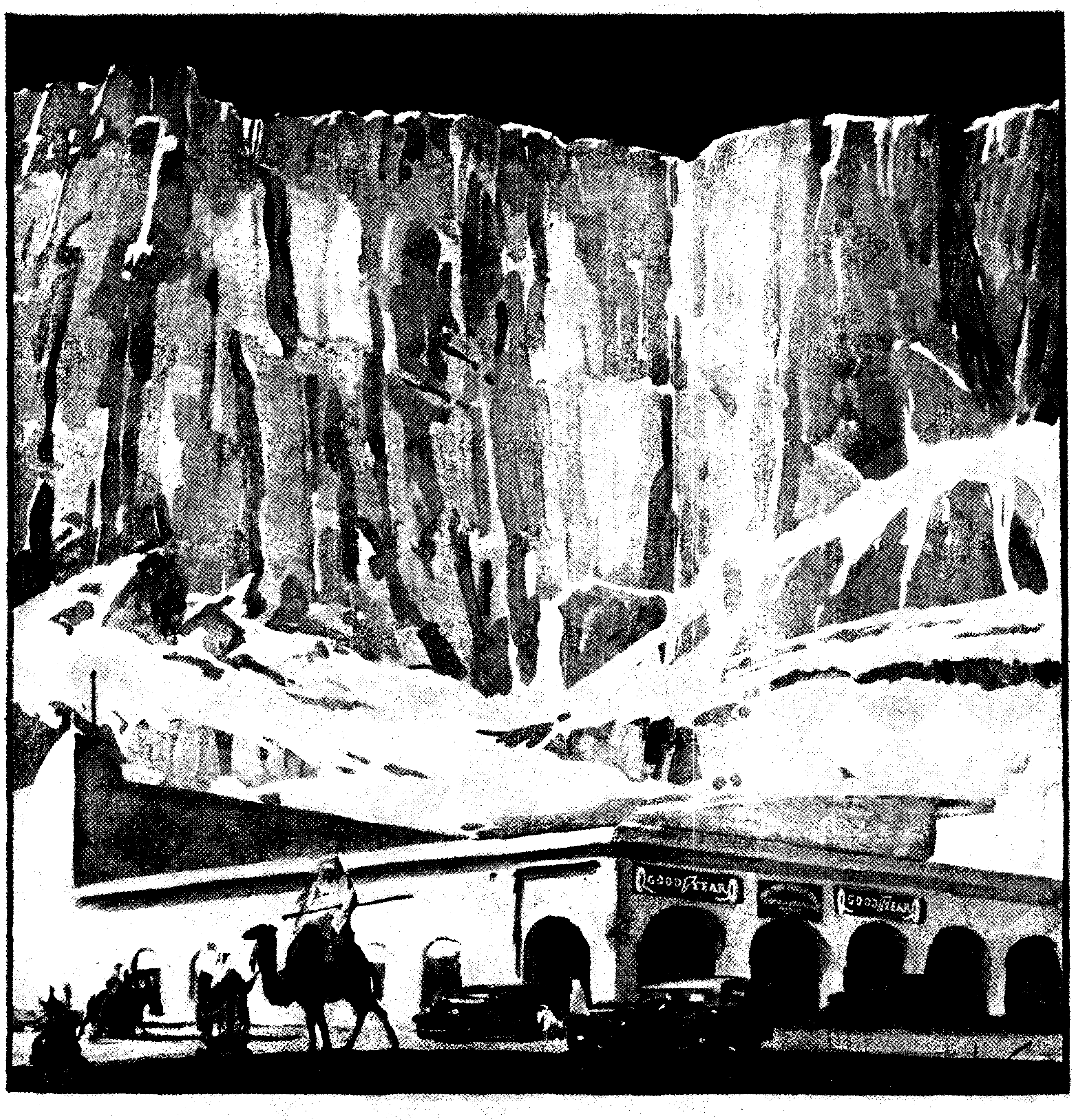
P. W. Litchfield

President

GOOD

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 4

RESULT



Goodyear Service is characteristically Goodyear Service the world over. Whether you buy a Goodyear Tire in such a store as that of Ahmed Yusuf Khan, at Aden, Arabia, pictured here, or from your home-town Goodyear Dealer, you get superior quality, dependable value, helpful service. Goodyear Dealers are interested in your satisfaction as the basis of their own success. That is why it is almost invariably true everywhere, "The Best Dealer is a Goodyear Dealer."

YEAR

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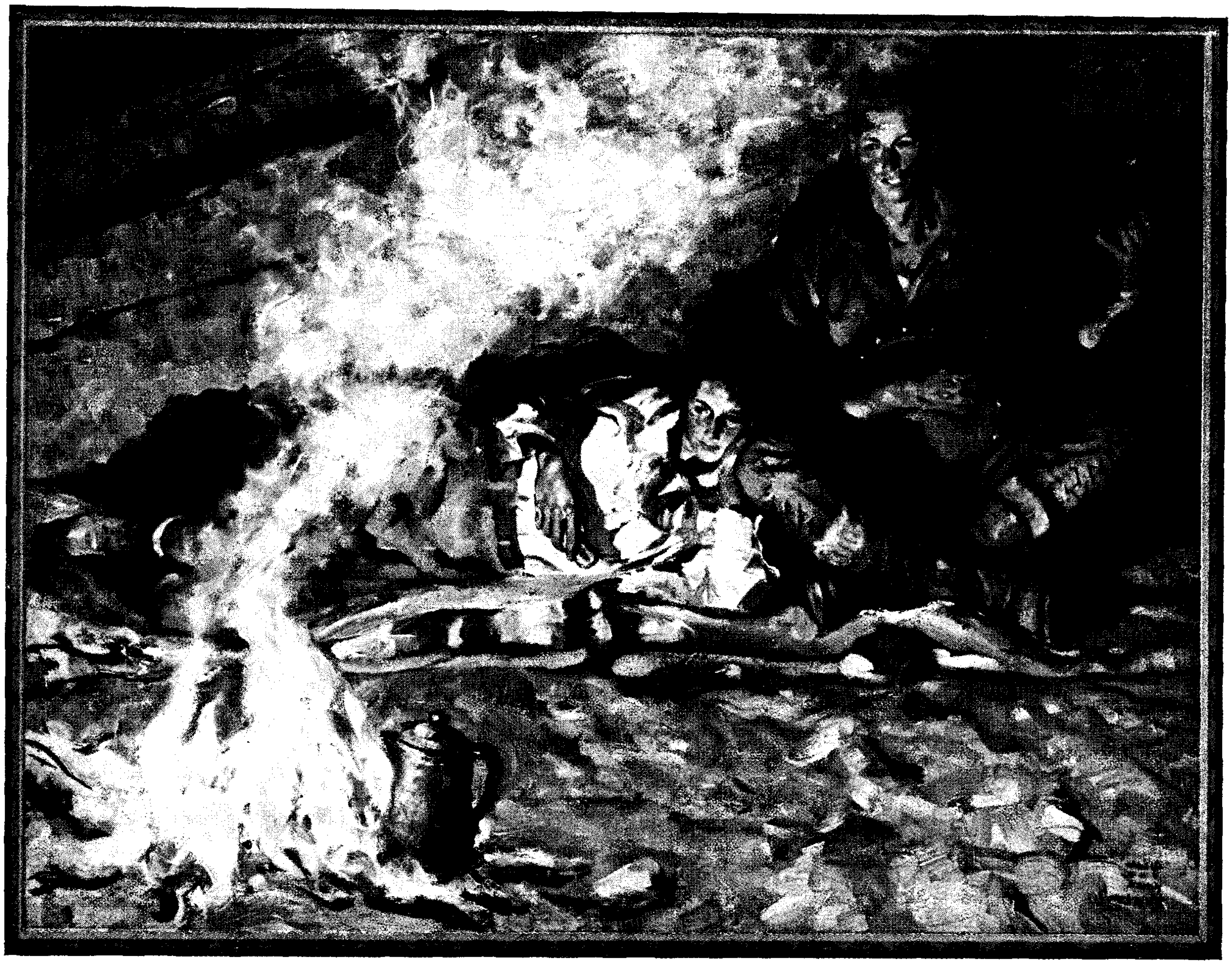


It was merely putting into action the plans which they had made in those luxurious evening hours about the camp fire

Star of Madagascar

By Paul Deresco Augsburg

It's exciting to marry a prince, no doubt —but what if you love a pauper?

THE Russian spoke in impassioned French, for—unusual enough in one of his class—he knew but little English. Mrs. Vallance scarcely listened to what he was saying. She had heard him propose so often that the experience lacked novelty. And yet he did it very gracefully.

Mrs. Vallance stared past the green starboard lamp at the moon rising out of a placid sea. It was a tardy wanton, late but unashamed, and she rather liked the moon for that. Her thoughts preceded her to their next nocturnal meeting. Tomorrow night the moon would rise out of the Contra Costa hills to gleam down on San Francisco and the harbor to which they were steaming.

This realization warmed her, so that she felt better disposed towards the prince.

"No, thank you, Serge. It was sweet of you to ask again. But I'm not buying any husbands this evening."

Prince Rabinov smiled ruefully and made a despairing gesture.

"But you're improving, mon cher. Now you may give me a kiss."

The prince caught fire and poured fervid words in Mrs. Vallance's ears. They were on the boat deck, hidden between two lifeboats, in a bridge-like space between the davits. Now he disengaged himself in a sort of frenzy and dropped to his knees on the deck.

"Get up, Serge. That is very un-American. It's all very pretty in Paris, but we are approaching the land of the free and the home of the Madagascar. From now on you will be American in your wooing, Serge. Besides, you can hardly keep me warm way down there by my feet, which are *not* cold, you understand. That's something no one can say of Nellie Vallance—that she was ever known to have cold feet."

She translated the idiom literally—*pieds froids*—so that Prince Rabinov missed her meaning. But there could be no mistaking the lady's pleasure, and tonight he was desperately anxious to please. Once they were ashore in her native country, the prince had a feeling that she would be utterly lost to him. It had been a costly investment, this journey from Paris via the Orient to San Francisco. Like most of his refugee countrymen, the prince was sadly low in pocket. If the long voyage should prove a failure . . . ! Again fervid supplications were forced on her like wine.

"I do love you, I think . . . a little," she admitted. "You are very ardent and quite handsome in a Continental fashion. But not tonight, my dear."

SHE returned to her guests in the lounge. Her hair was mussed, but she did not bother to fix it. The prince, she explained, was a very impetuous lover. She smiled at Mrs. Munday, who had just been dancing with Captain Stark. Has Mrs. Munday ever been wooed by a Russian? It was an experience she mustn't deny herself. There was "something" about those fellows; perhaps their association with samovars had given them a certain warmness.

Mrs. Munday encouraged further confidences. Such conversational tidbits would give her prestige at home. For Nellie Vallance, the spectacular spendthrift of Paris, was a name smart people mentioned.

Again and again the cables had carried the news of her exploits.

The newspapers had printed her pictures by the score. The newsreels had shown her on thousands of screens: "Mrs. Nellie Vallance, the best-dressed woman in Europe, attends the races at Longchamps with the Marquis de Beaugency" . . . "Mrs. Nellie Vallance, co-discoverer of the famous Star of Madagascar mine, who has just divorced her husband in Paris" . . . "On the beach at Biarritz: Mrs. Nellie Vallance, the Cinderella of the Sierras, wearing a $5,000 bathing suit embroidered with flakes of gold" . . . "Mrs. Nellie Vallance leaving the Casino at Monte Carlo after winning 900,000 francs at baccarat—She is accompanied by Paul Andresol, one of her most devoted suitors."

Mrs. Munday regarded her hostess with an envy devoid of malice. She might have been classed as beautiful if it were not for the size of her mouth. Certainly Nellie Vallance was pretty, with her straight little nose and the tiny ears from which diamond circlets were dangling. Her hair was brown, with glints of red, and she wore it slightly curled and longish in the back. Nellie Vallance's eyes were either green or gray, depending on the light and, perhaps, on her mood, which was usually very vivacious.

A PETITE creature, small and given to comely curves—physical items that her gowns did nothing at all to conceal. These gowns, of which Mrs. Munday had seen an endless procession since the boat upped anchor in Kowloon Roads, were as startling and handsome as their wearer. It was evident that Nellie Vallance would pay a royal ransom in the customs shed tomorrow.

"But aren't you going to smuggle *anything?*"

"And rob the government! My dear lady, do you know that we only pay our ambassador $12,000 a year? The poor government needs money terribly."

"I always smuggle something in, if it's only a bottle of perfume."

"Well, this is my first trip home," Nellie Vallance had said with none of the pretense of the *nouveau riche*. "The American customs are a new experi-

ATWATER KENT

RADIO

SCREEN-GRID

You needn't be an expert to see why it does what every radio would like to do

YOU may not know the first thing about the inside of a radio set—about the mysterious goings-on that change faint vibrations of the ether into music.

But you do know that in order to do a perfect job, a radio set must be designed and built with more than ordinary skill.

Step into a dealer's store and look at an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid receiver, stripped for inspection as this one is. Look at it closely. It invites examination—glories in it.

You needn't be an expert to see that this is no ordinary radio. One glance tells the story. You know by the superb workmanship.

And what you see is a measure of the fineness of what you don't see. The hidden things in an Atwater Kent get just as careful attention as the visible things.

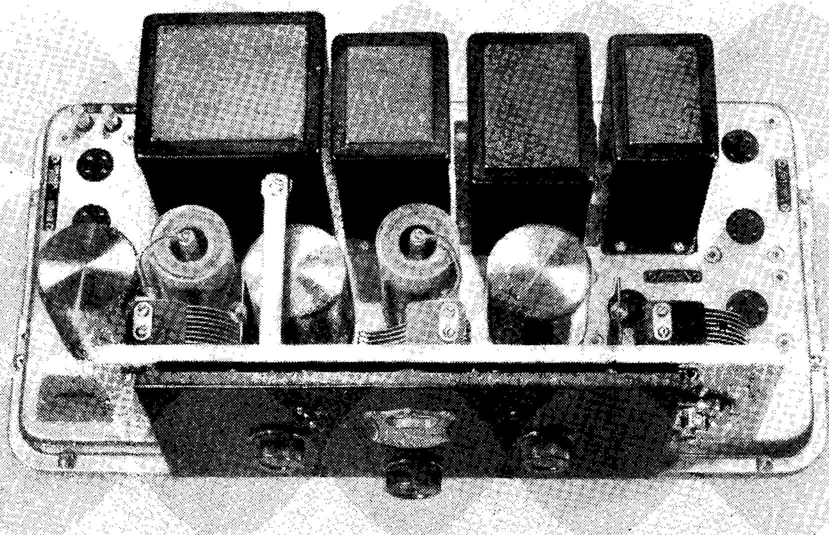
In the winding of miles of wire finer than a human hair—in adjustments as close as one-half of one-thousandth of an inch—in the sealing of parts that moisture might affect—in the attention lavished on every one of the 1705 parts of an Atwater Kent Set—in the 752 tests or inspections of each set before it can leave the factory—the Atwater Kent reputation is guarded as jealously as you would guard your own.

Does it count—this extra care, this almost unbelievable precision? *Listen to an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid.* Hear the answer in the unruffled purity of tone. Feel it in the surge of controlled power. See how the station you want is separated from others by needle-point selectivity. Find out how the miles between you and the broadcasting studios are erased by a radio that pulls in "distance" without half trying.

Of course, it counts! It has counted for twenty-seven years of Atwater Kent manufacture—seven years of radio. It counts more than ever today in the obvious all-round superiority of the new Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Set.

The radio that doesn't argue but *proves*—the radio that most people are buying—that sells by the tens of thousands*, because it's the radio that does what every radio would like to do.

*The number of Atwater Kents that have gone into the homes of the world is over 2,550,000.



Be sure to look inside an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid receiver and see the workmanship which produces such superior results.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
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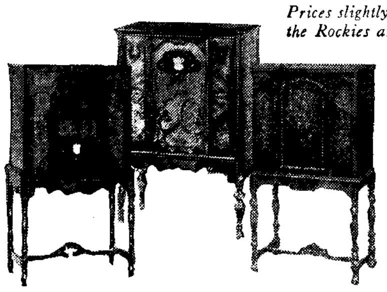
ON THE AIR—Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Daylight Time), WEAF network of N.B.C. Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program, Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Daylight Time), WJZ network of N.B.C.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada



Your choice of exquisite cabinets, at prices varying according to design. Table model receivers, $88 and $100, without tubes. Electro-Dynamic table speaker, $34.

ence. When you were smuggling your first bottle of perfume. I dare say the dear old Madagascar was just a lonely part of the mountain."

And Nellie Vallance was just a gypsy, prospecting the hills with her husband!

Mrs. Munday had sighed at the physical contrast between herself and the girl. No doubt those years of following the mountain stream, of panning the gravel for specks of gold, had given this child of fortune her priceless spring of vitality.

NELLIE VALLANCE, turning from Mrs. Munday, pointed a reprimanding finger at the master.

"I'm mad at you, Captain Stark. I distinctly told you, the first day out, that I wanted a first-class storm, with gales and at least one shipwreck. And your old ocean's a goldfish pond!"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Vallance. It's all my fault. But I hope that you'll forgive me."

"At least you might have a sailor jump overboard and get rescued. I'd be glad to pay one to do it."

"We'd have him out of the water," the captain smilingly boasted, "before he'd any more than got his feet wet."

"What does he say?" the prince asked.

Nellie Vallance explained very carefully just what the captain had said. She had a reason for explaining so carefully. Her eyes shone as she looked at the Russian.

"Be a dear boy, Serge; jump into the sea and let Captain Stark rescue you! It will be the event of the voyage."

"Ah, but I am not dressed for bathing," the astonished prince managed to stammer.

"I'm sure we could get you a swimming suit. . . . No?" On an impulse she stopped the music and addressed her guests in English. "Let's all go out back and read the log. The one who guesses nearest gets a prize of a hundred dollars."

They sauntered, a noisy, laughing crowd, from the after-lounge to the taffrail. Nellie Vallance skipped before them, as though to be first to read the mileage. But she did not pause at the rail where the revolving log rope was anchored. With an agility which stunned the others to momentary inaction, she threw herself over it, and dropped feet first in the boiling wake of the vessel.

In the hysterical confusion which followed, Captain Stark was as quick as the girl had been. He whirled and raced to the docking bridge, booming commands as he did so. The ship shuddered like a beast in deadly combat, fighting the sudden attack of the screws against its forward momentum. A buoy shot downward and broke in a flare as it came to rest on the water.

Then a fresh cry rose from the excited passengers grouped astern. Captain Stark looked just in time to see Prince Rabinov, coatless and shoeless, climb the rail and abruptly vanish.

"Damned fool!" he gasped and jerked the telegraph signal. The engines stopped before the suction of reversed propeller could draw the prince to a mangled death in their madly-churning vortex.

FAR astern, a little dark point in the moonlight, the master saw Nellie Vallance slowly swimming toward the buoy.

It was shortly before ten the following morning when the liner passed quarantine and the newspaper pack swarmed aboard. They found her, laughing and dazzlingly clad, with her arm linked tightly in Rabinov's.

"My next husband," she introduced him. "Yes, I'm to be a princess in exile. Princess Nellie Rabinov!"

She turned a smiling face to the bridge, where Captain Stark stood with his hands thrust seamanlike in the pockets of his coat.

"Captain Stark, the old dear, is still mad at me. He refused point-blank to marry us last night. He said it served us right if we'd both been drowned. Oh, dear, it was the most thrilling moment in all my life when they pulled me into the boat and I found this dear, a silly Russian, all dripping wet in his evening clothes. What? I just started to weep and fell on his neck. Didn't give him a chance to propose again. He does it very prettily, too—but this time I beat him to it."

Nellie Vallance patted her fiancé's cheek and bade him say something to the gentlemen of the press.

"I am . . . very . . . very . . . joyoos."

"Thank you, my dear. Didn't he do that well?"

Her vivacity abruptly vanished and Nellie Vallance was thoughtful. Walking across to the opposite rail, she looked eastward toward the hills. They were green with the rains of winter; but far beyond them, past the valley of the Sacramento, the hills of the high Sierra would be covered deep with snow.

A poignant little emotion rose in her throat and seemed to catch there. The hills of California were home—and she had roamed afar. Memories, cast aside in the mad pace of the life she'd been living, now returned in a rush and reproached her.

It was an odd coincidence that at this moment a reporter should mention her divorce.

"Now don't you think I've given you boys enough news for one day?" Nellie Vallance asked rather wearily.

"But your reason was never very clear—at least, in the stories which came from Paris. It's always been a sort of mystery why you got it."

"Then why not let it stay one?"

"What's that?" the prince asked eagerly, for he had caught the word "divorce."

A frown of annoyance flashed over her face and promptly disappeared. Her fiancé, so smartly correct with his cane and his spats, his tawny gloves and soft silk scarf, seemed suddenly out of focus against the background of her hills. Somehow, his jaunty black mustache, so fastidiously waxed, his face as carefully lotioned as a woman's, his mouth with its delicate, well-bred smile, were placed in disturbing contrast to a tanned young face which grinned at her through the barbs of a six-days' beard. The smell of pipe smoke in the pines mingled, in her memory, with the fragrant aroma of Prince Rabinov's cigarette.

The divorce, like so many things she had done in that far-away city, had been the result of a whim. But she couldn't tell the world that. She couldn't say, "I wrote Ed and asked him to join me in Paris, and he replied on a postal that he hadn't time, and so I got mad and looked up a lawyer." She couldn't let the whole world know that the Star of Madagascar mine had transmuted a care-free, laughing "pal" into a stranger cursed with the gold lust.

IT WAS here in San Francisco that she last set eyes on her husband. The property was paying at the fabulous rate of eighty-three dollars per ton. Nellie Vallance, long weary of the routine of mining production, had finally prevailed on her husband to take a trip. First, they would go to New York and buy all that their hearts desired. Then they would cross the ocean and have a look at Paris. It was merely putting into action the plans which they had made in those luxurious evening hours about the camp fire—plans which began with the same magic prelude, "When we strike it rich. . . ."

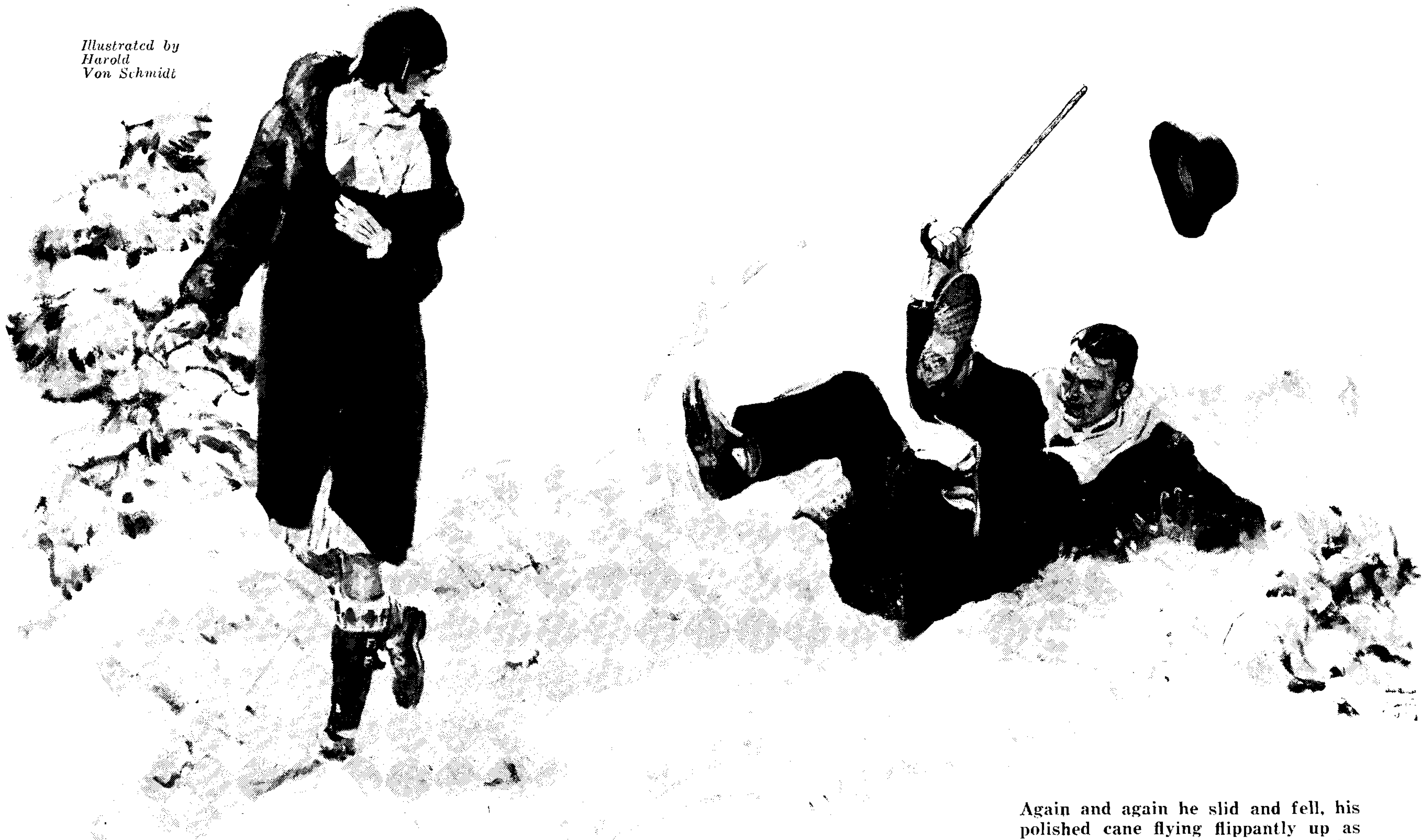
But Ed Vallance, restless as one who has something on his mind, had endured San Francisco for a day, then fled to his mine in the mountains. He left a note to tell her that he had a hunch he was needed. And Nellie, hurt and angry, had gone on to Paris without him.

"You know, Mrs. Vallance, when a woman's as celebrated as you are, the public sort of has a claim on her."

"Oh, it has! Well, now, that's interesting."

Nellie Vallance returned to her suite and remained

(Continued on page 61)



Illustrated by
Harold
Von Schmidt

Again and again he slid and fell, his polished cane flying flippantly up as its titled owner flopped downward

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We are in the midst of the liveliest blue-fabric autumn in history in gentlemen's wear. Arrow sensed this at the sources of important style, confirmed it with the important tailors, designed twelve uncommonly clever patterns of blue motives. These beautiful fabrics will "go with" your autumn blue suit as handsomely as they contrast with your grey and your rich copper brown. There are two styles, of course: (1) with Arrow Collars of the same fine material tailored on them (for only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars); (2) with two starched Arrow Collars (in the Hempstead Model) of the same material. The price is $1.95 everywhere. Only the foremost maker of gentlemen's linen could tailor Arrow Arablues for you at such a reasonable figure.

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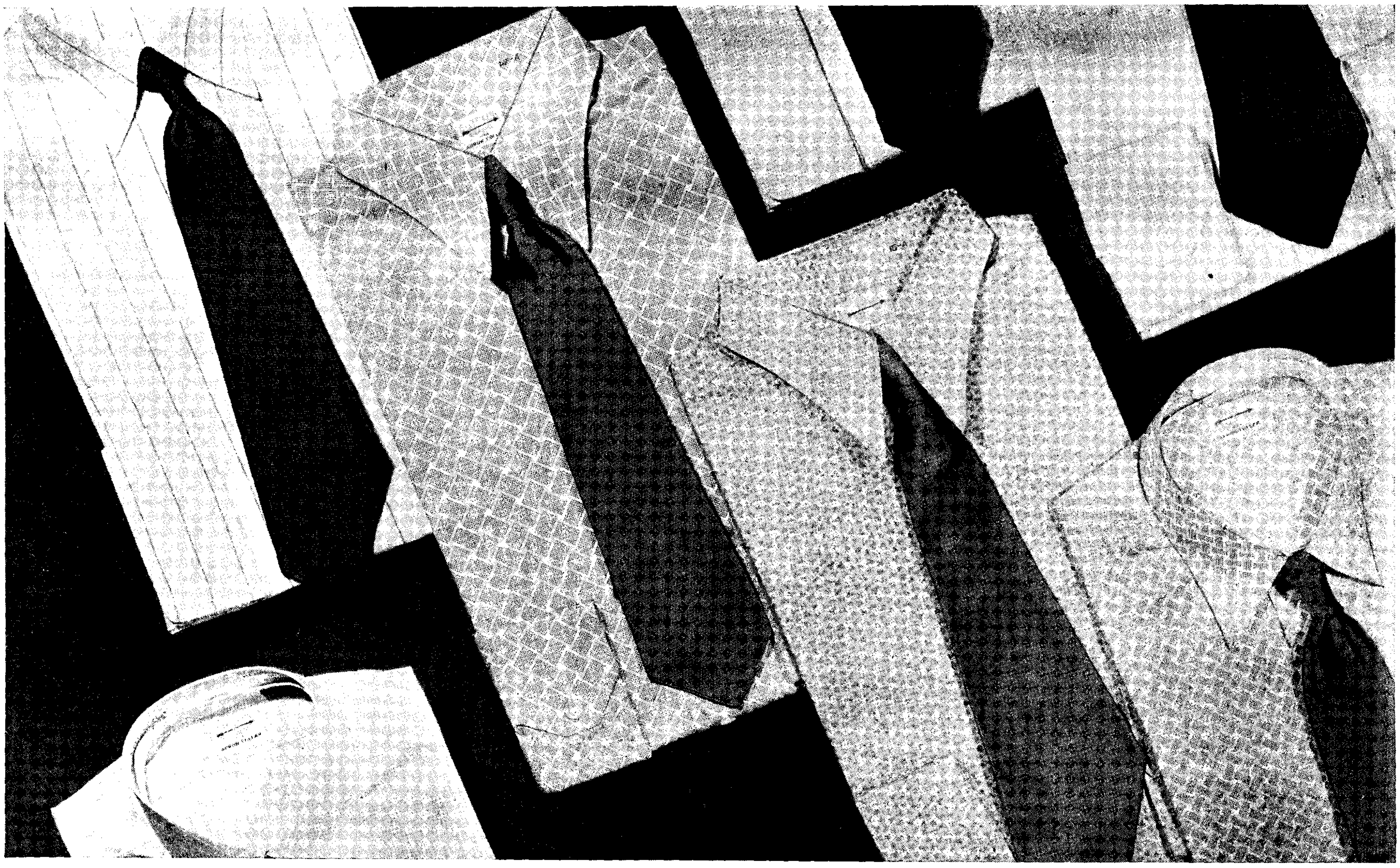

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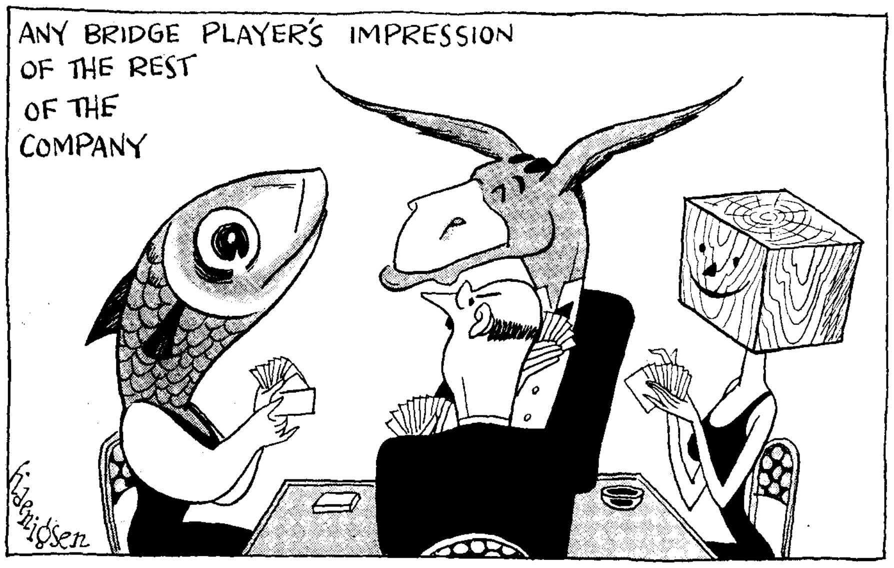
ANY BRIDGE PLAYER'S IMPRESSION OF THE REST OF THE COMPANY

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. A-K-Q-7-5-2
H. A-K-4
D. 6-3
C. A-8

West
S. 9-8-3
H. Q-10-8-6
D. 7-4
C. 10-9-5-2

East
S. 6
H. J-3-2
D. J-10-9-8
C. K-Q-J-7-4

South
S. J-10-4
H. 9-7-5
D. A-K-Q-5-2
C. 6-3

WITH the above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, the bidding at Auction Bridge would be: South one Diamond, West pass, North one Spade, which would become the contract.

At Contract the bidding would be: South one Diamond, West pass, North five Spades, East pass, South six Spades. North would bid for more than game as a *slam invitation* because the combined hands, counting the two high-card tricks guaranteed by South's bid, apparently are sure to take eleven tricks; and a slam can be obtained if South has any excess strength over the minimum his bid has shown.

South has some unannounced assistance for Spades in the Jack-Ten at the head of three cards of that suit, and a doubleton in Clubs; but such doubtful assets may prove of little benefit to a partner as strong as North appears to be. South, however, has one unguaranteed asset, the value of which is not at all doubtful: *three* high-card tricks in his Diamond suit and a good chance to make five tricks in that suit. So South should try for the slam by bidding six Spades.

So the deal would be played at both Auction and Contract with North the Declarer and Spades the trump, but the size of the final bid would be widely different—at Auction one, at Contract six. See if you note any difference in the way Declarer should manage his cards.

The Play

East has only one lead to consider, and that is the King of Clubs; North (closed hand) takes the first trick with the Ace. It then looks easy for Declarer if the four adverse trumps can be drawn in two rounds. North will get rid of both of his losing cards. Should the adverse Spades fall on two leads and the adverse Diamonds on three, North's small Heart and small Club can be discarded on South's third and fourth Diamonds; should the trumps fall be as hoped for but the adverse Diamond division be 4-2, a fourth round of Diamonds (ruffed by North) will be needed, but the losing Club still can be discarded on South's last Diamond after South has been put in with a Spade.

The play, however, quickly develops the fact that the adverse trumps are not divided evenly. The first trump lead *should be the Ace from North, and* the second a small one to be won by dummy; but East discards on the second lead and a third is required to exhaust West. This creates a situation which makes the difference in play between Auction and Contract.

One more round of trumps would draw West's last one; then three Diamond leads would give North a discard and Declarer a small slam—or a grand slam if the adverse Diamonds split 3-3. But with the probable (and actual) 4-2 split, the necessary ruff by North would put him in the lead and leave South with an unplayed Diamond thirteener and no reëntry. It would be asinine in Contract to try for an unbid grand slam by leading Diamonds while one adversary still had a trump—trusting that he still had a Diamond also; a Contract Declarer who did that, instead of leading a third round of trumps and sacrificing South's trump entry, would be risking approximately 1,000 or 1,500 points (vulnerability being the factor) in an effort to win a mere 50.

The correct play for the Auction Declarer being sure of his contract game, and one extra trick in any event, would be to stop trumps after two rounds and lead two high Diamonds from dummy, risking the ruff of the second lead, which would balk him and hold him to eleven tricks (five-odd) if the adverse Diamonds were divided 5-1. When West followed to trick 5, South should lead a small Diamond for North to ruff, and on the next trick put dummy in with a trump lead (which would exhaust the adverse trumps) and cash dummy's remaining Diamonds on which North would obtain his two discards.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. 10-9-7-4
H. 5-3-2
D. A-K-Q
C. 9-6-4

East
S. None
H. 10-8-7-6-4
D. J-9-5-3
C. J-10-8-2

West
S. Q-J-6
H. A-Q-9
D. 10-8-4
C. A-7-5-3

South
S. A-K-8-5-3-2
H. K-J
D. 7-6-2
C. K-Q

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 17

down," he replied. "I'll go down to meet the Western Special with you."

Jim did not see much of Molly on Sunday. She kept to her room except at meal hours. He found opportunity, however, to ask her to go into town with him on Monday to meet his sister.

"I'd rather not, Jim," she replied, as if her mind had long been made up. "She'd rather you didn't fetch any girl, especially *your* girl, to meet her, thet's shore. . . . Jim, you should have written home weeks ago—to tell your folks aboot me."

"I suppose I ought. Really I meant to. Only I just didn't write."

"Wal, I reckon it'd be better not to let her know right away."

"Molly! The idea—not telling Gloriana we're engaged," Jim protested, mystified by her gravity.

"Jim, it'll be all right if only she takes to me, but if she's like you when you first struck Flag—she won't."

"I was pretty much of a snob," he admitted. "Molly, I'm the better for all I've gone through. . . . You realize, don't you, how much I—"

The entrance of Molly's mother prohibited the rest of that tender speech. And Jim presently left the living room perturbed in mind. He could not rid himself of a premonition that Gloriana's coming heralded disaster. No further opportunity to speak privately to Molly presented itself that day; and early Monday morning Molly trudged off to school like any country girl, wading through the snow. How serious she was about her studies!

In the afternoon Jim sent for Curly Prentis, who appeared as if by magic, most gorgeously arrayed in the gayest and finest of cowboy habiliments.

"For goodness' sake! You must want my sister to see you're a real cowboy!" exclaimed Jim.

"Jim, don't you give me any of your chin aboot how I look. I had enough from Bud an' Jack an' Uphill. An' my feelin's are hurt. . . . They're goin' to meet thet train, all of them except Hump. He wanted us to carry him on a stretcher. Up is goin' on a crutch—the damn fool."

"Fine. The sooner you all see Gloriana May the sooner you'll be miserable. . . . I've ordered the buckboard to meet the train. Let's walk in, Curly, and stop to see Slinger."

"It's a good idea. A little movin' around might steady me. I'd shore hate to meet Jed Stone or thet Pecos gun-thrower."

THEY reached the hospital and found Slinger Dunn the only inmate, beside an attendant or two, and he was limping up and down a warm and comfortable room. His dark face, bronzed and smooth like an Indian's, wreathed into a smile at sight of his visitors. He had gained since Jim had last seen him. His long hair, black as the wing of a crow, hung down over the collar of the loose woolen dressing-gown he wore, in which obviously he felt ill at ease. Jim always thrilled at sight of Slinger, and had reason to do so, beyond appreciation of his striking figure and piercing eyes. Anyone who had ever seen Molly Dunn would at once connect Slinger with her.

"Howdy, boys. It's aboot time you was comin'," he drawled. "Molly came in on her way to school, or I'd shore be daid now."

"Patience, Slinger. Why, you've made a marvelous recovery," said Jim cheerily.

"Slinger, you backwoods son-of-a-gun, only five weeks ago you was a sieve of bullet holes," declared Curly. "An' heah you can walk aboot."

"Wal, it's easy fer you fellers to talk, but I'd like to see you stand stayin' heah. Set down, boys, an' tell me some news."

"Slinger, just as soon as you can ride we're off for Yellowjacket," announced Jim.

"Wal, pack up fer tomorrow mawnin'."

"Not till after Thanksgiving. Three weeks yet. And now listen." Whereupon Jim related all the late news and rumors about the Hash Knife Outfit.

"Shore, I'd expect thet of Jed Stone," said Dunn. "An' Boss, if you want to know, I've long had a hunch Bambridge is back of the Hash Knife."

"No!" ejaculated Jim aghast at so definite a statement from this backwoodsman.

"Slinger, we reckon you mean Bambridge ain't above buyin' a few haid of stock from Stone now an' then?" queried Curly, slow and cool, but his blue eyes flashed fire.

"Hell, no! Buyin' a few steers nuthin'," drawled Dunn, forcibly. "Bambridge's outlayin' ranch is across the divide from Yellowjacket. Thirty miles around by road. But by the canyon—Doubtful, we call it—there's less'n ten miles. An' Bambridge is gettin' stock through Doubtful an' drivin' it to Maricopa."

CURLY whistled his amazement. Jim simply stared.

"Shore, I cain't prove it, Jim," Dunn continued. "But it's what I reckon. An' my hunch is fer us to keep our traps shet—an' go down to Yellowjacket to make shore."

"Right, you bet," agreed Curly. "But if it's true, the Hash Knife will stop operations until either they or the Diamond are settled."

"We've got to find out," interposed Jim, emphatically. "Ring Locke advised against Uncle sending the Diamond on that job. Said we could do easier and more important work. He's afraid Bambridge might shoot Uncle."

"Wal, there's shore risk of thet," rejoined Dunn. "But Traft could keep out of the way. When we get the trick on these fellars we can do a little shootin' ourselves. . . . You know, Boss, there ain't no other way oot of it."

"So Uncle says," assented Jim, gloomily. "Slinger, you don't think it'll be another Pleasant Valley War?"

"Lord, no," declared Dunn, showing his white teeth. "Thet war hed hundreds of sheepmen an' cattlemen behind it, with rustlers on the side of the sheep fellars. This heah deal is a matter of a little gun play."

"Slinger, you've got a lot of time to think it over," said Jim. "Do so, and I'll come in after a few days. I'm a little upset just now. My sister is coming today. She's ill. They say the climate will agree with her."

"Thet's too bad, Boss. But mebbe it'll all turn oot right. . . . Molly never told me you hed a sister. I reckon I know how you feel."

"Here's her picture, Slinger," said Jim, producing the photograph, and handing it over.

Dunn bent his piercing eyes upon the likeness of Gloriana May.

"Wal," he drawled, finally, "I never before seen any gurl or a pictoor of one thet could beat Molly. But this heah shore does."

"Molly is totally unlike Gloriana.

(*Continued on page 44*)

Bill's going to College

A BIG MOMENT! Speaking as one man to another, there are just two words which express all the help and advice your friends and parents can give you—MAKE GOOD.

Beginning today and from now on, it's up to you. When you lose, you pay. And you're paid when you win. Fair enough.

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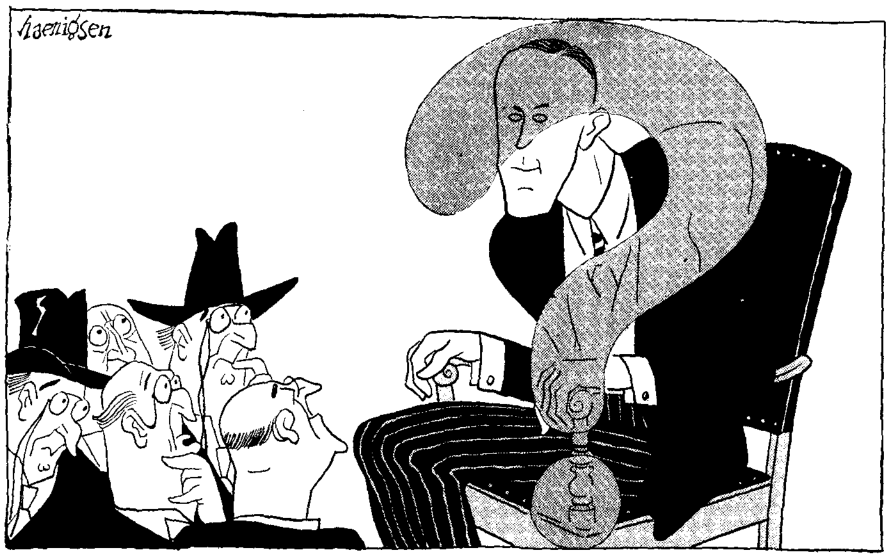

Mysterious Claudius

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

CLAUDIUS HUSTON succeeds Dr. Hubert Work as chairman of the Republican National Committee. Nobody knows much about him except that President Hoover likes him and trusts him. That is a point in his favor, for the President has the habit of picking good men.

He is more distinctly a Hoover man than anyone else in any important position in Washington. He owes his new place to the fact that of all the Hoover men he was the one that the national committeemen liked best. They had known him briefly as chief financial officer of the committee during the brief interregnum between treasurers and they regarded him favorably.

I make this point because he is a man of mystery. His name has been well known in Washington; he once had a job here; yet almost no one can tell you what he looks like.

Perhaps I ought to describe him. He is a large man, tall and rather solid, in the early fifties. He has a straight, tight-shut mouth and pale blue eyes, so pale that in certain lights they seem to have no color.

He says very little. He is a rather colorless personality, as quiet, tight-lipped men with colorless eyes are likely to be—the kind of *man for secret* missions and conferences behind closed doors.

It is the air of mystery about him rather than anything in his personality that makes him interesting, that and his rapid rise to political prominence and his equally rapid rise to business success and wealth.

His rise in politics is all on the record. A few years ago he was a school teacher in eastern Tennessee.

From that he drifted into business where his real talents seem to lie, unless he should reveal talent in politics also, at his new post.

Sudden Prominence

He came originally from Indiana to Tennessee and perhaps that was how Will H. Hays knew him and put him in charge of collecting money for the 1920 campaign in Tennessee. He was amazingly successful as a money collector in that disastrous year for campaign collections which ended in a deficit of nearly $2,000,000 for the Republicans. That achievement made him, hitherto unknown, a figure in the Republican party.

This was a piece of luck. Being an ambitious *man—and there is probably* not a more ambitious man in Mr. Hoover's circle—he became a candidate for Secretary of Commerce under President Harding.

Mr. Harding made Mr. Hoover Secretary *of Commerce, but appointed Mr.* Huston Assistant Secretary of Commerce. This was another piece of luck or another instance of the instinct for success, for it put him right at the elbow of the man who eight years later was to be President himself.

He did not remain long in the Department of Commerce, but the association between the two lasted. For example, according to the general report it was Mr. Hoover who recommended him to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to reorganize their labor banks when these had become involved through unwise loans on Florida real estate.

"Bet You a Million"

From the Department of Commerce he went into business, not the local business which he had known in Tennessee, but the larger national business which centers in New York. He first appeared before a committee of Congress seeking a charter for a "World Commerce Corporation."

Federal charters for business companies are rare, and this one was not granted. Of the World Commerce Corporation, later chartered in one of the *states, little is known in Washington.* He later became head of the Transcontinental Oil Company.

The titles of the two companies are rather grandiose, World and Transcontinental, but that is characteristic of the man. He talks habitually in large figures, and is reputed to have made an ample fortune.

There is a little of the "Bet you a million" Gates about him, without the boisterous personality of Gates. The manner is all the more impressive because of his quietness, his secretiveness and his sparing use of words. He is quite obviously a man of great energy with a lot of practical sense.

Politically, he is still untried except as a money raiser. At least, the political part that he has played in recent years has been acted out behind the scenes. It is clear from what I have said that as chairman of the national committee he won't be a mere figurehead. Out of the confusion of political advisers surrounding Mr. Hoover, he *is likely to emerge as the* political adviser.

Apparently his ambition is now concentrated on politics, for his friends say that he has disposed of his oil *holdings to become national chairman.* Probably he has not given up his ambition to be in the Cabinet, for the national chairmanship is the surest road to the Cabinet.

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 42

Just as pretty in her way, I think," Jim said, stoutly.

"Boss, you're loco. Molly is a slick, soft, pretty little wood-mouse. But this sister of yourn is like the sun in the mawnin'."

Conversation reverted to other channels then, until finally Jim rose to go, with Curly following suit.

"Slinger, I'm awful glad you're doing so well," said Jim.

"Wal, you fellars have cheered me right pert. Come again soon. . . . An', Jim, would you mind lettin' me borrow thet pictoor fer a spell? I get hells-rattlin' lonesome—an' it'd be good to look at."

"Why, certainly, Slinger," declared Jim, hastily producing it. "I'm sure Glory will be flattered."

"Thanks, Boss," drawled Slinger. "Your havin' a sister, too, kinda makes us closer, huh? Wal, adios."

All the way out Jim heard Curly *growling under his breath.* This ebullition came out in force once they reached the street.

"Jim, what'n hell did you want to let Slinger Dunn borrow Gloriana May's picture fer?" demanded Curly. "Cain't you see straight? The dam' backwoodsman was shot plumb through the heart."

"What! By Glory's picture?"

"Shore. It did the same fer me. An' I've no call to kick. But, my Gawd, Boss, I couldn't stand for a rival like Slinger Dunn."

"Curly, don't be a jackass. Let me give you a hunch. Glory will be sweet to you cowboys. But she could never see one of you seriously, even through a microscope."

Curly looked crestfallen, yet sustained a little dignity.

"Jim you're her brother an' you fell in love with Molly Dunn."

The remark was thought-provoking, but Jim could not keep it before his consciousness.

"True, Curly, old boy. But I'm not Glory. Wait till you see her!"

AT THE station they found Zeb, with the buckboard, Bud, Jackson, Lone-*star Holliday,* Cherry Winters, and Uphill in a state of vast excitement. All wore plain business suits, at least three of which were brand new.

Jim consulted his watch. "Whoopee! she's due now," he said, and a few seconds later the special roared into the station. In his excitement Jim quite forgot his comrades. The second coach stopped opposite his position and he was all eyes. A porter began sliding bags and suitcases off the step. Then a slim form emerged from the car upon the vestibule. The furs proclaimed it feminine. But there was too much shadow. Then she stepped down and paused in the bright light. It was Gloriana, Jim said to himself, conscious of inward tumult. The tall slim shape, with its air of distinction and the cut of the long fur coat, would have been enough. But Jim stared a moment longer. Gloriana's face shone like a white flower out of the black furs and her great eyes, dark in that light, strained eagerly to and fro, and then fixed on him.

"Jim!" she cried in a rapture. When had she ever called to him with a voice like that? He ran to the steps and lifted her down in a bearish hug. She did not appear as substantial and heavy as he remembered his sister.

"Glory! Dog-gone, I'm glad to see you," he said, and certainly returned the warm kiss she gave him, which struck him even more unusual than the poignant tone of her voice. Something had changed Jim Traft's value in the eyes of his sister.

"Jim, you can't be—half as glad—as I am to see—you," she panted, gayly, clinging to him. "Is this the—north pole? Who are these young men? . . . Jim, I thought Arizona was desert—sunny, hot—all golden ranges and pine trees."

"Hey, boys, grab the bags," ordered Jim, with a laugh. "Fetch them into the waiting room." Then he led Gloriana into the station, where it was light and warm. "The rig will be here in a minute. . . . Gosh! . . . I just don't know you, Glory. Your eyes, maybe."

No one, not even a brother, would ever have been likely to forget Gloriana May's eyes. At this moment they were traveling over Jim, brilliant with amaze.

"I know you and I don't. You great big handsome man. Oh, Jim, you're so wonderfully different. Arizona has improved you. . . . I'll bet you've fallen in love with some Western cowgirl."

JIM should have said she had guessed right the very first time, and he would have done so but for the something familiar and disconcerting that was merely Gloriana. Then the cowboys came bustling in with bags and suitcases. Even Uphill carried one with an air of importance. Curly disengaged himself from the excited group and strode forward. Sight of him filled Jim with glee, and a quick glance at Glory took in her eyes fixed and beautiful.

"A cowboy!" she whispered. "Jim, I believe you now."

It probably was a magnificent moment for Curly, but he did not betray that in the least.

"Boss, Zeb is heah with the buckboard," he announced, in his cool, lazy way.

"Gloriana, this is Curly Prentis, one of my cowboys—and quite a cattleman in his own right," introduced Jim. "Curly—my sister."

Curly doffed his sombrero and made a gallant bow, *that though easy and* slow like his voice, was as singularly pleasing.

"Miss Traft, I shore am glad to meet you-all," he said.

"How do you do, Mr. Prentis. I'm pleased to meet you," she replied, with a dazzling smile. "You are my very first cowboy."

Gloriana May probably did not mean she had taken possession of Curly at first sight, but Jim saw that this identical circumstance had come to pass.

"Wal," drawled Curly, not in the least knocked off his balance, "I'm shore happy to be the first an' I'll see to it I'm the last."

"Oh," laughed Glory merrily, and turned to Jim with her first appreciation of a cowboy.

The other boys lined up, with Uphill Frost hanging a little behind to hide his crutch. They presented a bright-eyed, shiny-faced coterie, at the moment devoid of any trace of devilment or horns and hoofs.

"*Boys, this is my* sister, Gloriana," announced Jim. "Glory, meet the rest of the Diamond, except two that are laid up for repairs. . . . Bud Chalfack."

Bud took a step out and his smile was cherubic. "Miss Gloriana, I reckon there ain't no one any gladder to welcome you to Arizony."

"Thank you, Mr. Chalfack. I'm

(*Continued on page 47*)

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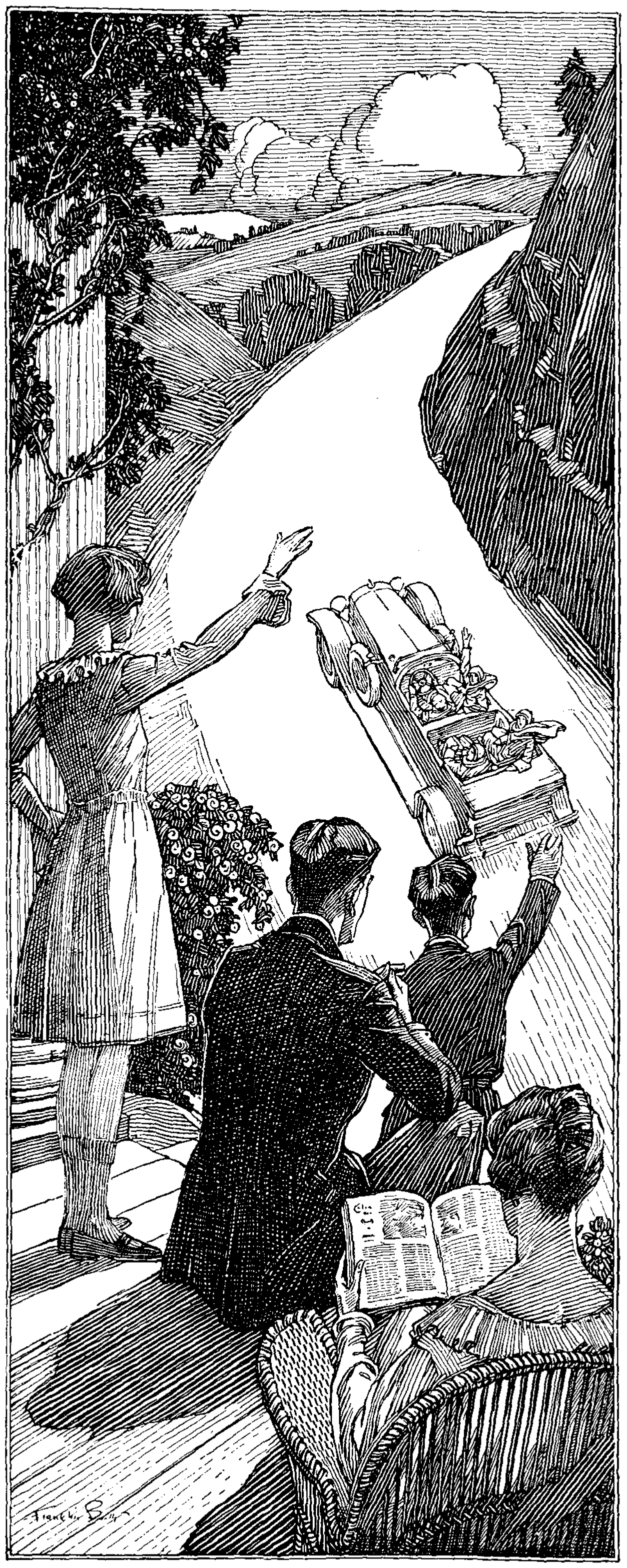
ONE OF THE VERY FEW EXERCISERS BEARING A KNOWN NAME AND KNOWN REPUTATION

This Automotive Manufacturer gets



TRIPLE POWER

from his Advertising Dollar

STUDEBAKER has long since proved the power of its engines, by establishing 126 official records. Now it has found a way to multiply the pull of its advertising dollar by three . . . reaching father, mother and the younger generation.

Studebaker Corporation asked the heads of 7,689 families . . . in all parts of the country . . . whether any other member of the family influenced the purchase of the motor car.

Dad always poses and is generally accepted as the autocrat of the family garage. But in spite of that, he said in 46.7% of the replies . . . nearly half . . . "other members of the family influence the purchase."

A family vote was also taken on this question:

"*What magazine is most generally read and liked by all members of your family?*" Again, The American Magazine proved to be the all-family favorite. It was first choice by nearly 4 to 1 over the next magazine . . . and voted indispensable by 48.4% of the families, almost as many as for all other magazines combined.

These results give Studebaker . . . and every other national advertiser . . . a new formula for increasing advertising effectiveness, while reducing waste. Since *family* influence is the most important factor in buying today, the most economical and effective medium for advertising is the *proven family favorite* . . . The American Magazine.

Other prominent national advertisers have conducted similar investigations throughout the country, and with the same impressive results. We shall be glad to give you the facts and figures . . . not only on any one of these investigations, but on a number of others by advertising agencies, universities and research organizations . . . *every one of which also arrives at the same results.* Write or telephone.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The American Magazine

First with all the ***FAMILY***

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 11

happy to meet you," replied Gloriana.

"And this is Lonestar Holliday," went on Jim. Lonestar in his eager confusion stepped on Bud's foot and could not find words to answer Glory's bright acknowledgment.

"And Jackson Way. . . . And Cherry Winters. . . . and Uphill Frost. . . . There, Glory, you've made the acquaintance of most of the Diamond, which, according to Uncle Jim, is the most terrible cowboy outfit in Arizona."

"Oh, I'm sure Uncle Jim is wrong," said Gloriana, sweetly. "They look very nice and mild to me—except Mr. Prentis—who *is* quite terrifying with his gun and those awful spurs."

SOMEHOW Jim got the impression from Glory's speaking eyes that she meant Curly's handsome presence was something calculated to stop the heart of a girl fresh from the East.

Bud looked disgustedly at Curly, as if to say he had gone and done it again. If there was anything a cowboy hated it was to be thought nice and mild.

"Miss Glory," he spoke up, most winningly, "there's some cowpunchers who pack hardware all the time an' sleep in their spurs. But they ain't the dangerous kind."

Thus Jim saw with delight a new species of men and life dawn upon his bewildered sister. Likewise he perceived with fiendish glee that he was going to get even with the Diamond.

"Carry the baggage out, boys," he said. "We'll go home to the ranch. . . . Curly, you can ride with us, so in case we meet any desperadoes or Indians they won't get Glory."

On the way out Jim did not say anything to Glory about the room he had fixed up for her. In fact he did not have much chance to talk, for Glory addressed her curiosity to Curly. Jim drove fast, so the wind would pierce through his sister, furs and all. It did.

"F-f-fine f-for a g-girl with o-one lung," chattered Gloriana as Jim lifted her out of the buckboard. "G-good n-night—Mr. Curly. If I don't—f-f-freeze to death I'll see you—to-to-morrow."

"I shore pray for a moderation of temperature," replied Curly, gallantly. "Good night, Miss Traft."

"Set the bags on the porch," said Jim, "and hurry those horses into the barn. . . . Glory, I reckon you'll want to get warm before you see Uncle Jim."

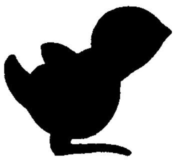
Gloriana stood in the cold starlight, looking out at the spectral pine forest and the pure white peaks that notched the sky. "W-w-wonderful!"

Jim almost carried her to her room, which was in the west end of the rambling ranch-house. When he opened the door a blaze of light and warmth and color greeted Gloriana's eyes. Jim had

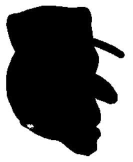
(*Continued on page 48*)

Black Handiwork

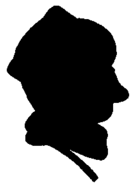
DARK dealings, certainly; but not so sinister as they sound. Try your hand at juggling shadows. There's endless diversion in the game and a substantial reward to be gained as well. Skill and imagination go into the making of a good Colliergraph. Here's your chance to exercise both.



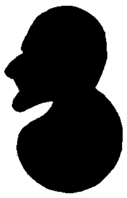
Virginia Carman Braun, 312 Haven Ave., New York City



Sam Campbell, 824 Ninth St., Grand Rapids, Mich.



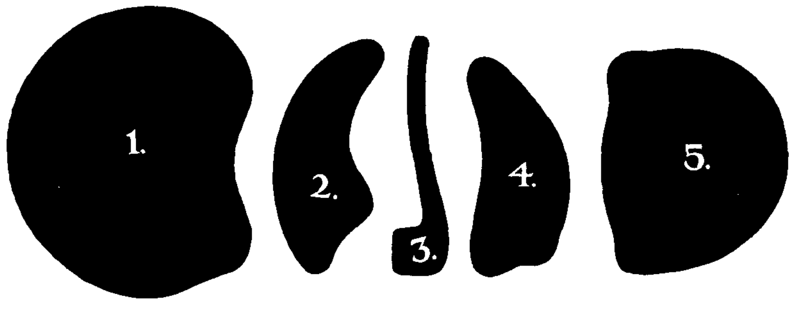
Mrs. S. L. Reed, 3613 Avenue R, Galveston, Texas



Shirley Ann White, 52 South 10th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Here are the pieces - cut them out

CUT out these five black figures. For greater ease in manipulation, mount each separately on cardboard. Then lay them on top of one another and shift them about until you have achieved a silhouette of the person, animal or plant you have in mind. When you are satisfied with the result, paste the pieces together and mail them to: Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Five dollars each will be paid for those published. None can be returned.



They may *look* alike – *but*...

THE quality of a cup of coffee depends upon the ingredients, the facilities employed, and skill in the making. The difference between good and poor coffee is not always in the looks.

Similarly, lamps that look alike may be different in quality. Edison MAZDA Lamps are made of the finest materials, and with skill, facilities and care that insure their high quality. Because of their quality, they give the *full value of the current consumed.*

Buy Edison MAZDA Lamps in cartons of six, and have spare lamps handy whenever they are needed. Where there are empty sockets there is likely to be dangerous eyestrain.

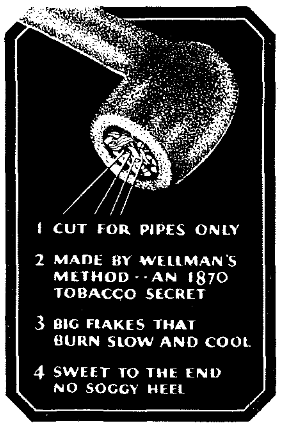
Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

"*Tobacco smoke is the one element in which men can sit silent together without embarrassment.*"
—*Carlyle*

A cooler smoke in a *DRIER* pipe



1 CUT FOR PIPES ONLY
2 MADE BY WELLMAN'S METHOD—AN 1870 TOBACCO SECRET
3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
4 SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

Like an old friend!

With some tobaccos, as with some people, you can always feel completely at ease. Such a tobacco is Granger Rough Cut, which like an old friend wears *exceedingly well.*

Made by the 1870 "Wellman Method," it yields a rare degree of richness and mellow tobacco fragrance—and it is "Rough Cut" to burn slowly. As smooth and cool and sweet as anything you ever tasted.

A practical pocket-package, too—soft heavy foil that rolls up smaller after each pipe load; ten cents. Also sold in pound and half-pound canisters.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO

...in more pipes every day!

(*Continued from page 47*)

spent a whole day in making this room different from any Glory had ever seen, and one that would be livable, even for a sick girl, in zero weather. It had an open fireplace where logs were snapping and blazing; Navajo rugs covered the floor; Indian ornaments of bead, basket and silver work hung on the walls; a fine elk head with massive horns stood out over the mantel; the bed had a coverlet of deep, woolly, soft red, most inviting to the eye. Even the lamp had a shade painted with Indian designs.

Gloriana gasped with delight.

"Pretty nifty, huh?" asked Jim.

"Just lovely. But wait a minute until I can see."

JIM went out to fetch in the luggage. He had to make three trips to the porch and back. "Glory, from the looks of this you've come to stay a while. . . . Turn round, so I can look at you."

She did so, and he saw his sister strangely changed, but how, he could not tell at once. She appeared taller, which might have accounted for her slimness. But Jim looked in vain for a frail, flat-chested girl bordering on consumption. Her face, however, was exceedingly white and herein lay the change that struck him. She looked more than her age. She wore her dark chestnut hair in a fashion new to him, and very becoming. But Glory's great purple eyes were as he had them pictured in a loving memory.

"Well, how do I look?" she asked, soberly.

"Prettier than ever, Glory, only different. I can't figure it yet," said Jim.

"Thanks. I didn't hope for compliment. . . . Jim, you've been away almost a year."

"So long? Gee, time flies. You look fagged. Sit down and tell me about yourself. Mother's letter scared me."

She did not take the chair he indicated, but sat down on the arm of his, and rather timidly took his hand.

"Jim," she said, "you're my last bet."

"Glory! . . . I don't understand," exclaimed Jim, blankly. "What're you driving at?"

"Please—ask me questions."

That from Gloriana May was indeed a strange request. Jim felt an uncomfortable constriction of his throat.

"Glory, have you really lung trouble?" he queried, sharply.

"No. Mother and Dad think so, because I got so white and thin. I coaxed Dr. Williamson to hint of that. I wanted to come West."

"Thank goodness! But are you ill?"

"Only run down, Jim."

"From what?"

"Worry—unhappiness."

Jim let a long silence ensue. He could not ask just then what was forming in his mind.

"Love affair?" he finally asked, lightly.

"Affair—but not love," she replied. "Jim, I—I have disgraced the family."

"My God! . . . Oh, Glory—you can't be serious," he exclaimed, distressed, yet uncertain.

"I wish to heaven I wasn't serious."

Jim grew white. But his next query was made coolly.

"So little sister has kicked over the traces?"

"Jim, don't misunderstand," she said, quickly. "I've been wild, crazy, out of my head. But I can still look you in the eyes."

And she sat up to give him a straight full glance, that was as searching as it was revealing. Jim hid his relief.

"Shore, I never had any notion you couldn't," he replied, essaying Curly's drawl. Then he put his arm around her, which action brought Glory slipping into his lap. Her head went down with a suspicious haste. Her nervous hand tightened on his. "Tell me all about it."

"Jim, you remember when I was sixteen the Andersons took me up," began Glory, presently. "That began my gadding about, my desire for fine clothes—excitement, dancing—and so forth. Then Aunt Mary left me that money. And you remember the summer I graduated—how gay I was—what a wonderful time I had! . . . Even before you left I was traveling with a pretty fast set. But we younger girls hadn't really gotten into it yet.

"After you left home I was about ready for it, I guess. But something happened. I met a man named Darnell—from St. Louis. He was handsome—and all the girls were crazy over him. That tickled me. I—I thought I was in love with him. It *might* have been just as well—the way things turned out. I could have done worse. Mother wanted me to marry Mr. Hanford—you know him—the dry goods merchant."

"Not Henry Hanford?" broke out Jim, incredulously.

"Yes, Henry Hanford. He was more than old enough to be my father. But Mother nagged me nearly to death. I dare say she wanted me to be—safe. Dad hated my running around—and he didn't like Ed Darnell. So we had a bad time for some months. . . . I thought I was engaged to Ed. So did everybody else. All the same I wasn't. He said he was mad about me, but he didn't ask me to marry him. . . . He borrowed a lot of money from me. He was a gambler. Then he embezzled money from Dad. Oh, how wretched it was! He left town, without a word to me.

"The truth came out—and—and the Andersons, the Loyals, the Millers—all my old friends dropped me. Cut me dead! . . . That broke Mother's heart. And it went hard with Dad. . . . Well, I had reached the end of my rope. You know what gossip is in a little town. And gossip made it a great deal worse than it actually was.

"I worried myself sick. Many and many a night I cried myself to sleep. I went down hill. . . . And then I got to thinking about the West—your West. I read all your letters to Mother. You never wrote *me.* And I thought, if I could get out West, far away, it'd be my salvation. . . and here I am."

"Well, is *that* all?" drawled Jim, true to his imitation of Curly. "You shore had me plumb scared."

"JIM!" she cried, and kissed his cheek in mute gratitude. Then before he could say more she burst into tears. Jim thought, to judge by her emotion, that the situation at home had been insupportable for the proud, vain young lady. She had come to him as a last resource, doubtful of her reception, and he had overwhelmed her by making light of her trouble. As a matter of fact Jim felt exceedingly relieved that what he had suspected had been wrong.

Glory had been on the verge of disaster. That seemed enough for him to know. There might have been details which would have hurt him to hear. Pity and tenderness welled up in his heart for his sister. Indeed there had been cause for her to come West and throw herself upon his protection. The very idea was incredible, yet here she was, sobbing softly now, and gaining control of herself.

"Thank God I—I had the courage to come," she said, speaking a thought aloud. "I—I never knew how—good Jim was!"

"Glory, I've got a little confession to make myself," Jim said with a happy laugh. "Not that I've actually fallen by the wayside. But I've gone back on the East. And I'm—"

"Wait," she interrupted, sitting up to dry her eyes. "I haven't told all—and what seems the worst to me."

(*To be continued next week*)

Scraping before Royalty

Continued from page 26

before except in a few rare instances. I was full of gratitude, naturally, but when I tried to thank her, she *froze* me.

"'I was only afraid that your hands might be hurt,' she explained.

"The Grand Duke Constantine, the czar's uncle, was a very different type. A charming gentleman, by far the most cultured of all the Russian royal family. He translated Hamlet into Russian, and his palace was quite a center for the musical and intellectual life of the court. The grand duke was very generous, never failing to make me a present, but almost always it was a book. How I used to wish he would give me some of the money I could hear jingling in his pocket! You see, up to that time I don't think I had ever had a ruble to call my own, and the pastry shops of Petrograd were a torment. The hours I spent in front of them, my nose glued to the window!

Royal Praise

"When I was in England, on my first concert tour, I heard from the empress mother again. She was visiting her sister, Queen Alexandra, and one day I received a royal command to appear at Buckingham Palace. You couldn't imagine two women more absolutely unlike, for the empress mother was just as hard and autocratic as Queen Alexandra was charming, gracious and spontaneous. Maybe they were born that way, and maybe it was the difference between living in despotic Russia and democratic England.

"The empress mother listened with her usual unsmiling face, but Queen Alexandra was as cordial and demonstrative as though she had paid for her seat and was determined to get the good of it.

"'Oh!' she exclaimed. 'I was in heaven!' And she held out both hands to me in an impulsive gesture that gave her words sincerity. Now *that* was real pay, wasn't it?

"A year later, I think it was, anyway I was back in Russia, a cable came with the message that King Edward desired me to play at a concert for his pet charity. At first I thought it was the work of Paola Tosti—he was then a sort of court musician in London—but later on I found that King Edward had a very sincere love of music, and took keenest interest in his programs, arranging them personally.

"I suppose you'll ask why I took the long journey just to oblige a mere king? Well, it was quite an honor to be chosen, but the thing that moved me most was the news that Caruso and Melba were to be the other two artists. Can't you see what that meant to a young fiddler, with all his career before him, and his head buzzing with dreams of glory? Caruso and Melba! *To be on the same program with them!*

"Ah, and how nice they were to me! Such generosity and consideration. When I was in Australia last year, Melba was dear enough to suggest a joint concert—her voice is still the lovely thing it always was—and just as we were about to go on for one of our numbers, she leaned over and whispered, 'Do you remember Albert Hall, Efrem, and the emerald pin?'

"Sixteen years had gone, but my heart actually felt a bit of the old ache. You see, the king gave me an emerald pin after the concert—a big, beautiful stone that burned with a green fire—and since it was the first piece of jewelry I had ever owned, my whole soul went out to it. I wanted the whole world to see it, and to know about it, and the very next night I bought a seat in the front row of some theater. After all, I wasn't yet twenty-one.

"How I ever managed to get down the aisle I don't know, for my chest stuck out yards in front of me. I don't think I saw the performance at all, what with twisting and turning so that the emerald might catch the light. Well, one person at least was captivated, for as I went out, some pickpocket stole my beloved pin. It was months before I got over the grief of it. *Months!*

"Perhaps the proudest day of my life was when I became an American citizen—really, it takes a foreigner to appreciate America—but democrat though I am, I will always have a soft spot for King Edward. What manner and what charm! He visited with us for quite a while after the concert—that was when he gave me the pin—and I remember thinking what a blessing it would be if we could only trade the czar for him.

"My meeting with King George was not so pleasant, although the fault was all my own. I would have known him at once for the son of his father, the resemblance was so strong, and there was the same friendly, affable manner. After my presentation, he said something about my playing but to my horror, I could not understand a single word. His voice was very low, for one thing, and even at the risk of being strung up for lese majesty, I will always swear that he *mumbled*. The sweat broke out on me, and the Russian ambassador standing near, saw my agony and leaped into the breach.

"'Mr. Zimbalist,' he said, 'is not yet the complete master of English that he hopes to be, and if Your Majesty will be good enough to repeat his remark, I will translate it into Russian.'

"His majesty was good enough, and repeated what sounded to me like a succession of glub-glubs. I looked around at the ambassador to hear his translation, and saw that he was no less embarrassed than I had been.

"'Damned if I can make out what he's saying,' he said to me in Russian, 'but we can't stand here all night asking him to try it again. Say "Yes, Your Majesty," and let it go at that.'"

The Far East

"You must have done pretty well in Japan. I've never seen finer porcelains than those given you by the emperor."

"Not the emperor," he protested. "The prince regent. The emperor was ill at the time of my visit. That was in 1921. Funny, but before leaving for Japan I had the doleful feeling that it was a crazy thing to do, despite assurances to the contrary, for how could Occidental music possibly mean anything to them? You can imagine how cheap I felt when they took me to the Royal Academy of Music, and had me listen to Beethoven's Choral Symphony played by a full orchestra of Japanese, and played superbly and with exquisite feeling.

"The afternoon following the night of my concert, I went to the palace by the regent's invitation. I had no other idea than that I would have to sit cross-legged on a bamboo mat, eat all sorts of weird dishes, and take my pick of alluring geisha girls, but I might as well have been at a tea in Europe or the United States as far as Oriental flavor was concerned.

"The prince regent and other members of the royal family all spoke per-

(*Continued on page 50*)

WHAT!
- no wheels to turn?

JUST press—
and it lights!

Release—*and it's out!*

As sure as shooting and as regular as clock-work!

One hand—one finger—
ONE MOTION!

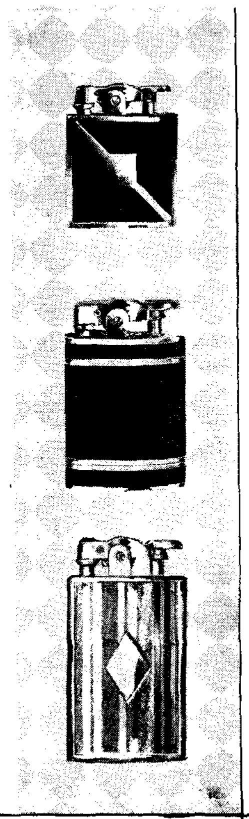
The one-finger Ronson automatic action is the secret of this lighter's leadership all over the world.

For a lighter, like a watch, is only as good as its *works.*

With a Ronson there's no wheel to spin, no thumb to nurse, no smudge on finger or glove.

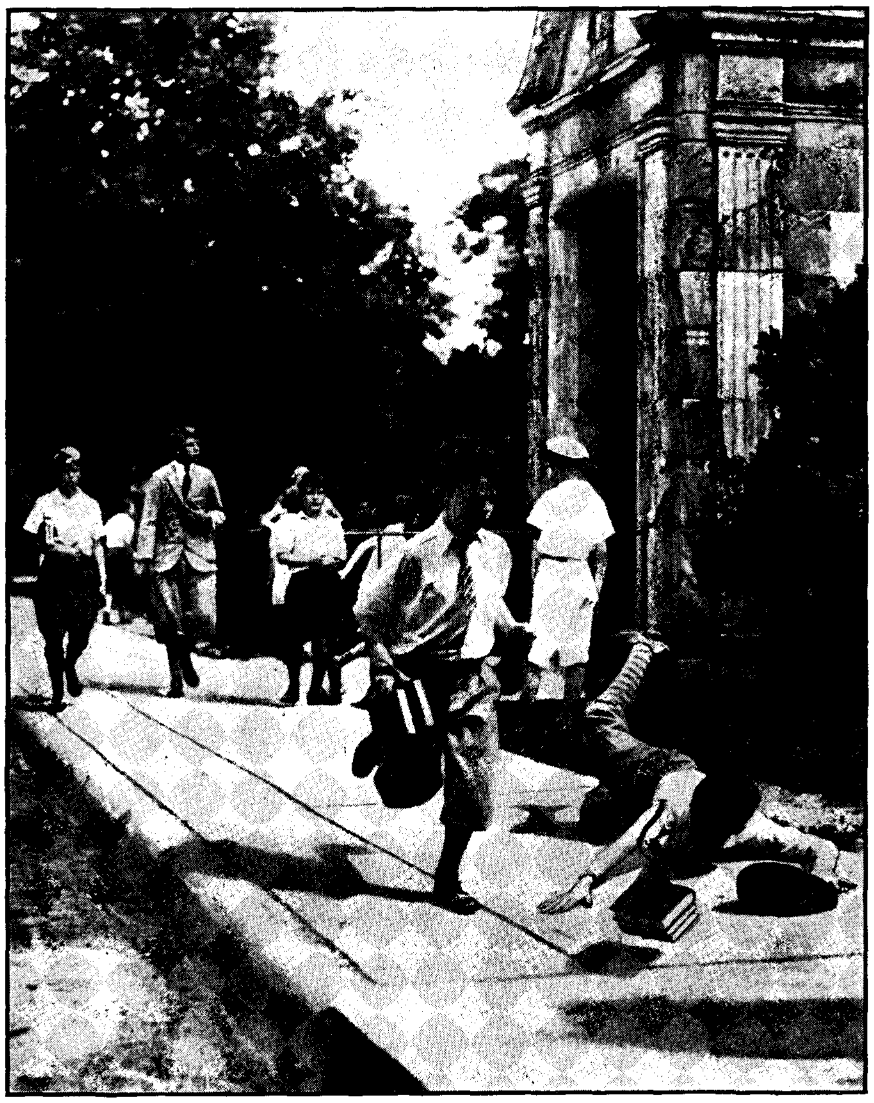
A flip—and it's lit!
Release—and it's out!

ART METAL WORKS, INC., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J. *In Canada:* Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., 64 Princess Street, Toronto, Ont.



Ronson, the perfect lighter in the perfect case, is made in seven sizes and a great variety of styles, coverings and finishes for pocket, desk and table. Priced at $5. and up. At smart shops everywhere.

NEW 1930 MODELS
RONSON
TRADE MARK REG. FULLY PATENTED. OTHER PATS. PENDING
De-light
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



DANGER
lurks in childhood hurts
—keep Absorbine, Jr. handy

MOTHERS have learned the danger of neglecting playtime hurts or considering them trivial. Today, they protect the children with Absorbine, Jr., kept within easy reach. Absorbine, Jr. is antiseptic. Use it full strength to eliminate the danger of infection in a bruise or cut. Absorbine, Jr. is always safe and reliable to use. It will not harm tender tissue or skin. When little bodies become lame and stiff after a fall, Absorbine, Jr. will bring quick relief from pain and soreness. Keep a bottle in the medicine cabinet.

At All Druggists, $1.25 *Send for Free Trial Bottle*

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
Springfield,
Mass.

For Sprains and Bruises
Rub Absorbine, Jr. on full strength to reduce swelling and relieve pain.

Absorbine Jr
Absorbine Jr

Relieves Sore Muscles
Painful muscular aches disappear like magic when rubbed with Absorbine, Jr.

Absorbine Jr.

(Continued from page 49)

fect English and both men and women were dressed just as if they had stepped into the drawing-room out of a New York or London street. About the only difference I noticed was in the furnishings. Americans and Europeans clutter up their homes, seeming to feel miserable if every inch of floor and wall space isn't occupied with tables, chairs, cabinets, pictures and jimcracks. The Japanese make no such mistake, and as a result, their houses have an effect of spaciousness, and give an amazing sense of restfulness.

Three Times Round the World

"The Japanese are the most intense nationalists in the world, but also the least provincial. Just as they are taking the best in music from the Occident, so they are taking the best of everything in Western industry, art, education and agriculture. I have an absorbing interest in people and governments, and never enter a country without trying to study and understand it. Art, after all, has its roots in life, and an artist must keep close to life unless he would see his art become narrow and ingrown.

"I must say, however, that the prince regent shamed me by his intimate knowledge of Europe and the United States. Instead of my telling him, he told me.

"Going from Japan to China was like leaving the open air for a sickroom. I don't mean that the Chinese aren't on the right track, for the worst democracy is better than the best despotism, but they have not yet been able to rise above factionalism, and too many of the leaders are bandits rather than patriots. At least, it was so when I was there. The so-called wars were little better than dog fights."

It was at this point that I felt something on my line—nothing in the way of an active, palpitating presence, but more in the nature of a sinking feeling, a sense of depression. Away I pulled, increasingly convinced that I had caught my hook in seaweed or an old rubber coat, but a last despairing jerk brought a loathsome, lymphatic, goggle-eyed cod to the surface, the slow tears dripping down its flabby cheeks.

"About these round-the-world tours?" The cod, after various attempts to lay his head on my shoulder, now reposed at the bottom of the boat, permitting conversation to be resumed. "How many have you made, anyway?"

"Three."

"But isn't it a long time between audiences? Where can you possibly find places to play on the other side of the earth?"

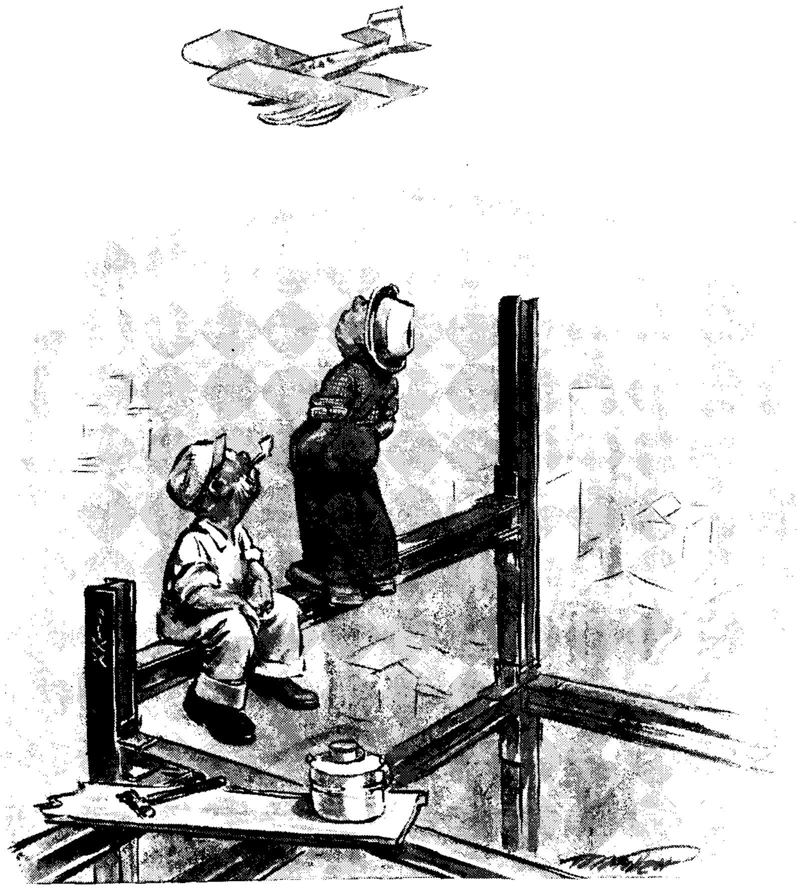
"Plenty of them. Take my last trip, for instance. Across the United States to San Francisco, and then lovely Honolulu with its cultured, delightful people; after that New Zealand and Australia, Java, Singapore and the Chinese cities—Honkong, Shanghai, Peking and Tientsin. From China to Japan and Korea, then Manila and the Malay states, Rangoon in Burma, and Calcutta, Bombay, Agra and Delhi in India.

"English, Americans and Dutch make up your audiences for the most part, but you'd be surprised at the number of natives—the upper classes, of course—who have come to an appreciation of Occidental music."

As we chugged back to Fisher's Island through the soft twilight, I put a last question:

"Tell me this and I'll bother you no more with music and things musical: Does a musical genius come into the world with his mind set on what he wants to play? What I mean is this: were you born with a passion for the violin, crying for one while you were still in your crib? Did Paderewski clamor for a piano the minute he was able to balance on his legs?"

"I don't think so." Zimbalist studied the question as though the matter had never occurred to him. "No, I'm certain it's not that way at all. I could have been a singer if I'd had the right sort of vocal equipment, just as Caruso could have been a violinist. And I think I could have been as good a pianist as I am a violinist if my parents had headed me in that direction."



"'Aviaytor nuthin'!' I sez to him. 'A steel worker yer old man is, an' a steel worker you'll be! You stick to a job where you got somep'n solid under yer feet!'"

Pig Iron Dugan

Continued from page 10

in the mountains and Sue will be there. How about it, Joe?"

That was easy to take, so I went up; but imagine my surprise when I saw that Rosie and Steve was also invited and had brought with them another guy from State named Biff Hagan, who was supposed to be pretty good if you believe the papers.

Biff was almost as big as me but the first day there I found out I could lift more. They wanted a stove moved in from a shed and Steve and Biff was gruntin' under it so I just shoved them away and lifted it up and carried it in on my back.

Rosie was firing up her furnace all the time and looked at me like I was a dog she'd like to take a kick at. So I put on the agony with Sue all the more. Just about then Biff began making a play for Sue and when he wouldn't take a hint after I'd give him a few looks I finally had to tell him where to head in at. Rosie happened to be there and she opened up on me for fair, proving how dangerous it is to scorn a lady even when she's pretending to give you the air.

"YOU bully," she said, after she had saved Biff's life by coaxing him to go in the house. Sue was there and heard it all.

"I beg pardon," I said in my best Thorndyke manner.

"Don't put on any agony with me, Pig Iron Dugan," she said, and her eyes were snapping sparks. "I know you too well. Suppose I tell your lady friend about your father's red underwear and how he don't wear shoes in the house and how he gets arrested. You've got a lot of nerve to high-hat me, you common millworker!"

"I was all right, though, when you thought I was going to State," I told her; "that's what's burning you up, Rosie."

"Don't you Rosie me—I hate you," she shouted. "It was the biggest break State ever got when you run out on us."

"Yeh?" I said, tryin' to hold in.

"Yeh!" she yelled, and I thought for a minute she was gonna take a swing at me, she was so sore, "Yeh. You're just a big false alarm. Nobody is giving you a tumble any more and you're too thick to see it. I told you you'd fold up soon as you played somebody your size. You're yellow."

She busted out cryin' and run away. I stood like a sap for a minute. Sue didn't say nothing but was as calm and pretty and soothing as the rainbow after the storm. I said good-by to her and took my suitcase and walked to the station. Every time I thought of what Rosie had said it would burn me up more. I went to see Ben.

"I want to work like you said," I told him. He looked at me kind of funny and before long I was doing more work than any three hunkies in the metal yard. It was that way all summer—early to bed, early to rise and work like hell all day. I only went down town a few times and that was to find Steve because somebody said he was knockin' me. He had sense enough to keep outa my way as I woulda busted him sure.

Then I got a big break. Thorndyke and Boswell had their big scrap and broke off relations and who did we schedule for our Thanksgiving game? Dear old State. I would go around the metal yard laughing to myself, picking up the biggest pigs I could find and throwing them down in the buggies.

"Have you gone crazy?" Big Pig would yell at me. "You'll break them buggies in two."

But I knew what I was doing. Steve and Biff each one weighed about 200. So I picked them 200-pound pigs up and tossed them down until it got to be second nature. I was sore all summer and everybody kept away from me but the way it turned out I was sure glad I was in shape to do what I did.

When I went back to school I didn't say much to anybody but just wanted to be bustin' things like a dam inside me was tryin' to break and preferred to crash through a lot of guys.

Anyhow it was a shame the way I mopped up them gridirons with Notre Dame and Yale. After the Princeton game the whole school was at my feet and Davis, the press agent, came to me.

"Say, Joe," he said to me, "lissen, we ain't had a all-American here for a few years and I wanta make one. Is there anything unusual about you we could use for a buildup, something to get the eye of the writers, like a four horseman or something like that?"

"No," I said, "I'm just a common feller and pictures and writeups don't mean a thing to me because all I'm after is a education."

Then I just happened to mention about me workin' in the mill and being called Pig Iron.

"Great!" He slapped me on the back. "A natural! Pig Iron Dugan, the Man of Steel! You just keep in shape and play a fair game and you're over right now. If we could only get a picture of you in workin' clothes."

I didn't like the whole idea. Anyhow, just to please him and because I wanted to burn Rosie up and one thing and another, I said we might stop on the way back from the Michigan game and have a few shots taken. Well I made four touchdowns against them wolverines with no trouble and the papers all wrote me up. When we stopped at the mill they took pictures of me workin' all over the mill in places I never was before, like the gas producers, and the next week, when I beat the Navy, they had the pictures ready to use.

Pig Iron Dugan got as famous as Babe and Gene and Jack, and when I made my Broadway appearance against Army, the big shots from all over was there to see the Old Kid in action.

That was the day Trumbull wrote the po'try about the Flashing Ingot—it's on the first page of one of my scrapbooks.

WELL, it got to be time for our game with State and the whole world was looking forward to it as they had happened to have a pretty fair year and was champs of their section.

We were to play the game at State and the night before all of us was up on a balcony getting interduced to the pep meeting. They called on Steve, who had got himself elected captain some way, and Biff and Old Blood and their coach, and then they called on me. Well you should have heard the swell reception what I got. I don't like them things usually but I knew Rosie was in the crowd somewheres burnin' up, and for that reason I laid it on a little thick.

"Listen," I said to the crowd, "tomorrow you are gonna see a real football game and we are goin' to beat State five touchdowns and anybody that thinks different will have to get by me.

"I ain't got nothin' against State," I told them. "As far as I know it's all right. But there's some people goes here I can't use and all I want you

(*Continued on page 52*)

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(*Continued from page 51*)

folks to know tomorrow is I ain't really got anything agin your school."

Some of the soreheads give me the razzberry but when I went through the crowd nobody cracked wise to me and Steve and Biff was hangin' together.

Well, the next morning I got a note from Rosie.

"You big stiff," she wrote, in accents mild, "you made a holy show of yourself last night as usual and today you are going to pay for it. Our boys are going to get you and make you show yellow like I said you would. And when they carry you off the field or you run away, just look up at section B in the front box and see me laugh."

That was all that was needed to make the Ingot Flaming.

When Old Blood started his usual pep-talk act before the game, I said:

"Don't waste no time on me, coach. I'm red-hot like you never saw me before. All I ask is that you don't take me outa the game under any reason."

Well, he promised. You can imagine how the Old Kid felt just before the kick-off. His last game, the whole world looking on, his enemies before him out in the open where they couldn't get away, and the Old Kid never feelin' better in his life and that fire inside getting ready to bust open like a volcano.

They kicked to me and I took it and run down the field never even lookin' for interference although I understand I got some. Well I stiff-armed them guys like they was squaw men and it looked like a revolution when I hit their twenty-five-yard line, the way the bodies was all over the field. I remember smackin' Biff under the left ear on the way down. Then suddintly just ahead of me, the only guy between the goal, was Steve.

Well, I coulda side-stepped him easy or outspeeded him, but I figgered he would even help me do that, so I didn't do that. I had this mug out in the open with the eyes of the world, but particularly Rosie, on us, and I went straight for him, head down. He had to make a try for me or dog it. They called it a great tackle but if somebody hadn't kicked me in the ear and another guy twisted my knee, I'da got right up and walked acrost the gool. Anyhow I did get up but they had to drag out the gas tank for friend Steve.

WE HAD first down on the eleven-yard line.

"I'm comin' right at you," I told Biff who was backin' up the line. The center and guard didn't bother me none at all and I let Biff have it under the chin with my left as I straightened up. He went down and then I made for Steve who was coming in at me. I side-stepped him and made a monkey outa him in the open, and wandered across the gool for a touchdown. When I was just about stopped, six of them hopped on me and tried to kick me in the ribs and bump my head with their knees but I was too busy laughin' to bother.

After I kicked the extra point, we kicked off to them and I kicked right to Steve. He got only as far as his twenty-yard line when the old Ingot was flaming down there. He slowed up when he saw me coming but I had left my feet and hit him like a ton of bricks. Then I had a little lapse of mem'ry. They told me I was out for a little bit and when they brought me two, my boys said Biff had jumped on my neck and Steve had give me the knee as he was going down.

Well, they lined up and I took my position back of the line.

"How you feelin' now?" Biff yelled across at me.

"Take the ball and see how I feel," I said.

"Give it to me," he told his quarterback.

"Let him through," I told my linemen.

He took it all right and our center and guard let him through. I met him head-on, picked him up like I did the pigs and slammed him down like four tons of ore. I felt kind of sorry for him as they carried him off, because he wasn't such a bad egg, only he was in with the wrong people.

The State stands was booing me and our side was cheering. I was just beginnin' to feel real good.

"Now you take it," I told Steve.

He did but he run around the other side and let himself get tackled before I could get to him. A couple of them took slugs at me anyhow and I just put their faces down in the book for individual attention later on.

WELL, Steve managed to keep away from me by going out and ketching a few passes on the other side where I couldn't get to him. Meanwhile these other birds were letting me have anything they had loose, from shoes to knuckles. I took everything they had and whenever they tried any line-plays, I just picked up the boys and tossed them down.

"That's illegal tackling," Steve complained to the ref.

"All right," the ref said, "after the game I'll make him apologize."

I give him the big laugh then and it made Steve so mad that he said:

"I'm coming at you, you Shanty Irish."

"Let him through," I told my linemen. "And you better say your prayers, you mug."

Everybody on both sides seemed to be stopping and watching the play. My line let him come and I up to meet him. He came head down and knees high and swingin' his left. One of his knees caught my right arm and he cracked me under the chin with his left; but I picked him up with my left and my chest, got my right arm up, swinging him over my head, and banged him down on his ear.

He dropped the ball and I let him go, picked it up and got away for forty yards and another touchdown which was in the rules last year. They were carrying poor Steve off when I got back. I felt sorry for him then. I realized it wasn't Steve and Biff so much as Rosie I had been sore at. And all of a sudden I wasn't sore at Rosie.

Them State guys laid away from me for a little while and I made another touchdown before they got wise that I wasn't playing no superman football any more. They begin letting me have everything under the calendar and I'd laugh and give it back to 'em. Finally the coach came out and said:

"Joe, you're sure all-American and we got the game on ice and you look like hell with your eyes about shut and your nose flat and cripes knows what shape your ribs are in. How about calling it a day unless you need to go in in the second half?"

"All right, Blood," I said. "I guess I've done all I had to do out here anyhow and I can't see very good anyhow any more—don't seem to have much ambition. All I want to do is go by section B."

SO HE took me out and the crowd stood up and rocked the stands and I began to feel kinda scared inside as I started looking in the boxes. Rosie was leaning out, waving at me.

"Well, Rosie," I said, "how am I?"

She seemed to be cryin' so I said:

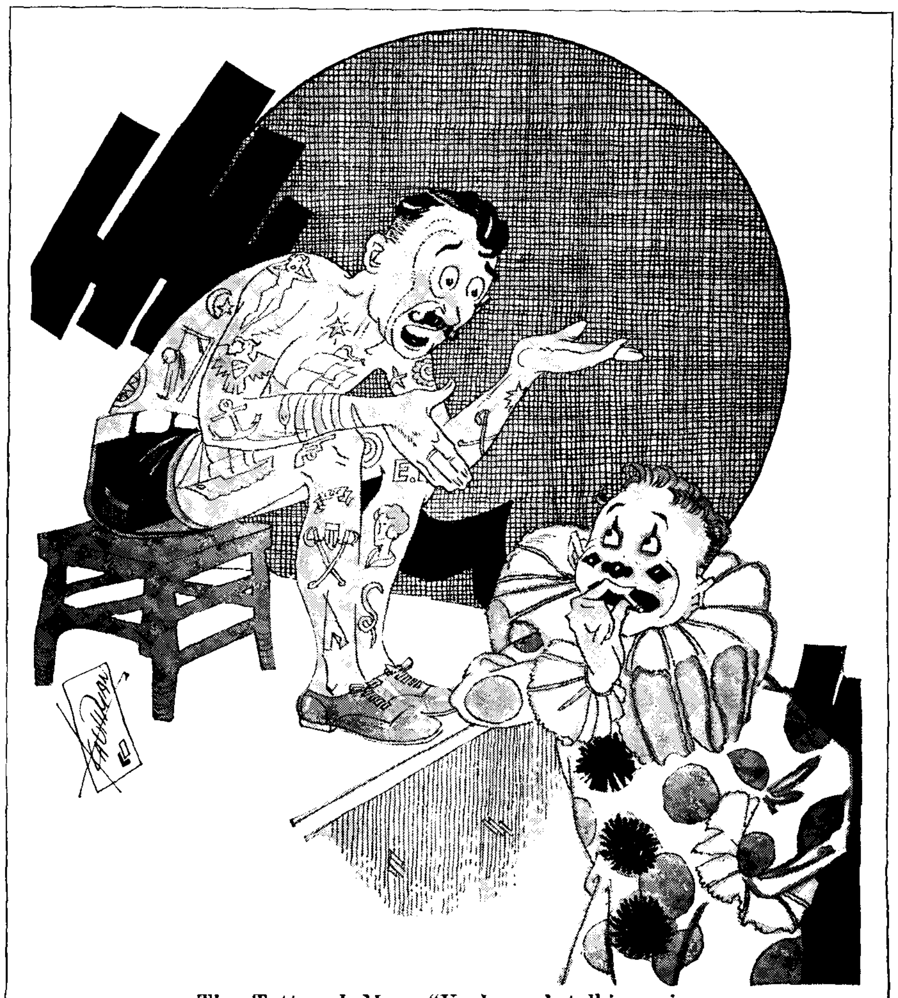
"How's Steve and Biff? I ain't sore at them now, Rosie. You said I would show yellow and you know you burned me up. Are you still sore at me?"

Then she laughed and cried at the same time and reached out her arms and said:

"Come here you damn' Shanty Irish."

It's funny; but when she said it that way it never burned me up at all.

There is some more to this story but *even a great public idle is entitled to* keep some things private and sacred.



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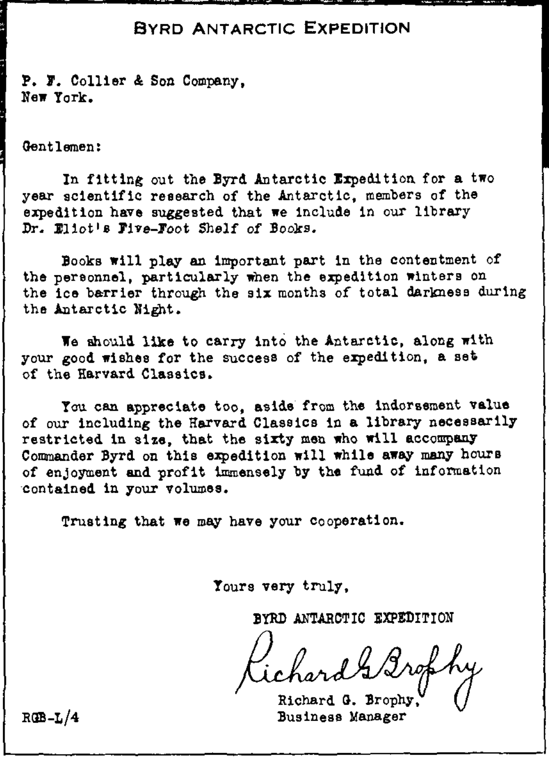

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{The Harvard Classics}

King Karney

Continued from page 8

He was called Diamond Belt Jake. He always dressed in black, like an undertaker, but under his somber garb he wore a belt set with big diamonds. It was worth twenty thousand dollars. It was said of him, that like the king of old, he could have hung that belt on any lamp post in his city, and left it there, unwatched, and nobody would have dared to touch it.

Older than Karney by twenty years, Diamond Belt Jake was a shrewd ruler, and as ruthless as he was shrewd. He, too, had fought his way to power, and he gripped it with an iron fist. For him King Karney had respect, and jealousy. To Karney's mind that bejeweled belt had become a symbol. It was the royal crown of the underworld.

Diamond Belt Jake knew Karney for a strong man and never encroached on his territory. There was this difference between them: To Camp, power meant money; to Karney power meant power.

ON a fog-thick night in November, 1925, a heavily built man walked out of his big house to go to a club to play poker. His attire was expensive and black. Meat and wine had mottled his well-jowled face. He was alone and unarmed, for he knew that in that city there was no one he need fear.

At the corner a taxi was waiting. He thought it empty and hailed it in a deep, rye-coarsened voice. Two men got out of the cab, young men, sprucely dressed. Jacob Camp ran a quick, casual eye over them. They were of a type he knew well, but they were strangers to him. As he stepped into the vacated taxi, he felt, at the base of his skull, the pressure of something chill and metallic, and the voice of one of the men was even more chill and metallic than his pistol, as he said:

"Get in there and keep your face shut. One peep out of you and I'll let you have it."

Camp recognized the professional tone of the procedure and obeyed. He was more surprised and puzzled than frightened. He sat between the two men. A passer-by might have thought them a father and his two sons starting out for an evening of pleasure.

"Say, you gorillas, ain't you making a little mistake?" said Camp, but he did not raise his voice. "I'm Jake Camp."

"King Karney wants to see you," said the man who was holding the gun against Camp's ribs.

"Damn funny way he has of going about it," muttered Camp. He was beginning to be a little bit afraid now. His escorts said nothing. The taxi clicked through the town. At an apartment house in the outskirts it stopped. The men conducted Jake Camp to an apartment where King Karney was sitting at a table.

"Sit down, Jake," King Karney said. The two men withdrew. The two kings faced each other across the table.

"What's the idea?" snapped Camp. "You got a hell of a nerve, pulling stuff like this."

"Sure," said King Karney.

"Your life won't be worth a plugged nickel."

"Maybe," said King Karney. Then, "Give me your belt."

"What do you mean?"

"You heard me."

Camp knew better than to temporize. He knew men. He unbuckled the diamond belt and tossed it on the table. It lay there like a glittering snake. Karney picked it up and fastened it around his lean, well-conditioned waist.

"Jake," said King Karney, "you're through."

"Yeah?"

"You can keep your jack. You can keep your life. Get in my way and you'll lose both. My mob has moved into this town, by ones and twos, under cover, see? It's all figured out. Try to stop me, and twenty of your best guns will be stiff in the morgue before morning. And you, too, Jake. Now, get this—"

"Well?" rasped Camp.

"Outside a fast car is waiting. You're going in it. You'll be in Montreal by morning. By night you'll be on a ship bound for France. I'll see you get your jack. Max and Leo will go along with you. There better not be any slips."

A guttural laugh sounded in the room. Camp was laughing.

"You win, King," he said. "You can think so, anyhow. But I'm the real winner."

"What do you mean?" Karney was perplexed.

"You'll see—some day."

That night King Karney walked into the speakeasy where Jake Camp's principal lieutenants were to be found. He was alone. Most of the men there knew him, by sight, anyhow. They accorded him the courtesy due a visiting monarch. That was until he walked to the bar and ordered mineral water. Then, for his coat was unbuttoned, they saw the gleam of his diamond belt. They gaped at it. He turned to them.

"I'm wearing it now, see?" he said, quietly. "Camp is through. You take your orders from me."

He turned again to the bar and drank his mineral water. They were like frozen men staring with frozen eyes. They could do nothing. His nerve broke their nerve.

WITH two of the biggest cities overcome, he could now dictate to the rest. Willingly, or unwillingly, the others fell in line. There came a day when King Karney sat enthroned over an empire which extended from Los Angeles to Boston, from Seattle to Miami. He bestrode his world like a Colossus. Able pro-consuls ruled for him in the outlying provinces, and they rendered tribute to him. He was as well known as the President of the republic, and, in his own world, he was more powerful, for he asked advice and counsel from nobody, and had no congress to conciliate. He was the law.

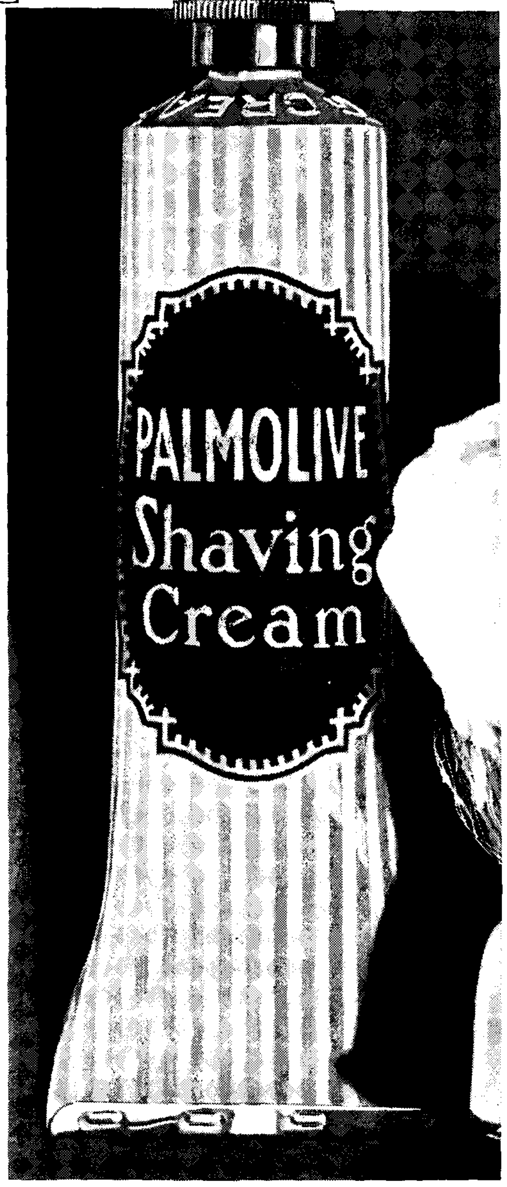
There was another law in the land, but it was not for him. He broke it every day, broke it openly, and gave it hardly a passing thought. He lived outside it, and above it. When, sometimes, certain newspapers clamored for his arrest, he was as amused as when his young son cried for the moon. He made jokes about it with high police officials; and they laughed with him.

He was forty. He felt tired, nervous, depressed. The doctors said he must rest. They pointed out that from boyhood he had worked unceasingly. Karney knew, inside him, what the trouble really was. He was sick of being king. That was it. The fight upward to the throne had wholly absorbed him. Now his lust for power was satisfied. His kingdom ran smoothly, with well-oiled gears. He had reached his goal. There were no new worlds to conquer.

He had been thinking about himself. He had been thinking about that other world to which he did not belong—the

(*Continued on page 56*)

7 Shaves for a Postage Stamp



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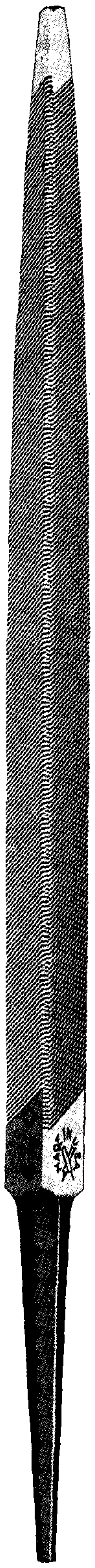

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(*Continued from page 55*)

world of respectability. Once he had sneered at it. He felt differently about it now. He thought about his son, young Stephen, growing up fast. Once he had wanted his boy to follow in his footsteps. Now he had no such wish. Karney knew his own world. It was exciting, but it was hard, sordid, ugly. His son must have a better world.

He understood, now, the words of Jacob Camp. Camp was out of it. Camp was free. He, Karney, was caught in his own machine. It was not easy for him to wrench himself out of it. He was needed. The other men knew that. When he talked of going away, there were mutterings, veiled threats. He ended by doing what he had always done, and that was what he wanted to do. He went away.

He bought a small yacht and quietly left his kingdom in the hands of time. For two years he was gone from his capital, sailing strange seas. He knew Singapore, Rangoon, Samoa, Hué—the ports of the world. From his own world, he cut himself off. When he came back, it was as a private citizen, unannounced, to put his son in a good school, to look after his investments. Then, he thought, he would go away again.

He did not go to his old haunts. He took a suite in a fashionable hotel. There his old friend, Eddie Galvin, sought him out. Eddie was plainly not easy in his mind.

"Listen, King." Eddie spoke breathlessly. "You got to act fast. Jake Camp is back. Just three months. Some Greeks took him for his roll in Paris. He's here to grab another."

"O. K. with me," said King Karney.

EDDIE GALVIN stared at him.

"Ain't you going to give him a battle?"

"Not me," said King Karney.

"You'd better."

"Why?"

"He's running things."

"He can."

"But he knows you're back, King."

"What if he does?"

"I'm tipping you to something. He's given the word."

"About me?"

"Yes. It's worth ten grand to the guy who gets you. He's strong, King. I beat his mob here. They're on the way. What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing, Eddie. Thanks for the tip. Look out for yourself. You'll need to. I can handle my end. Now you take a sneak for yourself."

Reluctantly, Eddie Galvin went away. King Karney smiled grimly. So there was a price on his head. He stopped smiling. He knew Camp. Camp was cunning, and he'd go through with it. Karney grew taut. In a few minutes, death would be waiting for him on every street corner. Every avenue of escape would be watched. Jake Camp was thorough. He began to sweat.

He was alone in his hotel suite, for his wife had taken his son to school. Suddenly, he began to smile again. He had an idea. A place of safety had occurred to him, the safest place in the world.

From his baggage he took a shining new automatic pistol bought in Hamburg as a gift for a friend. He stuck it in his pocket and went down to the lobby, and then out of the ornate door of the hotel. Not far from the door a stolid-faced policeman stood. King Karney came to a halt a few feet from him. Then Karney drew the pistol from his pocket and stood examining it thoughtfully. The policeman pounced on him and grabbed his wrist.

"Got a permit?" the officer demanded.

"No."

"Come along, then."

"Sure."

The policeman was looking at him hard.

"Say," the officer exclaimed, "I've seen your face."

"Like it?"

"I got it now," ejaculated the officer. "Why, you're King Karney."

"Am I?"

"I didn't know you were back," said the policeman. His manner was respectful, apologetic. "Well, we all make mistakes."

He handed the gun back to Karney and started to walk away.

"JUST a minute, officer," King Karney called after him.

"What's the matter?"

"Ain't you going to arrest me?"

The policeman grinned.

"Not me," he said.

"I'm not asking you to lay off, am I?"

The policeman wrinkled up his face. Obviously his mind was struggling with a new and startling idea.

"No," he said. "But I'm laying off, just the same. I got a wife and three kids. I don't want to get mixed up in anything."

"Suppose I want you to lock me up?"

The policeman looked worried.

"I don't get it," he said. "But, listen—please don't put this onto me, King. I got a wife and three kids—"

Karney shrugged his shoulders and walked away. He made his way cautiously down the avenue. Three blocks from his hotel he stopped. A new, sparkling motor car, a millionaire's chariot, was parked at the curb. King Karney swung himself into the seat behind the wheel. He took his time about starting the car. It was poking its nose out into the traffic when its owner, fat and irate, came panting out of a store screaming, "Stop thief!"

King Karney did not put on full speed. The owner ran alongside the purloined car and hopped on the running board, bellowing violently. At the corner, Officer Wetsel, on traffic duty, pulled his revolver and commanded the car to stop. Karney stopped.

"He's stealing my car," cried the owner.

"You got me right," said King Karney, in tones of resignation.

"Why, strike me blind, is that you, King?" said Officer Wetsel.

"Hello, August," said King Karney.

"Is this guy trying to pull something?" demanded the policeman, sternly eyeing the owner of the car.

"No," said King Karney. "It's his bus all right."

"Guess you made a mistake, eh, King?" Officer Wetsel said. "Thought the bus was yours, eh?"

"No," said King Karney.

Officer Wetsel lifted his cap and scratched his head. He felt, acutely, the need of doing something official. So he roared at the astonished owner of the car.

"Drive along, you."

"But he stole my car," protested the man.

"Don't try to tell me my duty," said Officer Wetsel. "You leave him to me. Now step on the gas. You're blocking traffic."

"But he tried to steal—" began the man.

"Want a ticket?" shot out Officer Wetsel. "You beat it."

Shaking his head, the owner of the car drove away.

"Listen, King," said Officer Wetsel, "Do me a favor, will you? Pinch all the boilers you want, but not on my beat."

"Why don't you lock me up, August?" said King Karney.

Officer Wetsel's laugh boomed out above the noise of the traffic.

"I've been standing in the sun twenty years," he said, "but it ain't made me cuckoo yet."

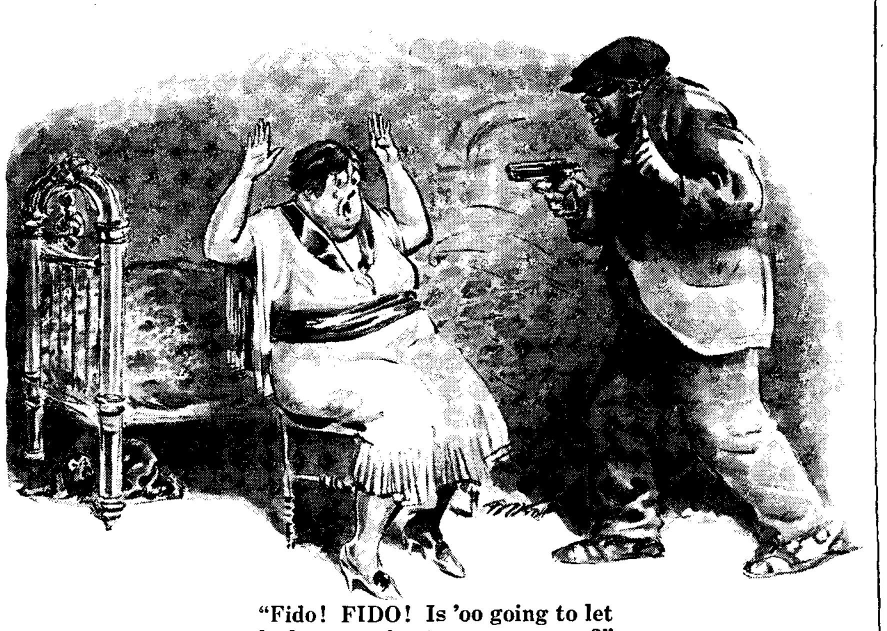
AN OPEN car whizzed by them, filled with wolfish-looking men. King Karney recognized them. Some of Jake Camp's old mob. They had him spotted. But they wouldn't try to do anything with a cop so near.

King Karney's big jaw tightened. He shook himself. He seemed to be shaking off a mood. He squared his shoulders, and with a nod, and a "So long, August," to the policeman, he strode away. His brief season of panic was over.

He walked along, with his head held high. He was ashamed of himself. He was a king, and he had, in a moment of weakness, sought the safety of a cell!

King Karney walked back to his hotel with a firm stride. He went up to his room. He rummaged in a trunk, and fished out the diamond belt. With hands which did not tremble he buckled it around his waist. Then, very slowly, he made his way to the elevator, and down to the street, and he walked, head high, careless, proudly, into the heart of the district where Jake Camp and his men held forth.

He heard, behind him, the roar of a motor car, and the squeal of its brakes as it came to a stop. He turned to face the men in it. He opened his coat so they could see the shine of the diamonds in the sunlight. Erect, smiling, he faced them. He was a target they could not miss.



"Fido! FIDO! Is 'oo going to let bad mans shoot your momma?"

The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 32

and begged him to lead him back to the table, and when he was there, sank to his chair.

"You saw them?" asked Count Stürm, shivering.

"Yes, I saw them, sir."

"He had a woman with him. Surely, surely, it was Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz?"

"Surely and indeed it was she," replied De Haverbeck, steadily. "And did you not expect to see her? You say you knew he went to Arnsdorf last night?"

Count Stürm did not reply; he looked very oddly at De Haverbeck, drumming nervously with his dry fingers on the table.

"What do you know of this?" he asked at last, sharply and harshly.

De Haverbeck replied instantly and with some arrogance:

"I know nothing that you cannot guess, sir."

A LACKEY opened the door softly, and announced:

"His highness the Elector."

"I will not see him," said De Haverbeck, with a touch of agitation in his manner. "Suffer me to retire until he has gone."

Count Stürm said:

"There is a closet behind that screen. You may wait there if you will."

De Haverbeck went behind the screen and closed the door, which was thick. He could not overhear the conversation between the Elector and Count Stürm. Nor did he endeavor to do so.

The minister rose on his master's entry. Johann Georg motioned him back to his chair, and himself took that which De Haverbeck had recently vacated.

Count Stürm, who always believed in carrying the assault into the enemy's camp, said:

"I have to inform Your Highness that you have been married by proxy to the Margravine of Anspach. She will arrive in Dresden in two or three days."

"Very well," said the Elector, sullenly, thrusting his hands into his pockets.

"It is very well?" breathed Count Stürm.

"For me," smiled Johann Georg, "it is very well indeed. I hope the Margravine will like Dresden."

"Has Your Highness any commands for me?" asked Count Stürm, steadily, confronting his fate.

"Yes, I have some commands for you," replied the Elector in tones of authority that he had never used before to his father's minister. "Marshal Pollnitz will be retired from his post, which he is altogether incapable of holding, and Major-General von Neitschütz will be appointed to the command of the army—"

"Ah," said the minister.

"The post of chamberlain will be given to his son, Captain Clement von Neitschütz of the Life Guards. His brother, Casimir von Neitschütz, will be promoted to be a general in the cavalry. See that this is all done on the instant. This afternoon I give an audience to Sir William Colt and Count Spanheim; and I will not see M. de Ritienac as has been arranged."

The Elector rose with the air of a man who, having delivered a round volley of shot, and laid low his opponent, has done his work, and may retire.

"And I have provided a lady of honor for the Electress," he added. "Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz takes up her duties immediately. You will see that a set of apartments in the Residenzschloss is prepared for her reception."

He stood straddling, defiant, his hands on his hips.

"That's clear, isn't it? Have you anything to say?"

"It is absolutely clear," sneered Count Stürm, "and I have nothing to say, except, possibly, Your Highness might like to know that Major-General de Haverbeck has resigned from your forces."

"If he had not I should have cashiered him," replied the Elector, and strode away, heavy and glittering, sullen and excited, slamming the doors, knocking the pages out of his way.

Count Stürm at once hobbled across the room, opened the closet door and called out De Haverbeck, who followed into the other room.

"He made his announcement, eh? She is his wife?"

"No, by God! It's worse than that," cried Stürm. "She's his mistress!"

De Haverbeck flushed violently, like one who has been struck heavily over the heart.

"Aye, his mistress," repeated Stürm, too angry to notice the other's distress. "Who would have foreseen that stroke, who would have foretold that blow? I had never foreseen such diabolical cunning on the part of Neitschütz! I should have thought of it," he continued, embittered with self-reproach, "I might have known that there is nothing such people will not do when driven desperate. The von Neitschützes, with their pride, their ancient house. . . . My God! They'll be like furies . . ."

"Mistress, did you say?" broke in De Haverbeck. "But you're mistaken—they're married."

"Married!" cried the minister, violently. "He went to Arnsdorf with a letter she had written making a mock of him—her cursed brother's epistles—and his own letter which that damned Casimir had pledged with the hag von Ilten. He went to break with all of them, to tell her that he had discovered her. But she's got him after all— I should have seen that! The sly she-devil, she'll have him body and soul. Clever and well-trained, hard and a wanton—I'd better have let him marry her!"

BUT still De Haverbeck could not credit this enormity.

"Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz the Elector's mistress!" he repeated. "How do you know?"

"How do I know?" replied Stürm, exasperated by this incredulity. "Didn't you see them driving through the street together just now? He has not repudiated the marriage with the Margravine, and he has promoted her father and her brothers to the highest commands in the army and the household, and she is to have a suite of apartments in the Residenzschloss—at once. He is to see Colt and Spanheim this afternoon. She has twisted his policies round already—he'll be a fool to her least nod—"

He stopped, struggling for control.

De Haverbeck did not hear what the infuriated minister said; he was deep in his own thoughts, in his own visions. He pondered, slowly:

"She must have been very driven, or has she always been that manner of woman? They sold her, of course."

"She sold herself, you mean," snarled Count Stürm; "she dominates those three men—and now she'll dominate Saxony; the devil help us all!"

"She meant to marry him," insisted De Haverbeck faintly. "That was her intention, her hope."

(*Continued on page 58*)

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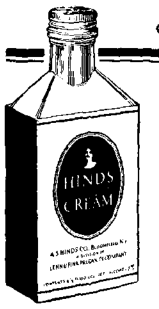

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(*Continued from page 57*)

"Yes, and when she saw it was blasted she chose the other way. She'll have a stronger hold on him now. If she were his wife he would always have felt that he had condescended and paid too high for her. Now, she'll be able to throw in his face what she's lost for him."

"She sold herself," thought De Haverbeck, in anguish, "a few hours after I left her—when I passed him on the road he was not going to marry her . . . Oh, and I might have turned back—I might have saved her."

He could picture well enough what that night at Arnsdorf had been, when the young man arrived to disappoint them with his bitter denunciation; the men all furious and desperate, degraded beyond all honor—all drunk, no doubt, and she in the midst of them . . . poor Madelon . . . Now, it was too late.

In this fierce, sad musing he had forgotten Count Stürm, but Count Stürm had not forgotten him. In the midst of his own infuriated reflections he had not lost sight of the possible use the handsome soldier might be to him, and, studying him now, and seeing his obvious agony, even anguish, some hope flickered up in the statesman's mind. He and Madelon von Neitschütz had been something to one another or might be something; he had offered for her twice; he was moved now when he heard of her dishonor. A woman of her temperament and a man of his attractions! If he kept De Haverbeck at the court of Dresden, the Elector, who was the most jealous fool alive, would soon find cause to throw over his favorite . . .

So Stürm said, with considerable force:

"Will you not change your mind now, General de Haverbeck, and remain in Dresden, and be of some support to me?"

"What do you mean?" asked De Haverbeck.

"These von Neitschützes, they are your relations; after all, they may show you some kindness—they would surely see you set well upon your way. The Elector's mistress will have great influence, for a time at least, and surely she is likely to prove your friend. . . ."

Then De Haverbeck saw the whole design, and his face darkened into bitter disgust.

"I am out of Dresden before the morning."

THAT was all he said, and left the Residenzschloss, and took the Bächnitz road through streets that he did not see and under skies that he did not heed. Then he thought he would not go to his house at all, and turned aside to return to the depot and make his arrangements for leaving. He meant to go on the instant without waiting for any formalities, but pulling out his handkerchief he dragged out the lace he had bought for Angelique, and remembered her and the old man, and thought that it would be a meanness to let his own troubles and overthrow interfere with their happiness, and he recalled how he had denied the old man several times, and that the last message had been that she was ill. So he mounted his horse again and rode to his little house near Bächnitz. It was now toward the evening and the thunder was gathering again on the horizon, darkening over the vineyards and the water of the Elbe.

Delphicus de Haverbeck dismounted at the high wall of his little house in the suburbs of Dresden towards Bächnitz. There was no one to welcome him, for he came by surprise. He had to call once or twice before the servant came out to take his horse, and he thought that the man looked at him curiously, and seemed about to speak, yet afraid to do so, and he wondered if his own countenance had changed since yesterday, and wished he had looked in a mirror before he had come here; for, above all things, he wished to keep secret the anguish of his grief, and to make no parade of the change in his heart and mind since yesterday.

De Haverbeck passed to an inner room, and there was Steffani, the Italian maestro, solitary, with a score of music under his idle hand on the table by the window.

"I'm late," said the soldier, and found it difficult to make his voice easy. "I have been long—"

"You're too late," replied the old musician, but without reproach. "You have been too long, sir—she died this morning."

"SHE died this morning!" repeated De Haverbeck; the death of Angelique seemed as impossible as the dishonor of Madelon. "How could she have died so soon?"

"It was the fever. You know she was always frail and weak. Then you would not come, and she fretted. She had got to know—in the way that women will—about this lady at Arnsdorf and your visit there, and you had spoken of leaving her and going to Vienna."

"She was secure. I would never have abandoned her. She was secure."

"Aye. But that was not sufficient. She loved you, you see. Well, she's dead, and as for you, sir," continued the old man, out of a great pity for De Haverbeck's silence, "you have nothing to take on your conscience, for you were most generous toward her—far beyond what any other man would have been."

"I wish I had seen you," said De Haverbeck at length. "I wish I had come."

And he was sorry, ah, infinitely sorry, that he had quite forgotten her, and that he did not now greatly care that she was dead.

"I hope," he added, "she did not think I had forsaken her."

"I tried that she should not think so," replied the old man. "She died very suddenly and with no presage. Will you look at her?"

"Why should I look at her?" asked the soldier, sadly. "She is a plucked flower now and fit only for the earth."

"But she wished it," persisted the old musician gently. "She wished very much that you should look at her, and she asked the woman to make her pretty and pleasing; she begged indeed that you would once more see her before the last decay eclipsed her youth."

"I'll go," said De Haverbeck.

Without waiting for the old man he went upstairs and turned to her chamber, which was small and coquettish, furnished with pale watered satin and gilt trifles, and shrouded now with frilled muslin curtains against the afternoon sun.

The neat woman watching and stitching linen rose at once, curtsied and hurried away. De Haverbeck was left alone with Angelique.

She lay as she had died in the downy bed under the pink coverlet, her head slightly to one side, and a flush of color that seemed yet to stain her cheek, and a liquid light that yet faintly gleamed beneath her fallen lids. Her hands were clasped on her silk nightrail. The curtains, lightly drawn back, lined with saffron and rose-color, gave a false shadow of life to her frail features that did not yet show the tinge of death. The woman had been for putting crêpe about her and silver mohair. But the old Italian, who could not bear these signs of dolorous mourning, had forbidden all such melancholy display, and insisted instead that they should leave on the bed board her dancer's dress he had brought to her himself, yesterday, to cheer her with its gaudy colorings.

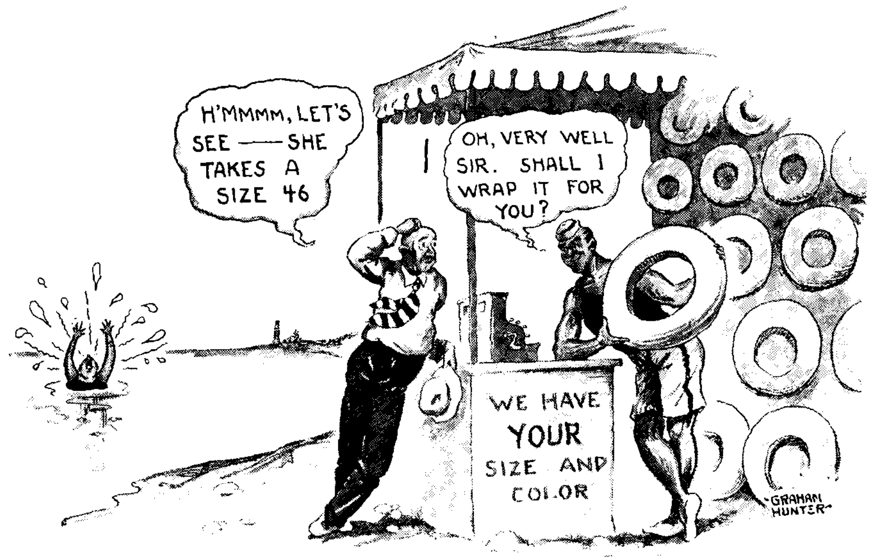
This hung there now, fold upon fold, flounce upon flounce, of cerise, and orange-colored satin, glittering with sequins and cascades of sham jewels. Many a time had De Haverbeck seen it flash behind the footlights at the Italian Comedy. Angelique had been the most enchanting of dancers, the airiest of Columbines, the most seductive of *ballerine*. She seemed as if she had died very easily and tranquilly, without a struggle or a protest, and the soldier gazed at her long and tenderly, still remorseful, still regretful, that he could care so little whether poor Angelique were alive or dead, being so torn with that other passion that his mind and heart and senses were deadened to all else.

HE REMEMBERED the lace in his pocket and that gave him a pang. He pulled it out and looked at it. He was sorry that she would never be able to thank him for it, sorry that he had failed her at the last, that she had never had the promised gift, and was more sorry still that this had come about through another woman, who had not her value. Angelique, the dancer, knew only two virtues; kindness and fidelity. She had practiced both.

The soldier, with great delicacy and tenderness, raised her frail head, and slipped the lace cap over her fair fine curls, and tied it under her chin. He then left her, treading quietly and went downstairs, where the old musician still sat, the score he could not finish under his withered hand.

"Where is the child?" asked De Haverbeck.

Steffani told him that he had been


H'MMMM, LET'S SEE —— SHE TAKES A SIZE 46
OH, VERY WELL SIR. SHALL I WRAP IT FOR YOU?
WE HAVE YOUR SIZE AND COLOR
GRAHAM HUNTER

Impression of Her Rescue by the Lady on the Left sent away to a neighbor's house for fear of infection.

De Haverbeck answered that everything in the house and the house itself must be sold and the money used to provide for the child. Presently, when he was older, he would send for him wherever he might be and train him in arms—"and he is the only heir I am likely to have, Steffani, for it's probable I shall never marry."

"You are going away?" cried the old man, all of a tremble and desolate indeed.

"Aye, I am going away, Steffani, to Vienna; and you, if you will, may come with me. I'll have an attorney settle these affairs. Let Angelique's jewels be buried with her. She must be buried with honor. And I will write her epitaph myself.

"I thought to leave Dresden tonight, but now I must settle matters here. It will not be until tomorrow. Get ready what you need, Steffani; but we must travel light, and take no more than two body-servants. I am become but an adventurer until I obtain service with the Emperor."

STEFFANI wondered why he thus cut adrift his fortunes, and what was the new look in his face, and what had occurred at Arnsdorf. But he said nothing.

The storm was coming up as it had come up last night, brazenly expanding across the serenity of the sky; the waters of the river seemed very uneasy at their banks, but De Haverbeck thought of the great urgency of his own affairs and could not fix his mind on them. He sat down and began to write an epitaph for Angelique, and all the while he thought, "Where is Madelon now?" and of last night's fatal debauch, and what they had both lost there.

The storm lowered and the soldier, by the light of a lamp, wrote the memorial lines on a fair sheet of paper, for he was very nice and careful in all his actions.

"Leave that occupation, sir," urged Steffani, timidly.

But De Haverbeck answered: "It takes my mind off worse things."

He paused and mended his quill. "I'll not sleep tonight again. I wish I was at the camp. I wish I was leading a night attack. I wish I was dead.

"Steffani, open the window a little. This is to be of freestone, black marble and alabaster. I'll have it next the chancel window:

She was above her fortune: (especially to the poor)
Very bountiful
At the Play House (where she sometimes acted)
She was modest and untainted

"That's true, Steffani, she offended none . . . how goes it now?

After her three days' illness
Being taken with a hectic fever
With a Firm Confidence and Christian Piety
She submitted to her untimely Fate

"Poor child, poor Angelique, I'll swear she harmed no one—"

"They'll hardly take her, sir, in a church—"

"They will. I'll see to it—

A Person to be lamented (if anything that is
Mortal can affect the Mind) by all Persons that
Are clothed with Humanity
And by her friends much more to be lamented
Upon her beloved Remains, D. S. H.
Baron L. de H.
Caused this stone to be put
As sacred to her Memory"

The old Italian, observing how cool and serene he was, how carefully and thoughtfully he wrote his exact phrases, believed that all his interest in Madelon had been exploded by the sober part of his judgment and that his reason had got the better of that misplaced and unfortunate passion. So the musician ventured to speak of Madelon, whom he had always kept kindly in his heart. He wished, too, to keep his mind from dwelling on what lay above in the coquettishly-clad chamber. So he asked, timidly, how it went at Arnsdorf and if Madelon were in good health.

De Haverbeck continued to write, nor did the pen falter in his hand.

"You will hear of her," he answered, "soon in Dresden, but what it is you will hear I cannot bring myself to tell you. The lives of all of them have become strangely confused and tangled and I must tell you not to speak her name to me again."

He looked up and smiled. The stormlight, that was coming in through the open window, was on his face, mingled with the yellow rays of the lamp, and something had given an added power and dignity to his handsome features, so that Steffani thought that he had never before seen such proud and generous human beauty; though lustre and bloom were quenched by fatigue and pain.

"Do not believe," added De Haverbeck, "that I lie under any shackles of horror. Indeed, I am not confounded. She is in her wished-for post, almost on the pinnacle of royalty, and I must make for mine."

"Has she married the Elector?" asked the musician, startled beyond reserve and prudence.

"She is in the shadow of grandeur," replied De Haverbeck sternly, "and may in public domineer. Yet she has but pawned her soul in the hopes of an embroidered purse. Leave her to her career and ask me no more. She was once my darling, and I halted in my fortunes to wait for her to come up to me, but now that is over."

He paused, wrote the last line of the epitaph, and folded it across.

"If the storm increases tonight it will be tedious. Last night I did not sleep—nor will tonight, I suppose, and my heart aches."

THE sun sank behind the dun clouds beyond the river, and sharp lightning began to break the oppressive air.

"I will go upstairs," sighed the old musician, "and set the shutters that she be not disturbed tonight by the tempest."

"Aye," said De Haverbeck, with a little smile, "tell them to grease my boots and set out my equipment, for I have a long journey to make."

He knew that by this summary departure from his duties, his properties, he would lose much, and he could not afford to lose anything, for his fortunes were far from grand or even stable. Yet he could not endure the thought of remaining in Dresden which would mean the possibility of meeting the Elector, or even Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz. So that night he sat up while the storm rustled outside over the vineyard and the river, and settled such of his affairs as he could.

He made matters clear with his servants, and left directions for the disposal of the body of Angelique in the Marienkirche in the suburb near Bächnitz. He left his inscription for the lapidary, to be cut on a fair white stone, and set on a pyramid above the vault where she slept. He arranged, too, such matters as were necessary for the education of his child. Then, at last, towards the tawny dawn, he slept, falling asleep with a great weariness on a chair

(Continued on page 60)

Obesity Reducing and ACIDOSIS

STARTLING are the statistics showing the percentage of persons with such diseases as diabetes and high blood pressure *who are overweight.* Obesity—a product of modern civilization—has crept upon us, causing so many serious conditions that the world is impressed with its dangers.

With this realization has come the mad rush for reducing. Unfortunately, dangers from unsafe methods are possibly greater than those from obesity itself. *Faulty dieting* probably heads the list, resulting in a serious type of Acidosis due to improper loss of body fat.

A well-known authority advises you in these words: "To lose body fat safely one must include in his diet sufficient of sugar-containing foods. *Fat cannot be completely oxidized except in the presence of sugar.* This sugar is obtained preferably from fruit, fruit juices, and vegetables.

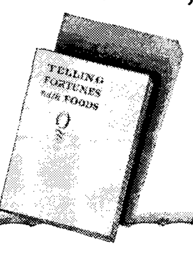
"In a Reducing Diet the principles of a well-balanced diet must not be violated. All the necessary food elements should be included and regular meals eaten. The diet differs from a normal one only in the reduction of fat to a minimum and a decrease in total calories." California Sunkist Oranges and Lemons have a very definite place in the Reducing Diet and the prevention of Acidosis.

Understand clearly that they alone should not compose a Reducing Diet (as advocated by faddists,, but should be prominent in every meal *and as mid-meal nourishment.* Rich in minerals and vitamins, and laxative in their effect, they help to meet many requirements. Their fruit-sugar content aids in burning the fat, thus preventing an Acidosis.

Consult a physician if you are obese. Constantly have in mind that improper dieting may cause a severe Acidosis, forerunner of more serious conditions. Headaches, logginess and lack of energy should be danger signals warning one of serious disorders.

Approved by the eminent authority mentioned above you should immediately request the valuable and popular book "Telling Fortunes with Foods;" *sent free, if you mail the coupon.* It discusses the problem of Safe Reducing and the prevention of Acidosis. Safe Reducing diet menus which do not violate the principles of a balanced diet are given in wide variety.

California Sunkist Oranges have the richest juice and finest flavor. They carry the name "Sunkist" on skin and wrapper. Sunkist Lemons have the name "Sunkist" on the wrapper. "Sunkist" assures uniform quality. © 1929 C.F.G.E.



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95 Eighth Ave. Newark, N. J.

Licensed under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

(*Continued from page 59*)

by the half-open window, beside the lamp nearly spent for lack of oil.

Agostino Steffani, seeing him shuddering in his slumber, tenderly threw his mantle over him, and took his hand in his, and sat so beside him well on into the wild morning.

The dawn was stormy. The night had been like a pall, that lifted into ragged brightness at daybreak. But with the early morning sunlight the storm rolled up and obscured these blood-red gleams of light and the wind shook and clamored at doors and windows, with a wild burst of rain and fury. The monotony of the stormy night had culminated in this burst of bellowing thunder, which cracked overhead in a wild rout of the elements.

Steffani woke the dark soldier and helped him to his feet.

"It will be wild riding today," said Steffani fearfully.

"But ride I must," said De Haverbeck, at once remembering everything. He began to unbutton his Saxon uniform and took off his sash and baldric, and all the insignia of the rank he held in the army of Johann Georg IV; sword, hat, gloves were already discarded; then stood still and listened to the storm.

"It will soon be over," he remarked. "In the west there is a streak of light."

But for the moment the storm was up and drowning all sound, and blighting all sights.

Delphicus de Haverbeck stood in his shirt and ruffles, his hands on his hips, like a man whose life and whose fortunes are broken at once, and thought, sternly, how he could best put them together again—whether, after all, it would much matter if a Turkish bullet got him as soon as he reached Hungary, and whether he might not be as happy trodden down in one of the Eastern marshes beneath the hoofs of flying horses, as climbing those heights which he no longer regarded with much desire.

He put his hand up to his disheveled black hair and thought of the poor young girl above . . . waiting patiently for her grave. He was sorry for all women—for Angelique, for Madelon; he felt that part of his heart was shattered past mending; but that a man who was not a fool or a coward should live his life somehow with the best courage possible. So he spoke kindly to the old musician, who was regarding him anxiously, and rang for his valet, told him to prepare his toilet, and to bring out a plain coat and cloak, and a hat without a cockade, and to order his horse to be ready.

"The storm, sir, creeps away," observed Steffani, timidly.

"Sooner passes a storm than a whimsey of the heart," sighed De Haverbeck. "The infirmities of the soul are more awful than a tempest, Steffani."

"Madelon," thought the old man, fearfully. "Madelon." But did not dare speak that name.

"Come," smiled the soldier, seeing his companion's dismay. "I have but been despoiled by the chance that lies at catch for all of us—those devils who design to rifle all the world made bold with me because I came in their way. Therefore, no rash, railing humor over this my common loss. Some work may come my way. And life, at worst, is brief."

"MADAME DE ROSNY," said Madelon, and the two women looked at each other. Madelon perceived that the handsome Françoise de Rosny was withered away to the bone, her face high and drawn, and yellow, and sunken in the cheeks; her eyes dim and hooded deeply with the lids.

"I have come to offer you my most admiring felicitations."

"What can we have to do with one another?" asked Madelon, like one alert and on guard against an unknown danger.

"I might give you some good advice," smiled Madame de Rosny.

"I have had all the advice I need," replied Madelon, drawing away.

"And a great deal from me," said her one-time governess. "You must admit," she added, in a cringing tone, "that I trained you very well."

"You trained me for this?" asked Madelon, slowly.

"I trained you for his wife," smiled Madame de Rosny, "but I never thought you would be, my dear. And so I prepared you for the second-best, which you have very successfully achieved. And, after all, as his mistress you may have a far more enjoyable life, and a much wider influence than would ever have come your way if he had had you lawfully."

MADELON did not reply. She stared as if she were looking back into the past and piecing together many incidents.

"Nothing else," grinned Madame de Rosny, "is talked of in Dresden, but the new luminary which has arisen on the horizon and the brightness of its beams. Everyone says that his infatuation for you knows no bounds, and that you may do as you will with everyone and everything."

She stepped nearer to the girl, and added in a tone of flattery that was like an insult: "You certainly are extremely beautiful, my dear, and very young. I daresay you may rule him for years yet, if you are careful to keep all other pretty faces out of his way, and not to damp him by any show of inconstancy."

Madelon put her spread fingers over her breast, as if she protected something there.

"You are very vile, madame."

"I am the same as you, only a lifetime further on the road. When you are fifty some child may think you vile."

Madelon's golden eyes darkened and drooped.

"Am I to have no share in your favors?" asked the ancient governess. "I surely did something to deserve them. All those arts and graces which so enchant him—your dancing and your singing, and your air—"

"Do I owe them to you?" whispered Madelon. "You are right, I suppose I do," she added, glancing down.

"And I can do more for you yet. You are very inexperienced and very young, almost a child still, after all. And he, I take it, is obstinate, hot-headed, and rather more than hot-blooded: and you will have to be very careful and remember that when you seem to hold him most tightly by a chain, you will very likely hold him most loosely by a thread. For he has heats like fevers or frenzies, and it takes some wit to live under the favor of such a man."

"I have wit enough," replied Madelon, "and I am very sensible how ill a trade I am engaged in—how much I have ventured, how little I may gain. Perhaps in you," she added with horror, "I do behold the image of my own age—when lust which is sudden and violent has done with me and love has traveled far away. Therefore I take this brief power I hold now, I command you to go. Who is so deep a fool as to keep before him the picture of his own corruption?"

"For a young moppet," smiled the ancient governess, "you speak cleverly. Have the good sense then to understand me. Your father has a mighty resolve against me because of some letters, eh, you know?"

"Ay," said Madelon, still quietly, still with that stare of horror.

"I was forced." Madame de Rosny was glib. "Stürm had my poor house raided. My papers seized—your brothers had been watched. Pray, my child," added Madame de Rosny with extreme menace, "persuade your father to believe this."

"You sold the letters," said Madelon.

Madame de Rosny, with a threatening smile, sidled nearer.

"You must not molest me. You must tell your father I will not be meddled with. I did not injure you. You must believe that. Better, eh? I know too much, eh? Of the old days at Arnsdorf—your lover is stupid, is fearful, is ignorant. If I was to tell him some little things, you would lose him."

"Keep away from me," breathed Madelon rising. "You sold the letters."

"You sold yourself," smiled Madame de Rosny with a clutch of her bony hand on the back of the gilded sofa, "and your pretty brothers and your honorable father clenched the bargain. Oh, people laugh at it, I can tell you! A von Neitschütz! The crowd who fawn on you here rail at you in your antechamber—"

"I know," interrupted Madelon. "You can teach me nothing of my own degradation. I have covered every aspect of it, not the least is this intimacy with you: I understand you very well. Be at ease. My father will not be revenged on you. He will not dare. We have all been too long and too early involved."

At this assurance, however insultingly given, Madame de Rosny became reassured and amiable. She smiled and nodded. She could well believe that whatever feelings of deep hatred von Neitschütz entertained toward her, he would as soon put his hand into a nest of vipers as interfere with her. But she had thought it prudent to deliver this warning.

"I am your good friend and servant, little Madelon." She grinned. "Perhaps, some day, I can be useful to you; if your stupid lover should grow staled or restive, I might assist you to retain his favor."

"HOW could you help me to keep him?" asked Madelon, peering at her with a horrid curiosity.

"There are ways . . . I and the Baroness von Ilten keep an establishment for supplying gentlemen with diversion—gambling and pleasant companions; medicinal drugs now and then which lift the spirits; or maybe, bemuse the senses . . ."

"Witchcraft," whispered Madelon with a lift of a pale lip. "Have you come to that, madame? Witchcraft—those trashy follies!"

Madame de Rosny laughed quietly. "They're only trashy follies to the ignorant, my dear. There's more behind every devilment than the innocent think. Witchcraft and enchantment may seem a stupidity to you, but I know better . . . how drugs will whip up passion when it flags, and inflame love when it weakens, daze a man to his own folly; potions will make a man sick or well, as you wish; and it may be, my dear Madelon, that one day such things will come within the range of your necessities."

"Never," cried Madelon, "I believe nothing of these matters. I will not hear of them—I will know nothing of such horrors. If you want money I must give it to you. It seems there are many people to whom I must give money. But of your advice and your presence I will have none."

Madame de Rosny wrote on a little tablet the address at which she might be found—the infamous establishment of Fani von Ilten—"well known to your brothers, Madelon,"—and left it on the table and took her leave, a by no means dissatisfied woman.

(*To be continued next week*)

Star of Madagascar

Continued from page 40

there until the boat had docked. Later, in the pier shed, near the letter "V," she awaited the customs searcher.

Then a man stepped up to greet her, and Mrs. Vallance smiled as she recognized her banker.

"Just the person I'm needing most! Mr. Sills, I'm almost broke."

Mr. Sills looked concerned.

"I hope you're not in debt," he said, lowering his voice.

"Oh, no. But this customs man is going to hand me a whopping bill." Her eyes widened as the strangeness of his question abruptly struck her. "Why did you ask me that?"

"The mine didn't pay its usual quarterly dividend."

"But its production was just as large as ever in the last report you sent me!"

"I know. I don't understand it. I wrote to Mr. Vallance."

"And what did he say?"

"Nothing. I didn't get a word from him."

"DID you write to Terry Rohan?"

"No; he wouldn't know. Mr. Vallance bought his holdings. He bought out all the stock but yours. He wants to buy that too."

"My stock too!"

"Exactly. He was in to see me last August. He said he wanted to own the whole mine himself, just as soon as he had the money. But he'd spent all he had to buy out the others."

"H'm. How did Ed look to you, Mr. Sills? Was he happy?"

"No, he was very serious."

"Oh . . . I wonder if my divorce—"

"He didn't mention it, Mrs. Vallance. I . . . ah . . . have an idea that . . . you know, he owns two thirds of the stock now—more than enough to control. I wondered if he hadn't deliberately failed to declare a dividend to . . . ah . . . discommode you, Mrs. Vallance, and perhaps force you to sell at a discount."

"Why, Ed wouldn't—" She had started to say that such a cheap sort of trick was beneath him, and then she remembered how Ed had changed. "I'll start for the mine at once," she said. "But what about the customs?"

"You can pay on your personal luggage and have all the trunks impounded."

At that moment Prince Rabinov joined them and Mrs. Vallance presented the banker.

"Serge, I'm going up to the gold mine. Do you want to come along?"

"Ah, the gold mine!" His eyes gleamed eagerly as his tongue caressed the words. "It will be a very great honor, my dear, to visit with you the gold mine."

At Nevada City they halted to spend the night. Nellie Vallance was dressed just as when she came off the boat. Dainty snakeskin slippers, a dashing sports suit from the Boulevard Malesherbes, a hat which had cost three thousand francs, a coat of glossy sables. . . . It was on the train, bound for Sacramento, that she had opened the coat, loosened the collar, and caught the sparkle of her diamond necklace in the little narrow mirror. She smiled at the reflection of her first wild outburst of extravagance in the gilded shops of Manhattan. Imagine Nellie Vallance, who had panned the placers in boots and breeches, who had whipped the streams for her evening meal, who had known no meat for months on end but venison and rabbit—imagine her coming back to those same mountain trails with a string worth forty thousand! Suddenly she had laughed aloud, and others in the car, astonished, had turned to stare at her.

The lights of the Empire mine gleamed across the snow as they were approaching Grass Valley. She wondered if the Star of Madagascar would be such a faithful producer. Since 'fifty-two, men had worked this mine, blasting their way in a spreading network of drifts far down in the depths of the earth.

Nellie Vallance knew most of the tradesmen. She and Ed had been married here, had spent their grubstakes here for supplies, had returned here to sell their gold dust. It was long past twilight, but she went to the home of a shoe merchant and bade him return to his shop.

"I've got to have a pair of boots, Mr. Law. I'm going up yonder on the early stage."

The shoe merchant viewed her slippers with some amazement.

"I should say you have, Miss Nellie!"

As the boots were being fitted, Prince Rabinov sat negligently on the bench beside her, his cheek nuzzling the head of his cane.

"I'll have to have some woolen socks, Mr. Law."

"I guess you will—with stockings like these! There's three foot of snow at Bloomfield."

"Serge, you'd better get some boots. There's lots of snow at the mine."

"Some rubbers will do, my adored one."

"Oh, all right." She shrugged her shoulders. "Mr. Law, will you fit this fellow with a pair of your heavy rubbers?"

A strange contradiction of feeling went with her the following morning. She was excited and eager, yet vaguely depressed, as the stage with its load of mail and supplies left town and went jouncing out along the old familiar hill road. It had not changed a bit. The same winding descent, the same jarring ruts, the same pine trees patrolling its borders.

They crossed the south fork of the Yuba, then began to ascend on the opposite side. She saw the white rush of the river and heard its soft lulling murmur. The sound came to her as a voice from the past—a loved voice which suddenly quickened her heart and made her breath come faster. The prince said something facetious and she glanced at him with annoyance.

"You don't think much of this?"

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "It is not the Boulevard des Italiens."

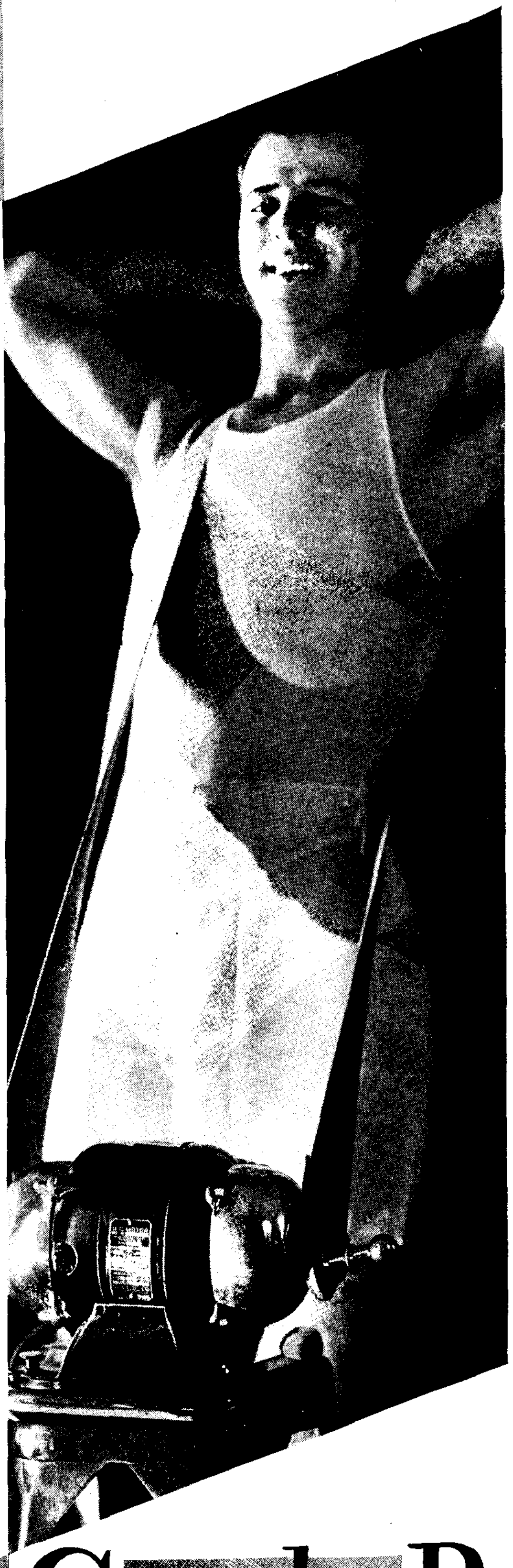
"Thank God," she murmured.

THEY passed great hollows torn in the earth by the hydraulic guns of the 'eighties. Nellie Vallance thought of her former husband. What the banker had said about him disturbed her more and more. In the beginning, when they needed money to develop their mine, a corporation was formed. Ed and she each received a third of the stock in exchange for their claim to the property. The remaining third was sold to friends and to friends of friends—fifty dollars here, a hundred there, six thousand dollars in all. Out of this modest start had come the stream of gold which poured from "the Madagascar."

He controlled it now without her help. He could do as he pleased about it. But for Ed to act as her banking agent suspected, was even a greater shock to her than the financial effect of his action. After all they had been through together!

The hills and the pines, the tumbling

(*Continued on page 62*)



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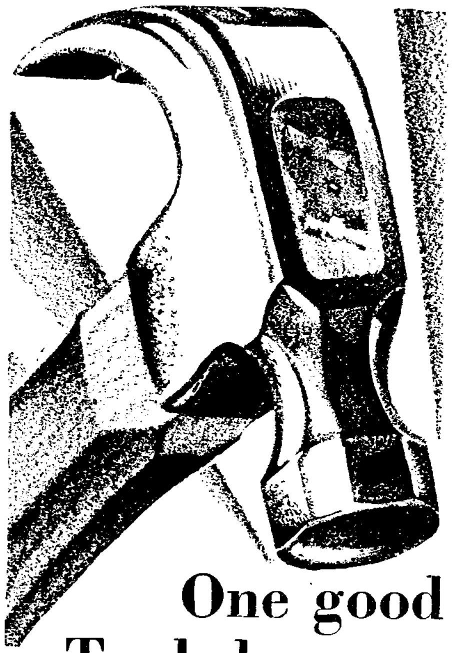

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(*Continued from page 61*)

dash of the Yuba, were like yellowed love notes taken from a trunk. All the old life came back to her with a poignancy that saddened. She remembered the evening spent in camp, she with her mouth organ and Ed with his banjo, singing and laughing and talking. She remembered the endless discussions of what they would do when they struck it rich. Glad hours had been passed in dreaming. They would see the whole world together. . . . Glamorous names rose out of the smoke to beguile their evening camp fire—and all that they had ever heard of they would go together and see.

Her heart was sad at the memory. The gold had done things to them. And their campfire dreams had been shattered.

A wooden church rose out of a clearing, and Nellie Vallance knew that they were coming into Bloomfield's one short street.

A small sledge, drawn by two horses, came down to meet the stage. While the mail was being sorted, Nellie Vallance sat in the general store and warmed her feet at the stove.

"Ain't you Mis' Vallance?" a voice presently ventured to ask her.

"Yes," she nodded.

"Thought so. You been out of the country."

"Yes, I've been over in Europe."

"That's right. I've seen pieces about you in the paper." The speaker spat on the floor. "Understand they shut down the Madagascar stamp mill and are aiming to pay off the men."

"What!" gasped Nellie Vallance. "You don't mean *all* the men?"

"That's what I heard."

"Ready for Graniteville, ma'am," called a voice at the door, and they went out to enter the sledge.

At the sawmill south of Snow Tent, where the down-stage meets the upstage and exchanges mail and passengers, the truth of the report was apparent. Standing about a roaring fire beside the roadway were half a dozen care-free men with pay-off cash in their pockets. They were the vanguard, the lucky few who had preëmpted a place in the sledge. The Star of Madagascar, they said, was as barren of gold as a coal mine!

The sledges parted and went plodding away through the pines. About two miles beyond Snow Tent the first of the hikers passed them. From then on they came in increasing number, scores of miners in boots and denims, packing their blanket rolls.

Prince Rabinov wondered who they were.

"Gold diggers," she explained and was thoughtful, "leaving a played-out mine."

ON THE steep down-trail out of Graniteville, with the snow packed hard by hundreds of heavy boots, the prince's rubber overshoes were not of very much service. Again and again he slid and fell, his polished cane flying flippantly up as its titled owner flopped downward. He tried to walk beside the trail, but the snow, knee-deep and often deeper, forced up beneath his trouser legs and caused him great discomfort.

"This isn't the Boulevard des Italiens!" Nellie Vallance remarked to the prince recumbent.

It was better than that, she told herself, gazing off across the valley.

The trail turned sharply to the right. Nellie Vallance halted.

"Behold the Star of Madagascar!" she said.

The long sloping roof of the stamp mill was perched, still well below them, beside the gulch called Wilful Murder. Other lesser roofs were visible through the pines and spruces and hemlocks. To the left, beyond the bunk houses, she at last made out the cabin that had been her home and Ed's. Nellie Vallance's heart beat faster. Smoke was issuing out of its chimney!

She walked, still followed by Rabinov, amid the empty structures. The door of a bunk house was open and she glimpsed its dismal disorder.

"What does this mean?" asked the prince in alarm.

"Just wait," she answered, grimly.

And then, passing on to the cabin, she stopped with a gasp of wonder. Distinctly above the Yuba's murmur she heard the *tunk-tunk* of a banjo. A voice was singing, full throated and gay—a voice that was familiar!

NELLIE VALLANCE stood there listening, a smile on her lips. Then she opened the door.

"Nellie! Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun!"

A dog leaped at her, while its tail did a furious wagging. Ed took a step forward, as quickly stopped, and his smile abruptly faded.

"This is sure a surprise," he said in an altered tone. Then he stared at the prince in the doorway.

"Ed, I want you to meet my friend. He's a genuine Russian prince—Prince Rabinov."

"Prince, I'm glad to know you. Make yourself at home."

He thrust out his hand, and the other man, bowing, tucked the cane beneath his arm and carefully removed his glove.

"Monsieur Vallance, I am . . . honor'." At last he could shake the huge brown hand and bow once more in greeting.

"Sit down by the stove here. Make yourself at home."

Nellie Vallance started to remove her coat, and the prince was all attendance. He seemed to hover over her as he grasped it. Smiling, his face almost touching her hair, he gave an impression of confident ownership.

She pulled off her hat and stood before her former husband in the strange combination of boots and chic Parisian dress, with a fortune in diamonds about her neck and her hair still smartly curled. Ed stared for a moment, then turned away and looked vaguely around for his pipe.

"You heard the news, I guess."

Nellie Vallance nodded.

"It was nothing but arsenical sulphide and native gold—the richest sort of ore you could ask for. Then we ran bang into barren quartz."

"Ed, you're not broke!"

"Sure, I am." He grinned. "Flat as when we started."

Nellie Vallance's spirits were suddenly light. Sills, the agent, was wrong.

"The Star of Madagascar couldn't be beat while she lasted. Produced seven million in just five years." Then: "Say, aren't you people hungry? We may be shy on pay dirt, but there's grub enough for a year."

He put a coffeepot on the stove and went exploring in the near-by storeroom. Nellie followed him out.

"Ed, are you glad to see me?"

He turned with an odd sort of look in his eyes.

"You know there's no one I'd rather see."

"How do you like my . . . friend?"

"Why, he looks like a pretty classy fellow."

"He . . . we're engaged to be married."

Ed nodded his head.

"I figured something about like that when I got notice that you'd divorced me. Well—" he took down a can and stared fixedly at the label. "I'd never have guessed that the Madagascar would produce a prince for you to marry. I wish you plenty of happiness, Nellie."

"Thanks, Ed."

"If I had it all to do over—"

"What would you do?" she prompted.

"I'd go along with you, just the way we planned."

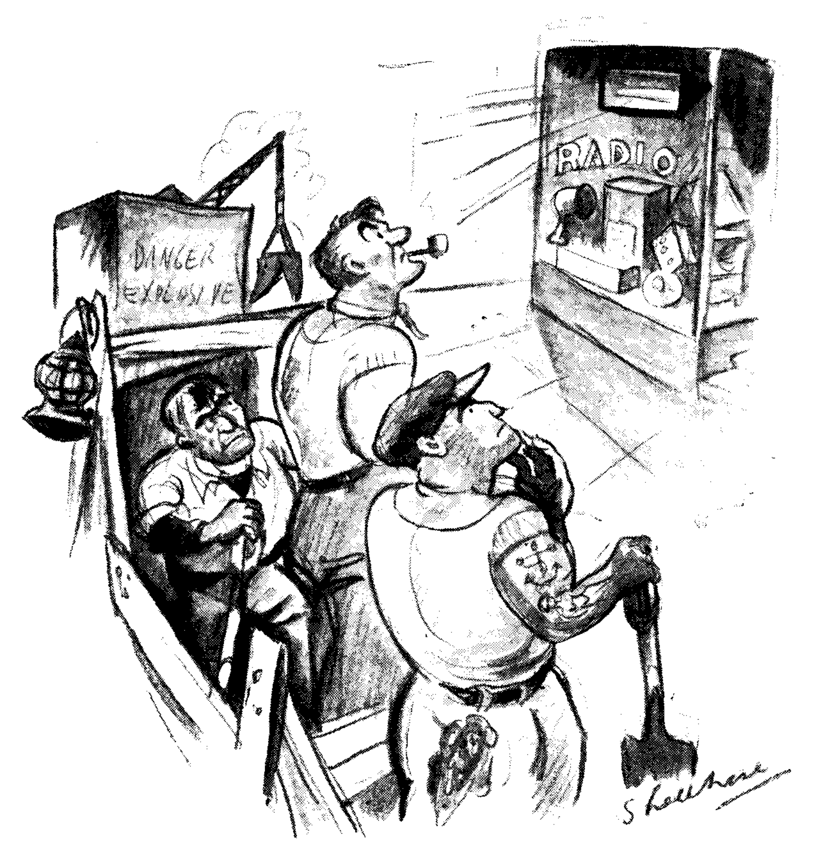
"I'm sorry you didn't, Ed."

"Yes, I am too."

THEY ate dinner by the light of carbide lamps, for the power plant was dark and deserted. Never did a stranger trio sit around a cabin table in the gorge of the Middle Yuba. Ed's flannel shirt flared open at the throat, revealing a curly sample of the hair which covered his chest. The prince, having changed his collar, was dressed for a stroll in the Champs-Élysée. The gems which circled Nellie's throat glittered like captured starbeams.

Their conversation was a curious medley of rushing French and rather drawling English.

"Jumped in the ocean to save you!" Ed rose abruptly and caught the prince's hand. "Say, you're all right—"



—"and now for a nice recipe for lemon meringue pie—"

A hideous scream rose out of the gorge. The prince looked thoroughly startled.

"A mountain lion," Nellie explained. "Think I'd better have a look at the burros."

Ed took his rifle and strode out into the darkness.

When he returned Ed halted before the cabin and regarded it wretchedly. A snug warm home, a supply of grub, a banjo, a dog--and Nellie! What more could any man want than these?

"I'm just a brainless fool," he said.

There was no comfort to be found in the verdict. He would like to do something for Nellie, to give her a handsome wedding gift, to make a last appreciative gesture. He couldn't even do that—not now. Just wish her a lot of happiness and see her start back up the trail.

HE HEARD voices speaking an alien tongue. As he entered, the voices ceased. A change had come over the couple in the cabin. Nellie seemed angry; her color was heightened, but the prince looked merely sullen.

"We'll have to be up by four," she announced, "to catch the stage at seven. Where you going to put us, Ed?"

"You sleep . . . where you used to." A little pain seemed to jab at his heart. "The prince can take the cot in there by the gun rack."

"What about you?"

"Oh, I'll just roll up in a blanket and lie right here by the stove."

When they left, so early in the morning, it was just like a winter midnight. Ed escorted them to the foot of the trail, shook hands, and wished them the best of luck.

It was just as he had pictured. She turned in the trail and waved to him. Then—she was off to live in a palace!

Back in his cabin Ed washed up the breakfast things and swept the kitchen floor. Then he tiptoed into the bedroom.

A scent of perfume pervaded the place—a sweet, subtle odor that closed on his heart and left it dully aching. He placed the lamp on a reading table and sat down at the foot of the bed. The print of her head was in the pillow, the slight depression left by her body.

His dog rushed out, barking. The barking abruptly ceased—and Nellie stood in the door.

"Forgot something?"

"Ed!"

She began to cry. Then, by some queer chance, her arms were tight about him.

"But, Nellie—"

"Oh, hush."

"You shouldn't have come back. I can't stand it now—you leaving me."

"I couldn't stand it either," she told him.

"The prince—?"

"He's falling up the trail just as fast as his spats will let him."

"You mean you gave him the go-by!" This amazing truth impressed itself, and Ed knew an impulse of sympathy. "The poor fellow! He'll blow his brains out!"

She looked surprised.

"Ed, you're so simple."

"Yes, I'm just a brainless fool," he muttered with full conviction.

It came to him later, as they were standing by the kitchen stove, that they would have to go clear to Nevada City to get a new marriage license.

"A pity, isn't it, that I got that silly divorce. Well, our days of luxuries are over, dear! I'll never get another."

With a light-hearted laugh she removed her coat.

"Why, Nellie, you've lost your pretty string of beads!"

Again she laughed—so light-hearted, gay, you'd have thought they were made of glass.

"Not *lost*, Ed. I did just exactly what you did with *your* men. And now the Star of Madagascar can rest in peace, free of debt."

"I don't just exactly get you, hon."

"Why, I paid off the last of its gold diggers and sent him up the trail."

Any Ice Today, Lady?

Continued from page 18

how to maneuver a wheelbarrow on level ground after rehearsing in Yonkers.

I think John will be mighty uncomfortable without his wheelbarrow. He won't know what to do with his hands, and he'll learn to his grief that Georgia Tech guards don't always roll in the direction you push them.

The two Milwaukee boys have laughed all summer at the silly look on the faces of would-be passengers left standing at corners where signs reading "Car stop" have been erected in a spirit of raillery. The laugh will be on the other foot when they signal an opposing halfback to stop and he replies by giving her more juice.

Michigan's sophomore will have to leave his ax in the clubhouse, and besides, there is no game against a team of trees on the Wolverine schedule. The Stanford tackle and the Georgia end, deprived of shovel and lawn mower, will be as useless as a Cornell cheer leader.

If I had been John Law, I would have rented a Pullman sleeper and practiced climbing in and out of uppers; I would have attended a laughing school and mastered giggling, sniggering, chuckling, crowing, cackling, roaring and splitting my sides, so as to give the proper degree of appreciation to Mr. Rockne's drolleries; I would have toured middle Europe and learned to pronounce some of my team-mates' names, and I would have taken a position as turnkey at Matteawan and studied coaching psychology at first hand.

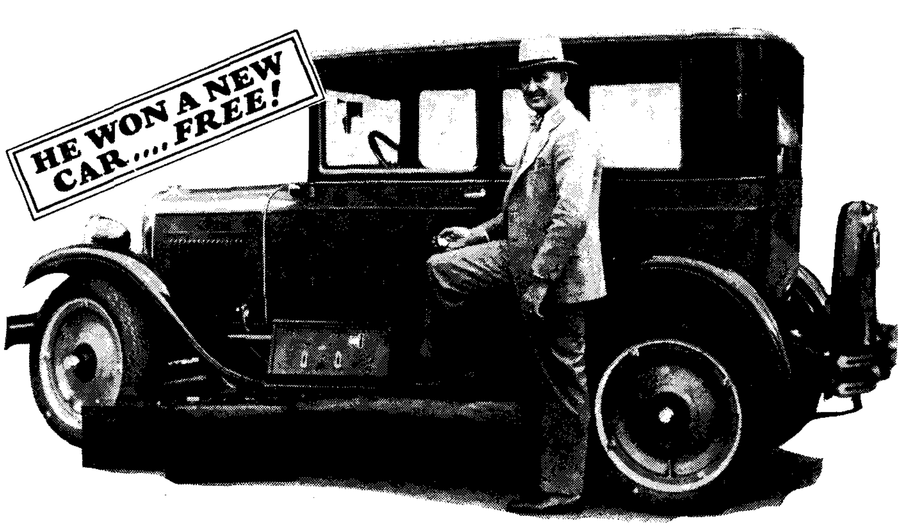
I am ignorant of Marquette's 1929 bookings, but if they get into the same kind of games they had when I was a mid-West expert, they should perfect themselves in the manly art of ducking and clinching instead of frittering away their time playing practical jokes on the cheerless, beerless citizens of Milwaukee.

It's the Best Way

As for the sophomore back at Michigan, he should have spared those trees and made himself familiar with the home life and habits of the wild Nagurski. The Georgia end would have done well to make a collection of flu germs which he could swallow a couple of days before the contest with Tech.

Dartmouth's letter men should lease a large plane late in June, board it en masse and attempt a flight from Hanover to Honolulu with Baby Peggy at the controls. Thus all the green arms, legs, spinal columns and skulls would be fractured three months in advance of the season, and by the first of October, the owners of same might be so accustomed to splints that they could play better with them than without them.

I would recommend for the Yale boys a thorough schooling in poisons, so when the schedule committee dropped in for lunch, there would be something in their soup that would necessitate the selection of a new committee.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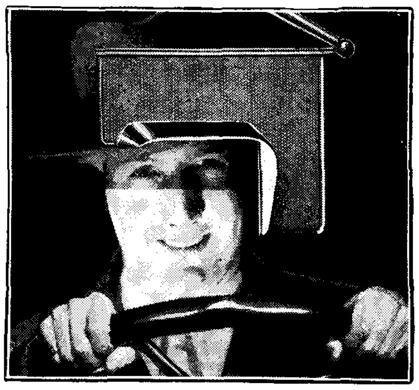

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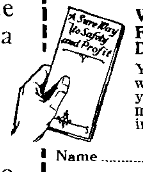
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Continued from page 31

teeth. The fact that most of us keep most of our teeth longer than did our grandfathers is due less to the modern toothbrush than to the modern dentist. Many a near savage who has never used a toothbrush goes to his grave with teeth in a better state of preservation than does the average civilized man who brushes his teeth night and morning.

Not that cleanliness isn't important. It plays an undoubted part in the retardation of decay, and it is a means, especially if it is accomplished by the vigorous use of the toothbrush, of stimulating the circulation in the gums and maintaining their health. Whether cleaning the teeth can be overdone is still a question, but some dentists believe it can be. (This piece of information should be kept carefully from the very young generation.)

Choosing to Chew

The technique of cleaning the teeth recommended by the School of Dentistry of Columbia University, the Dean of which institution has kindly supplied me with many of the facts and opinions used in this article, is as follows:

The toothbrush should have hard bristles in tufts with pointed ends: the tufts fairly far apart and in three rows: the brush head about one inch long, the handle rigid and straight.

The brush is held parallel to the toothline and is used with a fine vibratory motion, not too rapid.

Inner and outer surfaces of the teeth should be brushed in the same way.

The teeth should not be brushed hard enough to hurt the gums nor to cause bleeding.

The toothbrush should be washed after using and dried thoroughly before it is used again.

Powder or toothpaste aids in the cleansing of the teeth.

Dental floss should be used in all cases where the crevices between the teeth are narrow and cannot be cleaned with a brush.

Granted that cleanliness alone can not keep the teeth from decaying, what other measures can we take to retard the effect of the ever-present germ? From good authorities we hear that it behooves us to do what can be done to maintain the health of our mouth and teeth.

Just as in the matter of general health it is not well to dwell too long on the destruction of germs, but better to give our attention to making ourselves immune to germs, so in the mouth it is better to do what can be done to make our teeth resistant to germs than to spend our time in trying to destroy them.

There is quite a discrepancy between the functions we suppose our teeth were meant to have, and the functions which have been delegated to them by the dietary habits of civilization.

We have the incisors in front, above and below, for biting, and these teeth we still use in a mild way, biting bread, and fruit, and a few other foods. We have the canines, next to the incisors, for tearing food.

How much tearing of food we do depends a good deal upon the excellence of our butchers, but at best it is not much. Then we have the molars, or irregularly flattened teeth, for grinding food. The molars are used in these days largely for what simple and elementary chewing is necessary to masticate thoroughly cooked and tender food, but their real usefulness for grinding into powder raw grains and tough substance is almost entirely discarded.

That a tooth needs vigorous and constant use to keep healthy is not hard to prove. Anyone who has been on a strictly liquid diet for any length of time knows what happens to his teeth. They become coated and furry, they get tender, and the gums become sore.

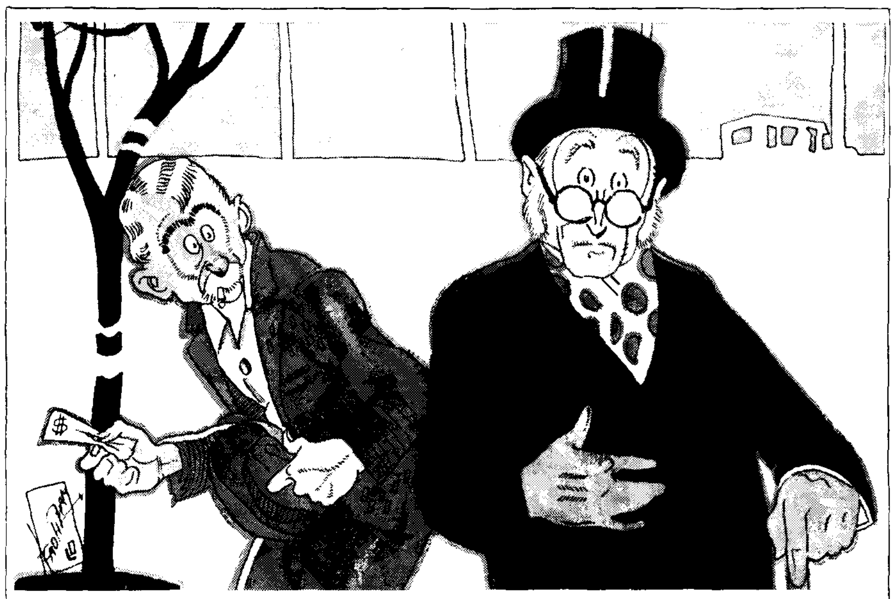
One defective tooth in a jaw is sometimes responsible for the disuse of the entire side of the mouth on which it is situated. When a tooth is decayed so that it does not serve for chewing, the tooth beneath or above it is also not used in chewing and soon decays.

Gnaw, Tear and Grind

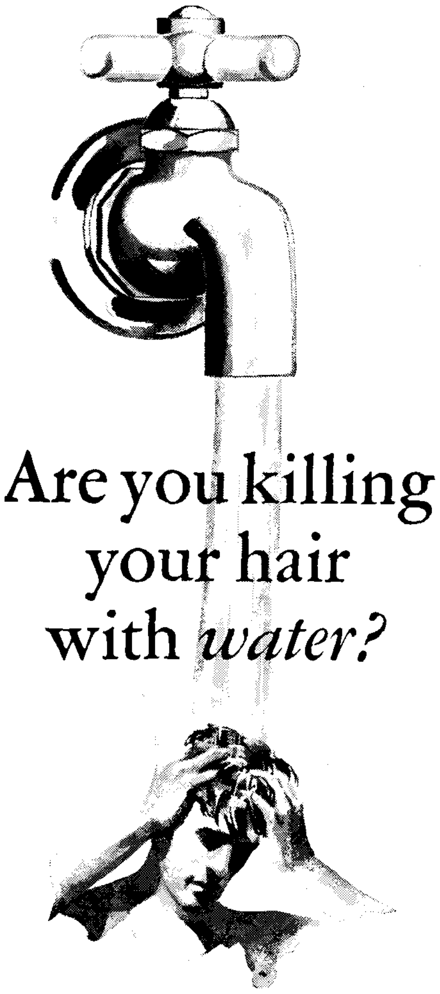
There are two maxims to deduce from the above facts.

First, we must combat the tendency of civilization to soften our food so that we don't have to chew it. We should eat something every day which must be *bitten with vigor, something which must* be, at least mildly, torn or gnawed, and we must do a little grinding.

Raw fruit, toast, celery and radishes must be bitten: chicken and other bones *may be picked, or gnawed in the privacy* of our homes: nuts and dry cereals must be ground to bring out their sweetness. By putting our minds on it and realizing that it is important we can do a lot to imitate, in a very genteel way, to be sure, the habits of the



"Thanks, boss. Hope I can do the same for you some day."



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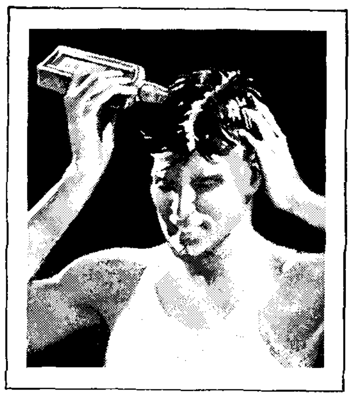

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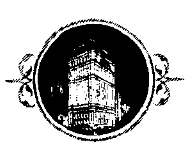

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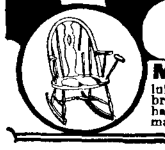

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savage who keeps his teeth clean and white by *using* them, and by picking them with a polished twig.

The second maxim is never to let a tooth get in such condition that it is uncomfortable to use it.

The only safe thing to do is to leave the matter in the hands of the dentist by seeing him at regular intervals—most dentists say it should be every six months.

Early Dieting

The necessary elements in diet for the health of the teeth are not yet known with any great exactitude. We know that teeth are bony structures, and we know that important elements in the bones are calcium, phosphorus and the salts of various minerals. Therefore we advocate a diet rich in calcium and phosphorus and in the salts: putting a maximum of milk, the great source of calcium, and a variety of vegetables and fruits in the diet.

That there is some part played in the physiology of the teeth by those maddening substances we call the vitamins, we also suspect. Therefore we stipulate that there shall be an excess of the vitamin-carrying foods in the diet: raw fruits and vegetables; unrefined flours and grains; meat and tomatoes.

To be of any use a diet for the health of the teeth must begin when the teeth appear—at the sixth month—and be kept up continuously and untiringly until death. Nowadays we all try to get, as a matter of course, certain things in our diet every day:

A pint of milk
An egg
Some fresh meat
An orange or a tomato
Other fresh fruit
Several fresh vegetables
A potato
A quart of water
A little butter

We have reason to deplore the use of the term—"temporary teeth." It has, I believe, been responsible for the belief that because the first or milk teeth are temporary they are relatively unimportant. There never was a falser or more dangerous theory. On the health of the first teeth, and therefore on their proper and vigorous use, depend the health and proper eruption of the second or permanent teeth. The less temporary the milk teeth, the more permanent the second teeth.

At the first sign of decay in the milk teeth two things should be done: The child should be taken to a dentist, and his diet should be carefully looked into.

It is a prevalent belief that when the milk teeth decay early the child has been eating too much candy. Although the conservative dentist still advises us to give the children few foods containing free sugar, sweets, the authorities now tell us, are not directly responsible for the decay of the teeth. It is only when a child eats sweets *at the expense of the other required elements of his diet*, that they contribute indirectly to the decay of his teeth. (Good news for the children.)

If the general attitude about temporary teeth is that they are important to preserve and keep healthy, there is less danger of the second great mistake occurring which parents often make about their children's teeth. The six-year molars come so long before the other second teeth that they are often mistaken for milk teeth and neglected.

As a consequence, when one examines a large number of mouths, as we do in routine health examinations, the six-year molars are found to be more often decayed and filled, or missing, than any other group of teeth in the mouth.

When it comes to supervising the work of our dentists we are treading on dangerous ground. The average dentist, like the average doctor, is a little touchy about taking advice from his patient. However, our teeth are our own, and we must have something to say about them; just as our bodies are our own, and if we don't like what the doctor does to them we try another doctor.

So much has been said about the teeth as a source of general or systemic infection, that nearly everybody is now fearful of dead teeth, and has heard of the menace which lurks in the "apical abscess" and in the filled root canal. In very simple terms, what happens is this: When decay in a tooth progresses far enough to interfere with the blood and nerve supply of that tooth, the whole structure dies. (This is why we say it is too late to care for a tooth after it has begun to ache: it aches when the nerve is involved in the decay, and it has already begun to die.)

In a dead tooth the root canal is occupied by infected material. The infection progresses downward, or upward as the case may be, into the apex of the tooth, and when it meets living tissue in the jaw a pus pocket is formed. From this pus pocket infection may be carried into the blood stream and cause disturbance elsewhere.

The disturbance may be localized in the joints, with pain, or in almost any part of the body with disturbance of function of the part. There may be a general effect, such as fatigue, lassitude, anemia and loss of weight.

There is still a very general attempt made to open and drain the apical abscess and then clean and fill the root canal, preserving the tooth for further usefulness. It is possible that at some future date this attempt may be invariably successful, but at present it is often futile.

Teeth which have once had apical infection are safest removed and forgotten. Only in children, where front teeth must be preserved for a short time, is root canal work justifiable.

The School of Dentistry of Columbia University does hold out hope for the future of this process and is now starting intensive work on the problem. A method of filling root canals may be found which will be safe, but at present we face the alternative of losing an important tooth, cosmetically, or of possibly losing our health.

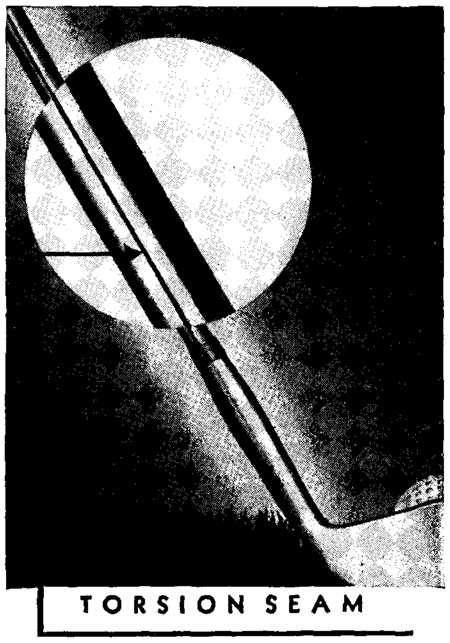
All work on the teeth which involves sacrificing healthy teeth in order to fill up a gap made by lost teeth, including elaborate bridges and crowns and pivots, is now frowned upon. The removable bridge, even, which can be removed from its temporary anchorage to the healthy teeth beside the gap, has a wearing effect on the healthy teeth and hastens their end unless it is very expertly constructed.

Dinner Plates

Small plates are now made, holding one or more teeth, which fit snugly, can be removed and cleaned and left out when circumstances permit and which are far more hygienic than any bridge, and infinitely less expensive. If we can get over the shock to our vanity which comes when we realize that we are joining the ranks of the senile and "wearing a plate," we can be comfortable with the small plate and have our consciences clear in regard to the teeth which are still sound.

To summarize our simple principles of conduct in regard to our teeth, we should:

1. Use our teeth vigorously.
2. Keep them clean.
3. Eat a mixed, modern diet.
4. Visit a dentist every six months.
5. Have dead teeth pulled.
6. Avoid fancy work on the teeth.



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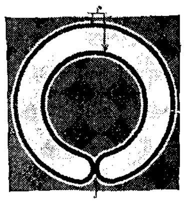

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And Coffee for One

Continued from page 24

he opened one of the French windows at the count's end to give crisper illumination. He left nothing to chance.

With the terrain arranged he turned to the duelists, and made them strip to the waist. As he worked he entertained the company with tales of death and maiming—pretty little stories of duels he had seen. The preliminaries, Bill noted, were spoiling the count's fight. It brought a twist of satisfaction to his lips, drawn tight over his clenched teeth.

"And now, gentlemen," Bill's second began again, "the guns. New weapons. I am going to test them."

Taking up one of them he slipped in two cartridges, then, searching round the room, he picked on a bust of Napoleon. "When you toe the line, gentlemen, the muzzles of your guns will be roughly four feet apart." He placed the bust on a small table in the window and aimed at the face at a range of four feet.

When Bill opened his eyes again, following that shattering roar, fragments of Napoleon were embedded in the wall, and half the table had disappeared. The count, he noted, was heaving himself up with dignity from the carpet.

"Good!" commented Bill's second. "Plenty of kick to these cartridges, what?"

"Yes," agreed Bill.

The count moistened his lips.

"And now, gentlemen, to it!"

Realizing that his last hope had failed, Bill accepted a gun. Following the instructions of the efficiency expert, he raised it to find himself looking along his barrel into the muzzle of the count's gun, almost touching his own. The count had a bewildered look.

"Right?"

Bill held his breath.

"And now, gentlemen, lower your weapons." Bill let that breath loose and trailed his gun. "To make sure that your weapons are cocked, examine the lozenge to be found on the stock. The lozenge should be pushed forward away from the 'safe' position."

Bill made sure, then glanced up nervously.

"Take aim once more!" Bill raised his gun. "And now, gentlemen, I propose to follow the international code and count slowly up to twenty-five—"

"Twenty-five?" It seemed a little generous to Bill.

"To twenty-five. After I have spoken the word 'twenty-five' I shall pause, then cry: 'Shoot, gentlemen!' Then, gentlemen, you shoot. Ready?"

KEEPING his eye trained over that bridge of steel, Bill nodded. He was trying not to think of Napoleon.

"Good!" Bill's obliging friend cleared his throat. "One—two—three—four—five—" he counted "—six—seven—eight—nine—and I forgot to mention, gentlemen. that in the unlikely event of—"

With an arm that shook, Bill lowered his gun. He was getting rather tired of the sound of this man's voice.

"—unlikely event of either combatant—or, I should say, duelist—shooting before the word '*shoot!*' it will be the duty of the umpire to take up the dead man's gun and execute the man who has broken the rules. Ready, gentlemen?"

Once more Bill raised his weapon. "One — two — three — four — five — six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—I beg your pardon, gentlemen!"

Bill saved himself in the act of dropping his gun as he lowered it.

"It had slipped my mind that the international code lays it down that the umpire shall count in the language of the *locus quo*, that is to say of the country in which the duel is fought. In Germany, German. In France, French. And so on. You follow me?" From Bill he gathered a nod, then, turning to the count, he collected another.

"*Bon, messieurs! En avant! Un—deux—trois—quatre* . . ."

It tailed off into a blur of sound to Bill.

Something was wrong.

"Oh, hell!" he heard a voice protesting. "Can either of you gentlemen oblige me with the French for seventeen?"

"*Dix-sept.*" It was Bill who put him right. The count's face had a green tinge; he faced Bill over the bridge of steel like a man who just had bad news from home.

"Thanks—that's what I thought it was. *Dix-sept—dix-huit—dix-neuf. . . .*"

Bill lost touch. He would have liked to send a last word home to the old folk. He wondered who would feed his dog.

"*Vingt-cinq.*"

"Good-by, William George Kempe!" whispered Bill. A peculiar noise seemed to be filling that gap as he waited for the word "*Shoot!*" Someone—a girl—was calling: "Bill!" Someone else was telling her to stand back.

"*Shoot!*"

BILL pressed both fingers home on the triggers.

When he opened his eyes two things struck him simultaneously. There were no angels—no harps. His gun, it seemed, had only clicked, but that could be looked into later. What interested him was the fact that where the count had stood was now a blank strip of atmosphere. In the French windows he snatched a glimpse of the back of a pair of trousers. The count's trousers. And, undoubtedly, the count was inside them. . . .

Laying aside his gun he joined his second at the window. Marcel, Comte de Vouailles, was making no error in hitting the breeze for the bushes. It was clear he was shaving down the risks of a follow-on. Bill wiped his brow.

"He went," his companion confided, "at the count, twenty-five, as I guessed he would."

"You guessed?"

"That's why I waited for it." Bill's second eyed him with open approval. "I'll say you have a nerve, young man!"

"Nerves!" echoed Bill on a laugh that cracked. "I shan't be able to sleep for weeks! But, look here." An idea had come to him. "About these guns—"

"Empty cartridges. Anyone would think you folks hadn't seen me loose off the rounds before we started!"

"You mean—you didn't reload them?"

"Do I," demanded Bill's second, "look like a murder merchant?"

Bill drew a deep breath. "Well, of all the infernal crust I ever struck—"

A VOICE from the rear interrupted him. It came from Cosmo Davidson, Ambassador of the British Press. "The girl," it said, "has fainted."

"*Girl?*" echoed Bill. As one he and his second moved across the room.

"*Elizabeth!*" cried Bill.

"*Elizabeth!*" cried Bill's second.

They turned on each other sharply.

"So this is the girl you were telling me about?" demanded Bill's sports-manager.

"It is," admitted Bill, feebly. "You—you know her?"

"Only my daughter—that's all. I was trying to get her address in Paris from your office when I got mixed up in—in this." He waved a comprehensive arm about the room. "My sister, Lady Lavington-Bois—"

Bill was not listening. Other calls on his time had arrived. Elizabeth had just opened her eyes, and simultaneously he had elbowed Cosmo Davidson out of the man's work of supporting her.

"Oh, Bill!" she breathed. "What happened?"

Bill shrugged. "Oh, I just cleaned up on him."

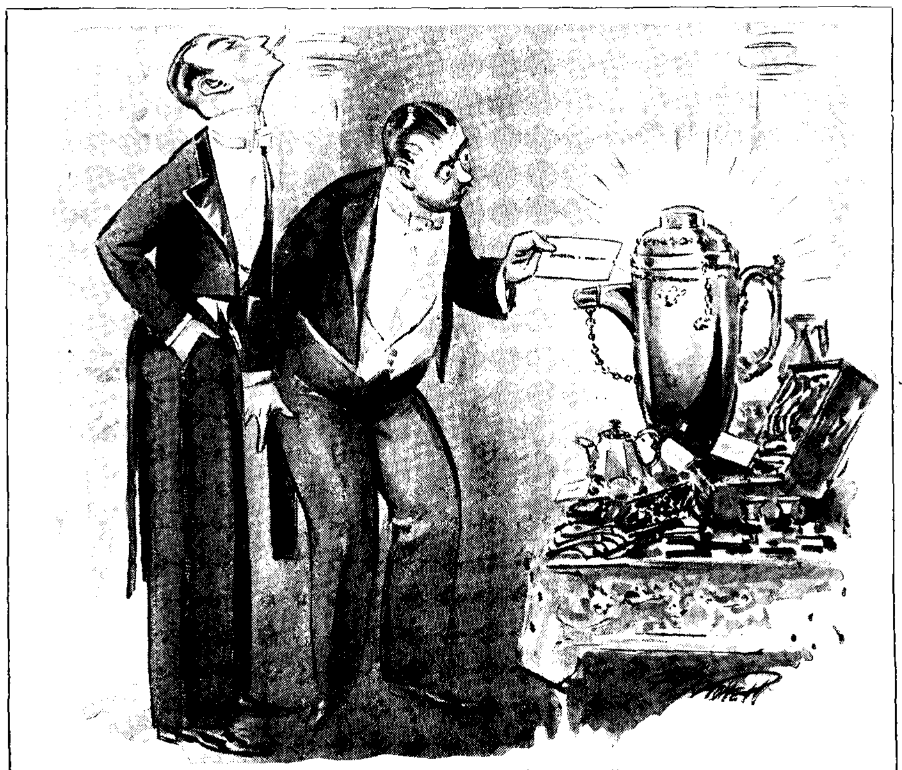
"You fought him because—of me?"

"Of course."

"Oh, Bill!" breathed Elizabeth.

"Oh, Betty!" breathed Bill.

"Oh, hell!" breathed Senator Handing, and turning to Cosmo Davidson, Ambassador of the British Press: "Let's take a walk out of this," he advised.



"Who are Vandermess & Zinstein?"
"Ah, they're the bride's divorce lawyers!"

Chain Likening

Continued from page 13

$82.50 it sells to the ultimate consumer for $100. It uses up $17.50 in all wholesale and retail expenses and in profits.

Now let us look at a wholesaler. If he buys as cheaply as the chain he, too, pays $82.50 for the same merchandise. He now sells to the retail grocer this merchandise for $92.42. The retailer in turn sells it to his customers for $115.52—the same goods which the chain sold for $100.

I have not invented these figures. In 1927 the Bureau of Research of Ohio State University examined the operating costs of twenty-six wholesalers in that state and found that they amounted to 10.75 per cent of their selling price. In 1924 Harvard University Graduate School of Business Administration made an examination of the operating costs of retail grocers. They found them to be twenty per cent of their selling costs. The figures given above are worked out in accordance with these reports. And they support, I think, my statement about the relative prices of independent and chain stores.

One Per Cent Profit

Besides, this is supported by so much evidence. The Department of Commerce has just made a study of a single large grocery. It is not one of those poor little shops creeping along on an inadequate trade. It is a large grocery doing a business of a quarter of a million dollars a year. The Department was able to make this study because this grocer was profoundly disturbed by the condition of his business in spite of everything he could do to improve it.

The grocery company itself bought goods in a single year—1926—to the extent of $187,000. It sold those groceries that same year for $245,000. That gives us a margin of $58,000, or exactly twenty-four per cent on the sales price. In 1927 the margin was somewhat reduced. It was $54,000 on the same amount of purchases, or twenty-two per cent. But apparently this margin was not sufficient, since the profits of this grocer were less than one per cent in 1927.

Of course it is not fair to compare one big store and a grocery chain. It is not fair, especially, to compare a big store, giving credit and delivery, with a grocery chain. But the fact is, we haven't enough data to go on. It is quite probable that this big store doing $250,000 worth of business is being operated more intelligently than those little $25,000 stores which are so much bankruptcy fodder, and which buy in small quantities and do business in the most expensive way. What it costs them to operate no one yet knows.

An official of the Department of Commerce put it to me this way: "When goods leave the platform of the wholesale merchant and pass into the channels of the retail grocer they pass into statistical darkness."

These retail grocers do not know what their operations cost. Even this big store I have been speaking of is an example of this darkness. It was run by business men of larger caliber than are found in most little stores. And yet it had set down its delivery costs at 5.8 per cent of all expenses. When the Department of Commerce experts examined the books and allocated to delivery all the costs that belonged there, they turned out to be seventeen per cent of total expenses, or three times as much as the grocer supposed.

Is it not plain that these stores cannot compete in price with the chains, loaded as they are with all these handicaps, paying more for their goods, selecting them less intelligently, selling them less intelligently, having large credit losses, burdened with heavy delivery charges and finally, operating on a small turnover?

Indeed, in my town I found some of the independents actually doing a good deal of their buying right from the chain stores—right over the counter where I trade and at the same prices for which I buy retail.

And now, if all this is true, do not things look dark for the little man on the corner? For the little man—yes. The victory in this battle, as in all battles, will go to the strong. It has always been so. One of the important phases of this tremendously energized age in which we live is the far-reaching and profound character of the changes which are taking place in all our forms of life. Some of these changes are bringing unhappiness to many—even tragedy.

That is the way with progress or what we call progress. New methods come and old men and the weak ones who are drifting along in the old ways are the last to see them. They are dimly aware of approaching disaster. It may be a new machine that comes one morning into a factory yard, that will do the work of fifty men. Then the fifty men are dismissed. They go home cursing that great, cruel, remorseless monster.

The propagandists for the wholesalers have made much of this neighborhood drama. They have shed barrels of tears for this victim of the great grocery trust, and the ruthless war which is being waged on the corner. And yet one suspects there is a great lack of salt in these tears.

At a recent grocery conference a speaker painted a pathetic picture of this un-American process of driving little merchants out of business. He was greeted with applause. Then another speaker began to picture the woes of the grocery business.

What is the matter with it? he asked. Too many retailers, he answered, and all appeared to agree.

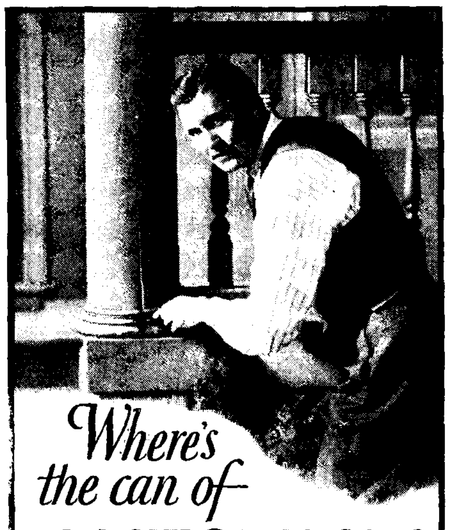
Deliberate Extinction

Too many retailers, he elaborated, because the wholesalers were doing at least two foolish things. For one, they were giving credit too freely. For another, they were selling goods on orders so small that they lost money at it. Almost half the purchases by retail grocers were in lots under $10. Then he urged some kind of arrangement between the wholesalers to cut off the credit of these small, under-capitalized grocers and to refuse to sell on these small $10 orders. That, he was sure, would put a lot of these inefficient small grocers out of business.

And yet does not that sound dreadfully like the thing the chains are charged with doing? Save that in the case of the chains the result is incidental, while here it is deliberately and coldly proposed. Another speaker then proposed that the trade should work toward forming grocery stores into units that would do a minimum of $40,000 worth of business a year. Think how many stores will close if that ideal is reached!

And yet it is the sensible ideal. A man has no God-given right to be in the grocery business. "There is no law save that of efficient utility operation

(*Continued on page 68*)



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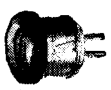

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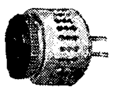

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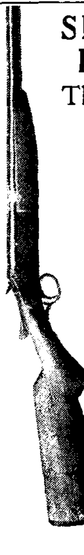

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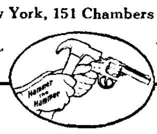

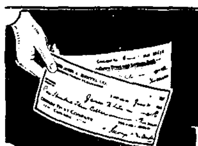

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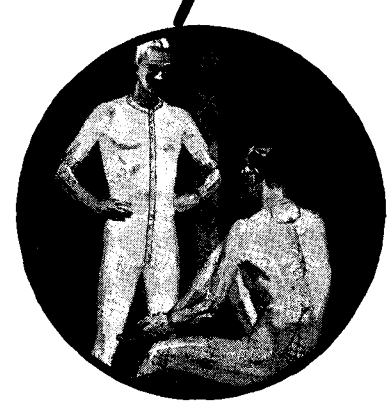
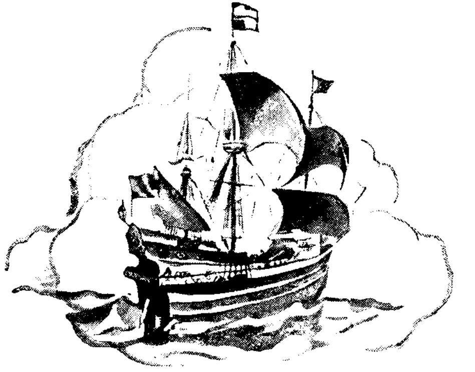


AUTUMN WINDS hint to the skin so recently caressed by summer warmth—*wear Cooper Knitsuits for comfort.* Each suit, of gratefully soft material, is fashioned to fit all contours of the body—without chafe or strain. In the locker room, Cooper style is instantly apparent in the exclusive multi-color trim—but one of the seven points of Cooper Knitwear superiority. See your Cooper dealer—now. Coopers, Inc., Kenosha, Wisconsin

UNDERWEAR PAJAMAS HOSIERY



Romance in the Air

Ships rolling down to Rio—caravans plodding across the Sahara—country club verandas—Times Square—Monte Carlo—Piccadilly—or the Grand Canal...Romance from the whole wide world flashes through the air into your living room on the wings of Collier's Radio Hour.

Tune in every Sunday evening to radio's most original entertainment—made from the current issue of Collier's . . . Prominent men and women as guest speakers...Mystery—drama—humor—in a magic setting of music. Critics call it "the finest entertainment on the air"—and the new 1929-1930 edition is better than ever.

STATIONS
East
WLW WBZ
WJZ WHAM
KDKA WBZA
West
WJR KYW
KWK KSTP
WREN KOA
WTMJ

8:15 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time 7:15 P.M. Central Daylight Time

Collier's Radio Hour
Every Sunday Evening

(*Continued from page 67*)

for any phase of business. Business of all types has a great responsibility to the public but the public has only a limited responsibility toward business. Toward the individual business man the public has only the responsibility of paying for what it takes. The argument that a particular business should be supported is usually without rhyme or reason. There is no compulsion on the public's part to make a profit for anyone."

These words are not mine. They were uttered by the president of a great national wholesale grocery association to his fellow tradesmen this very year.

And now, having said all these things about the independents, let me come to the meat of it all. And when I have said this I am sure it will be seen that there is not much difference of opinion between me and those independents who may be called the leaders of their trade.

The New Independent

I have been accused of saying in a recent article in Collier's that the independent grocer was "passing out of existence." Of course I never said anything of the kind. I said that the system under which he has operated is passing out of existence. And who will deny that this is so? In very truth a great many of them are passing out of the picture. In Louisville, out of 800 some 350 departed last year. Of course, another 350 arose to take their place—and, in their turn, to pass away with great rapidity. They die because they sell goods at a loss.

The independent grocer as he has existed in the past will cease to function. A new kind of independent is coming into being and he, almost alone, will survive.

Who and what are these new independents? Strangely enough they are chains—voluntary chains. And they are springing up everywhere. There are over 390 such voluntary chains in the grocery field today, comprising more than 60,000 groceries. And new groups are forming every week.

These groups have assumed many forms. One such organization in Philadelphia—the Frankford—has 1,632 members. Its stores are almost all cash-and-carry. The central organization buys direct from manufacturers, just like the great chains.

Then there are other groups which are organized by wholesalers and retailers acting together. For instance, in Chicago there are the Royal Blue Stores. There are 400 stores in this group. It is built around a wholesale grocery company, but is incorporated and the retailers own stock in it, each member owning ten shares worth $1,000. The retailers buy all their goods from the central company and the central company aims to deliver goods to the retailer for cost plus handling and warehousing charges. The central organization supervises the sales methods of each member and the member in turn is assessed $25 a month to cover the cost of that service.

There is another group in Toledo called the Rainbow stores. These stores all have a uniform appearance just as the A & P stores have. They are cash-and-carry stores and the central wholesale function is supplied by a wholesaler who also operates on the cash-and-carry basis. It supplies advertising, supervision of sales methods, etc., for a charge of $4 a week.

Then there are more extensive and ambitious groups. One such organization is known as the Nation-Wide. It includes fifteen wholesalers and 2,500 retail stores. Exteriors and interiors and arrangements of goods are uniform. The central body prepares specials, and supplies and supervises the advertising of them. An even larger one is the Creasy group. Its headquarters are in Louisville and it organizes retail merchants into Urma Clubs—United Retail Merchants Association Clubs. Each member owns a buying membership. There are nine subsidiary state wholesale houses and twenty branches and about 10,000 retail outlets.

A powerful combine is that known as the I. G. A.—Independent Grocery Association. This great chain includes fifty wholesalers and 8,000 retailers. It is an organization of retailers built on the non-profit-making plan. The wholesalers who are affiliated with it must pay for the privilege. They pay a fixed fee for each retailer in their territory. Half of this sum must be set aside for advertising, the other half is used for operating costs. The wholesalers must furnish specials and supervise store management and rearrangement.

It will be seen that these groups, instead of fighting the chains, have taken to imitating them. They copy their mass buying, direct from manufacturers, their scientific arrangement of merchandise in the stores, their mass advertising, their modern methods of inventory control and cost accounting and rapid turnover, as well as the prestige which comes from uniformly adopted qualities widely known.

Though we may not realize it, these groups are in reality cartels. And if this be true we see our grocery business passing gradually under the control of two powerful groups—the chains and the cartels; a departure, I suggest, upon most radical lines from the old system which many are still defending.

How far this development is going may be seen, for instance, in the Twin Cities—Minneapolis and St. Paul. I do not know how many grocery stores are in the cities, but there are 500 chain stores and more than 600 formed into these voluntary chains. There are not 100 high-class grocery stores in these two large cities outside of these two groups.

And now we can indulge in a bird's-eye view of the whole grocery field. The chains are multiplying at an enormous rate. New chain groups are forming and those already in existence are expanding at a rapid rate.

Indeed, a new development is now in the making, far more important than it appears on the surface. This is the adding of meat markets to the grocery stores.

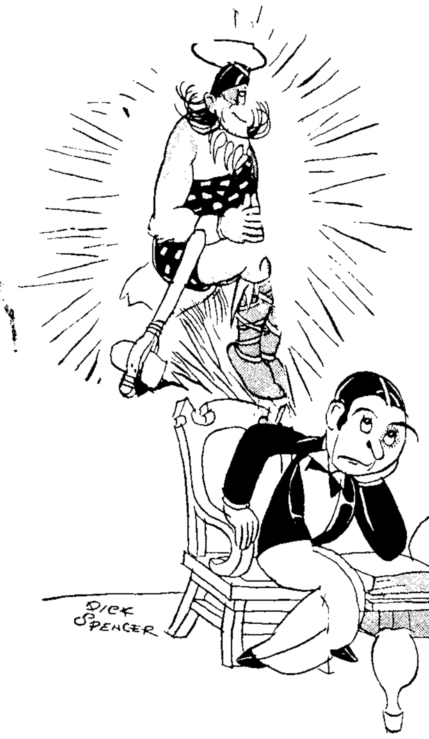
All the big chains are moving in this direction now. The turnover in the meat business is not less than 100 times a year, which makes it an immensely profitable branch of the food business.

Making Big Ones

The tendency, I understand, is to use the grocery side to bring customers into the store, the larger part of the profit coming from the meat business. This will make for still lower grocery prices, a still further acceleration of the mortality rate among the old-fashioned independent grocers.

Meantime the voluntary chains are growing at the rate of three or four groups a week. And just as the smaller chains are merging into larger regional and even national organizations, so the local voluntary chains are also combining into larger and more widely recruited consolidations. Inside the voluntary chains the tendency is toward closer and more complete organization. It is hardly to be doubted that some of these will actually develop into outright chains.

In the face of all this, who then can doubt that the old system is passing away?



Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

"THE air is now full of ceremonious announcers; wise-crackir announcers; informativ announcers; dignified announcers; tally undignified announcers; mellifluoı announcers; grim announcers; lispir announcers and barking announcers.

No, that is not an excerpt fror the letter of an irate radio fan, but a sentence taken out of a story sent om KFI's Public Relations Departmen at Los Angeles, in favor of its all-round announcing staff. After describing the virtues of the staff the story concludes by stating:

"Whatever the announcer's peculi forte, however, he has to conform to tl and all-important requirement curacy of statement and pronuncia on—no matter what the subject or the anguage.' "

For the sake of his job, let's hope no KFI announcer will ever have to introduce a Maori, Zulu or Andaman speaker to the listeners of the Golden State.

Irritating Interference

The development of radio broadcasting is measured by the ability of scientists and engineers to get down in the wave-length scale and use the channels existing in that region. Some ten years ago the band between 100 and 200 meters was opened. During the decade that has elapsed, the engineers have continued their explorations and have advanced downward as far as twenty meters.

The importance of these short waves cannot be overemphasized. In the first place they afford a tremendous number of channels for communication or broadcasting, far greater than any now available. For instance, in the present broadcast band between 200 and 600 meters there are (theoretically) ninety-five channels available. In the band between twenty and thirty meters (using the same degree of separation between channels) there are, theoretically, 1,500 channels. With each decrease in wave-length there is a progressive increase in the number of channels that may some day be open for use.

Most of the civilized countries are now utilizing the short waves almost to the limit of their capacity, and much international interference has already developed. Unless some sane form of international policing of the ether is developed pretty soon, radio may take its place alongside oil as a breeder of international ill will and misunderstanding.

The Automatic S O S

Most of us who sit back and listen to radio programs are apt to overlook the other uses of the wonderful art, such as saving life at sea. Under the International Radio Telegraph Convention the wave-length of 600 meters is set aside for distress calls, and a definite watch at stated periods each hour is kept on that wave by all ships at sea. This intermittent watch is not sufficient, because there is always the probability that a ship in distress might be able to send out only one call, and that at a time when the watch is not being kept.

This probability was early recognized in Europe, and it led to the development of an automatic alarm which is attached to a radio receiver permanently set at 00 meters. The alarm rings a bell when an S O S call is received. The value of such a device has received recognition from the government in Great Britain, and all British ships are now required to carry the apparatus.

Representative White introduced a bill in a recent session of Congress directing the Secretary of Commerce to require such installations on American ships as soon as he is satisfied the device is practical. The safety of life is too vital a matter to brook delay, and Congress should pass a measure at the earliest possible moment requiring such apparatus on all ships. The cost of the equipment should be treated in the same manner as a premium on insurance.

Mine Were Pirates

Maybe you have often wondered what else a radio announcer does. Well, Frank Vallan, according to the NBC historian, uses his spare time to look up his ancestors. Frank "has gone back as far as the fifteenth century and hasn't found a real disgrace in his family tree yet."

Somehow that doesn't sound at all interesting. In view of the unproductive result of his diligent search, Frank ought to quit before he reaches Cain and spoils the illusion.

DICK SPENCER

feel it Lubricate —that's the Glycerine

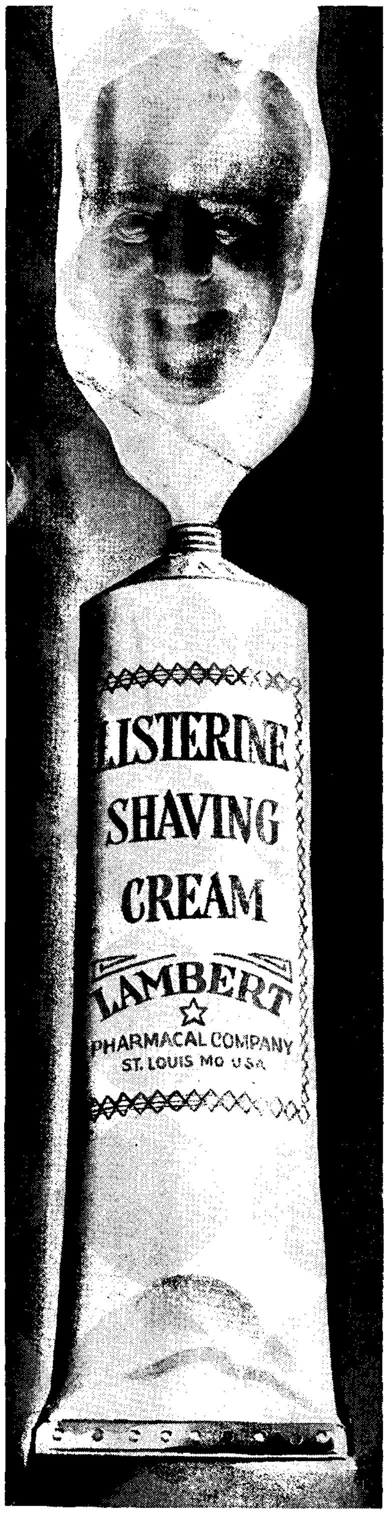
BETWEEN your fingers you can feel the important new benefit given by Listerine Shaving Cream. *It lubricates the skin!*

Your first shave will prove how great an achievement this is. Instead of painful scrape and pull, instead of smarting friction as the razor is pulled across your face, you will enjoy a new sensation of smooth sailing by the blade as it slides on the lubricating lather of Listerine cream.

Right at the cutting line of each hair, where friction between beard and blade is greatest, this luxurious cream deposits a velvety film of glycerine. The skin is soothed and cooled. The path of the razor is prepared.

Cut up or down, with the grain or against it; the sharp steel edge glides as if on roller bearings, cleanly wiping *off* the whiskers. And your tender skin is protected by that salve-like film of cosmetic lubricant.

Besides, there is no need to change your shaving habits. Hot water or cold, rubbing-in or not, lotions or none; suit your old preference. And you will discover in Listerine lather an amazingly quick tamer of tough beards, a cool and gentle soother of tender skins, a healer of nicks and abrasions.



157 shaves—50c

To men who appreciate quality in everything they use, Listerine Shaving Cream will make a special appeal. It sells for 50c and is worth every penny of it. And its economy is obvious; the big white tube is crammed with 118 inches of velvety cream, good for 157 shaves. That is more than a five-months' supply, and makes the cost only 10c a month. Please write us if your drug or department store cannot supply you with this new-type cream.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
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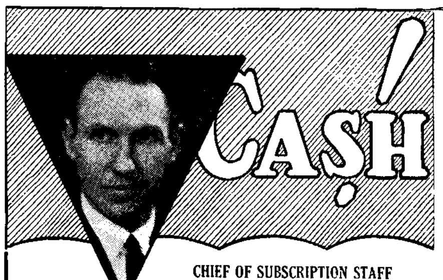

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Schools Can't Educate

THOMAS A. EDISON, a few weeks ago, supervised a competitive examination among youths from every state in the Union to find a young man fitted by aptitude, if not by ability, to follow in Edison's footsteps. These boys were required to answer a formidable list of questions, ranging the sphere of human knowledge from geometry and physics to abstract science and ethics. A Seattle schoolboy won the competition and will go through life burdened by the honor of his victory.

Of course, this contest will not serve its published purpose—to produce a successor to Edison. Genius is not evoked by competitive examinations. Edison's wasn't. Neither was Henry Ford's, nor Herbert Hoover's.

But this convention of young scholars demonstrated that standards of American education are comprehensive and practical; otherwise so many immature minds from so many sections could not have made so creditable a showing in a test prepared by mature intellects.

It's easy to cram and coach any bright boy to pass an examination in any given subject. Plastic minds of adolescence can be impressed for good or evil almost as readily as phonograph records. But to give lads in their teens a general acquaintance with culture that enables them to discuss intelligently a dozen different subjects of scientific and human interest, is to approach measurably nearer to the ideal of education—a mind hospitable to all knowledge.

It was said of Isaac Newton, or by him, that the sum of a man's education was the knowledge of his own ignorance—a back-handed epigram that means a man doesn't begin to mentally until he knows limitations.

nturies the secular of mankind have ex- ed to produce a sys- will combine utilita- umanistic or artistic These experiments have not been strikingly successful, for in a competitive world, and especially in the United States where there is, at least theoretically, no leisured class, special knowledge must be accentuated to assure the livelihood that may, in time, earn the leisure for general culture.

True Education

Educational experiments of all kinds are speculative. No two faces are exactly alike; neither are any two mentalities. Systems of study may be devised and standardized, and methods of manual and mental training may be facilitated and made more accessible to young men and women. All such benefits may make training easier without making it better. Multiplication of the means to learn is always progress. The final test of any system of schooling is not what it gives the student but what he takes.

One of the finest minds of his own generation, Herbert Spencer, shocked his contemporaries by declaring that the dead languages, Latin and Greek, should be permitted to rest in peace without forced survival as instruments of mental torture for succeeding armies of pupils. Yet Spencer himself was an admirable example of what the dead languages can do to broaden a gifted intellect in classical knowledge.

Too much cannot be said, too much has been said on both sides of the controversy regarding essentials and non-essentials in education. Those who hold that a man should take all the schools can give may point to an Emerson or an Eliot. Those who declare that intelligence and energy are independent of the schools can always cite the case of Lincoln, who lacked both academic degree and a cultured home.

Whatever the length or lack of formal schooling, education, like reputation, is almost wholly self-made. It is not the stocking-up of the mind but the working of it.

A man may win the highest academic honors and still be uneducated, because he can store erudition like a miser without enjoying it in use. Also a man may have avoided books or been denied them, and through native intelligence and steady industry achieve mental assets that make him useful and interesting and successful.

In every human being is the capacity to develop, to educe the faculties of memory, of understanding, and, perhaps most important of all, of will—faculties which may be called all sorts of vague organic r by the higher psychologists and the lower materialists, but which are united in the ancient and enduring definition of Aristotle—the soul.

The test of true education is not what schooling does for the student, but what the student does for himself. Teachers provide his mental tools, but only he can decide how well he may use them.